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MY ITALIAN YEAR

MY ITALIAN YEAR

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS
IN ITALY
DURING THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR

BY

JOSEPH COLLINS

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1919

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To
M. K. C.

PREFACE

THE writer of these observations and reflections, since childhood a lover of Italy, an admirer of the Italian people, and a frequent visitor to their country, was in the latter part of 1917 assigned to military duty in Italy. He witnessed the remarkable adjustment of the country's internal resistance which took place after the Caporetto disaster, and which blossoming on the Piave in June, 1918, had its fruition in the magnificent victory of the Italian army four months later. The duties of his assignment brought him in close contact with Italians in every walk of life and in every part of the kingdom. Trained by a life of observation, examination and deduction, it was in search of refreshment that the substance of these essays was set down for the entertainment and diversion of one whose thoughts were in Italy, but whose work was in the land that has radiated and reflected the light of liberty to the whole world; the land in which humanity fought its most glorious battle of the nineteenth century, and which to-day is the source of a purifying stream of liberalism in which are being washed the sins of militarism, class, and dynastic privilege. Though some of his statements may seem to disparage certain features of Italian conduct or activity, it is commendation rather than disparagement that the writer feels for the Italian people. Italy has such an incomparable past; her potentialities

are so great; her people are so intelligent, serious, courteous, affable, courageous, optimistic, industrious and uncomplaining that one prejudiced wholly in their favor becomes sometimes impatient with their submissiveness, their inactions and reactions.

The person who deprecates the lack of virtue in another does not necessarily possess it or profess it himself. So it is with nations. These essays, written originally in the form of letters, have been pruned of the personal note, but otherwise they have been left as they were written, with the date of composition appended.

It is with the hope that they may divert and entertain others while calling attention to a people whose conduct and aspirations merit the admiration and sympathy of every lover of liberty, that they are now published.

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MY ITALIAN YEAR

CHAPTER I

TEMPERAMENTS—AND TEARS

THE Italian is often called "temperamental." Temperament is a quality made up of many different factors, some of which are inherited, many of which are acquired. Some of these factors are founded in ignorance, while others are psychophysical reactions to the environment.

When we speak of the Latin temperament, we attach much specificity to the term. We mean to convey that the individual doesn't readily inhibit emotional impulses, nor does he suppress their customary display. It might, indeed, be truthful to say that he doesn't even transmute them into qualities that make for equanimity and reserve. His emotional reactions tend to display themselves in an ornate way, while his intellectual output often savors of the dramatic. His conduct would seem to be conditioned, in a measure at least, by anticipated estimate of the impression it will make upon others, while his manner, carriage, and adornment indicate, indeed often assert, a contentment with what has been vouchsafed him and the way he has utilized it to the advantage of himself, society, and the state that amounts to serene, superb, self-satisfied superiority. I have for a long time been

familiar with the Latin temperament as it is displayed in literature, and the autobiographies of some temperamental Italians, such as Benvenuto Cellini and Girolamo Cardano, have consoled and illumined many tedious hours.

I have had opportunity to observe the Italian temperament at short range, and I have come to certain conclusions about it. The purpose of these lines is to set down some of them. In doing so, it may at first sight appear that I am sitting in judgment upon the Italians, but, in reality, such is not my intention. So far as I know, they are proud of their temperament, and it may also be that it contributes to their happiness.

I don't profess to know the Italians or to understand them. I profess only to want to know them and to try to understand them, and if it be true, as the Scriptures say, that "knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth," I should know something about them. During the year that I have been with them, I have come in close contact with a great many persons in every walk of life. The nature of my work in Italy has given me opportunity to go familiarly and without ceremony among people, and to see them at short range with some of the conventional barriers down which would have been denied me had I been here merely an onlooker. Such advantages encourage me to believe that the conclusions I have reached, though the majority of them are tentative, are likely to be more correct than they would be had they been based on less favorable opportunity for observation and intercourse.

Last Sunday I went to Monte San Pietro, the little

city perched on top of the mountain above Palestrina. It had been raining hard in the morning; I knew the atmosphere would be clear and that the view of Rome and the Campagna, of the Pontine Marshes and the sea, of the Castelli Romani and the Sabine Mountains, of seductive Soracte rising like a monster ship out of the sea of the Campagna, backed on the horizon-line by the Cinimian Hills, would well repay the effort. Moreover, I wanted to look again at Cortona's picture and to try to make out the significance of that extraordinary fresco of a lady, clad in an elaborate brocade gown, reclining on what seems to be a chaiselonge, holding in her hand a beautiful nosegay, her head garlanded by a wreath of festive flowers. Guide-books do not mention it, and I am not competent to discuss its artistic merits or demerits, but some day I should like to trace the influence of Botticelli upon the artist, and to inquire how such a purely pagan composition came to be painted in a hermit-like old church. When I entered the church, the steps leading into it were being shared by a child of six or seven years and some barnyard fowl. She was busily engaged, apparently tying and untying her shoes, meanwhile crooning and singing. I stopped to speak to her and tarried sufficiently long to be envious of her happiness. Then I went into the church. Within a few minutes I heard lugubrious wails and hurried out to find that the little girl had substituted for her joyous expressions sobs and lamentations at the passing of a pitiable funeral cortege bearing a soldier to his grave. When it got out of sight she broke into song again. I asked her if she had known in the flesh him whose remains were being restored to Mother Earth, to which she replied

she hadn't. It was merely her Latin temperament reacting to its environment.

A second instance: Passing through the Piazza Venezia a few evenings ago, I stopped before a café, where the sidewalk is covered with tables and chairs, to buy a paper. Suddenly I became cognizant of a violent altercation, and I saw a big, roughneck brute rain a rapid series of blows, kicks, and cuffs upon a man with whom a moment before he had been quietly conversing. It looked to me as if murder must be the outcome of the affair, but no, every one around began to talk, gesticulate, move about, and then the victor went back to his table and to his vermouth and seltz, while the human cur sneaked away, supported on either side by his adherents, and perfect tranquillity reigned. The whole incident consumed about forty seconds. It was like a flash of lightning that suddenly illumined pitch darkness and revealed the surroundings, and then complete obscurity. The incident revealed the volatility of the Italian temperament. I have not infrequently seen emotional display, exaltation, or depression result from trivial occurrences which in Anglo-Saxon countries would be adequate to express great joy or profound calamity.

Their temperament as a people is revealed dramatically when they are confronted with an epidemic. During the spring of 1918 Italy was visited by a modern plague which for the past one hundred and fifty years, since Hoxham, an English physician, gave it the name, has been called influenza. The type of disease wasn't very severe; it didn't present any new clinical features; it wasn't even attended with any manifestations or results that are not familiar

to the medical profession or to the laity. Despite this, one may truthfully say that a very large part of the populace was in a state of panic. Now, panic itself is a very interesting ancilla of human conduct—interesting because it is inexplicable. It is all very well to say that it is founded in ignorance, fostered by fear, and conditioned by unreason. But that doesn't explain it. The mental attitude of the Italians toward the epidemic was very much like that which existed in the people of the Northern Atlantic States in the summer of 1916 when that most dreadful of all diseases, poliomyelitis, was prevailing epidemically. It differs in one very important feature. In America the authorities took the matter in hand, although I am bound to say that they did little or nothing to reduce the legitimate fear of the people. In Italy the authorities did practically nothing. In our poliomyelitis epidemic there was justification for the intense fear and the overwhelming anxiety of the people. It was a mysterious disease. Nothing was known of its real cause, nor did we have knowledge of the factors that would shape its course. Moreover, it expended itself upon infants and children, whose protection solicits our highest impulses, and it maimed and rendered helpless the majority of those it didn't kill. Influenza, on the other hand, attacks adults more than children. It kills chiefly those who are already foreshadowed with death by other disease, and by facilitating pneumonic infection. Rarely is it followed by incapacitating sequelæ. Within my own experience it has prevailed pan-epidemically in a severe form at least three times. The bacillus that causes it has been isolated, the avenues of its entrance into the system are known, measures for its prevention may

be adopted, and the death-rate, aside from complications, is about 5 per cent. Despite this, one might infer from the conduct of some of the people of Italy during this epidemic that they were being visited by a plague which threatened to decimate them.

They call the present epidemic Spanish Fever because it made its appearance in Spain in the winter of 1917. In 1743 it was called Russian Fever for the same reason. Diogenes of Alicarnassus gave a good description of it four hundred and eighty-eight years before Christ, and the immortal Sydenham wrote an excellent account of an epidemic that prevailed in England in 1677. When I have taken occasion, in discussing the matter with Italian laymen and physicians, to remind them that there was a severe epidemic of it in northern Italy in 1899 and another in 1892; that Capozzi, one of their own physicians, made an excellent exposition of it; that there are careful records of at least one hundred and twenty-five epidemics, and that a review of the annals of these epidemics readily convinces one that it is not a very serious disease, they listen politely but still have an agitated feeling, the somatic accompaniments of inadequate adrenal secretion, and an indescribable emotional and mental state expressed by the word fear. This fear they display in cafés, street cars, restaurants, shops, offices. You see them sniffing salamoniac, eau de cologne, taking pastils of one kind or another, spraying their noses with lysoform, or gargling with so-called antiseptics. One of the attendants in the office went to his superior officer and announced that he was succumbing to the influenza. He was sent to the physician's room, and not the slightest evidence of any disease was found. Nev-

ertheless he went home and stayed in bed for several days in a state of fear and trepidation, convinced that the unwelcome visitor had arrived. A consul of one of the allied countries related to me that his organization had gone to pieces—five of his men were overwhelmed with influenza. The result of looking them up and examining them was that two had mild forms of the grippe, one had a slight bronchitis, and the other two were in the throes of fear. None of them had a symptom that the ordinary bread-winner wouldn't treat as an impostor. One of the schools near Frascati closed when the physician who ordinarily looked after the children had himself succumbed to the disease. A physician who went to their aid reported that one child had a slight bronchitis, another had a sore throat, and the third had nothing the matter with him. I saw telegrams from the Sindacos of smaller cities of Italy, each one couched in language more dramatic than the other, which set forth the extent of the disease, the destructive havoc that was being wrought by it upon the populace, and the necessity for immediate aid, disinfectant, medicines, doctors, and nurses. One read: "This city is in the throes of a pan-epidemic of Spanish Fever. Lacking doctors and medicines. Citizens in a state of rebellion. I cannot be answerable for the results of their conduct unless immediate help received." This might be interpreted as an S O S call. When I went there the following day I found the customary thing—filth and more filth and still more filth.

It would be idle to describe the conditions under which some Italians seem willing to live when well in many of these smaller cities and hill towns of Italy, and

it would be an unjustifiable harrowing of people habituated to habits of cleanliness and customs of decency to picture the conditions under which they live when ill. What does it profit one to be told that whole families sleep in one bed, two or three of them ill with a disease that makes them feel so miserable and forsaken as does the grippe, or to know that mothers taken with the disease feel the necessity of nursing a baby in order that it may not starve, while four or five other children, an incapacitated grandfather and a senile grandmother all occupy, in company with chickens, a room in which one would be arrested in America for keeping an animal? Such knowledge doesn't contribute to one's happiness, nor promote admiration of the people or the government that tolerate them. It doesn't particularly prejudice you in favor of princes to know that a part of their revenue is obtained from people who live in huts made of straw, with a low entrance door, and no other opening for admitting air and light, which are occupied by a family of six or seven or even more persons, and who live on polenta and the few vegetables which they raise, supplemented by greens gathered from the fields, and eaten with a little oil costing one dollar and seventy-five cents a quart. Yet such is an exact statement of the conditions that I found in a hut village not far from Rome, owned by Prince ——, where the epidemic of influenza was prevalent. When I asked why the princely owner tolerated such a state of affairs, I was told that it was likely that he did not know of it because it was to his administrator's interests not to apprise him. I can easily understand that the inhabitants of this village might be in a state of panic, for if they were

of intelligence inimical to panic they would not put up with such conditions when they were well and strong.

We marvel at the unhygienic conditions under which many of the poor and the common people of Italy live, and we deplore them. But how rarely do we stop to consider that neither do they know what the fundamental principles of hygiene are, nor, I regret to say, is any discernible effort made to teach them. Hygiene spells cleanliness, and the first step in achieving cleanliness is making suitable disposal of human excrement. There are many towns and cities of Italy in which the sewer and the cesspool are absolutely unknown, and in which there is no facility of any shape, kind, or description for the disposal of offal, save to throw it in the street. There are other cities in which the public sewer is an indolent, foul, little stream, smelling to heaven, which trickles through the middle of the main street. In a journey from Avellino to Naples a few days ago I counted no less than fourteen infants and children in one town playing in such a stream. They were making mud pies with a vengeance. It has often been said that the scarcity of water in certain parts of Italy, particularly during the summer, makes it impossible that the cities should be provided with sewers and cesspools, but while admitting that there are many towns and cities in which water is very scarce or has to be dragged a long distance, there are countless towns and cities in which there is an abundant supply of water and no effort whatsoever is made to utilize it to make the towns hygienic. One of the most far-reaching and beneficent works an individual of great wealth could do would be to take a small city of

Italy, like Avellino or Benevento or Campobasso or Tagliacozzo, or any one of a hundred cities, and equip it with a modern sewer system and public comfort facilities, and then police it to such purpose that the inhabitants were compelled to use them and at the same time not allowed, under penalty of severe punishment, to indulge themselves as they now do, which must be as offensive to God as it is to Anglo-Saxon or American.

It is idle to talk of cleanliness to such people without first taking these essential steps. As a serious, intelligent woman who has the welfare of her fellow countrymen at heart said to me: "What is the use of washing them if within five minutes they are more contaminated with their own filth and with the indescribable filth of their houses than they were before they were washed? The bath only brings the filth into relief." It might be quite easy to teach the common people how to bathe, because they are a people who take kindly to any indulgence that is pleasurable, and there are few more pleasure-giving performances than bathing. Like the man from Missouri, you have only to show them. It might be possible to overcome their prejudice about the injuriousness of night air, though that is a task for a modern Hercules. It might be accomplished even to convince them that it is a sin for whole families to sleep in one bed which will not be forgiven after June 1, 1921. One might, indeed, be able to make it so apparent to them that cleanliness, as we understand it, is not only pleasurable but beneficial that they would clamor for it, but in order to do so the modern sewer must be thrust upon them. It is extraordinary and

inexplicable that the country which had the Cloaca Maxima two thousand years ago, and which learned the lesson of the plague five hundred years ago, should to-day be willing to tempt Providence the way I see Him tempted daily by indescribably gross and callow infractions of Hygeia's simplest rules.

The truth of the matter is that from the hygienic point of view many parts of Italy are as bereft of the benefits that have flowed from modern sanitation as they were during the Middle Ages. Why do the people put up with it? Why, because they are indifferent, and because as a nation they lack that quality which, in lieu of a better name, I shall call perspicacity. Italians have a reputation for alertness, cleverness, adroitness, artfulness, resourcefulness, and all the other things that make up what is commonly meant by the designation "smart," and very likely many of them merit it, but it is as nothing compared with their most distinguishing characteristic—vanity, or perhaps better said, self-sufficiency. I don't know the Spaniards and Portuguese, but unless some one presents their claims I think I am safe in saying the Italians are the most self-satisfied people in the world.

Italians are convinced of their cleverness. They may well be proud of their past. They created the Christian religion, they nurtured literature and art to a state of supremacy that has never been excelled, and they succored science in every branch to such purpose that the names of many of their great men are the sinews of its annals. We are as proud of their accomplishment in all these fields and many others as they are—and more so. But conceit is not founded in the accomplishments of one's forebears. Conceit,

personal or national, if defensible at all, is only so when it is the possession of an individual or a state meritorious to a very conspicuous degree. We pity the individual who displays it, but we put up with it because of his qualities and his accomplishments. We regret that he tarnishes the crown which we so willingly concede him, and would wish that he might add to its lustre by burnishing it with modesty. Conceit, when it is the attribute of an individual whose merit is not of a quality or an amount to give him particular distinction, is a most deforming and repellant attribute. Despite my admiration of the Italians, my appreciation of their institutions, my recognition of their contributions to political liberalism, I fail to find such meritoriousness in the individual or collective Italian of the present day that justifies airs of superiority. When I review their literature of the past hundred years, I encounter such names as Foscolo, Manzoni, Fogazzaro, Pascoli, D'Annunzio, but none of them, I fancy, has admirers so uncritical as to press their claim for place among the immortals, no more than admirers of Carducci or Leopardi would claim that they were poets of Dante's rank.

The Italians are rated as a music-loving people, yet they have scarcely produced, save in operatic production, in the last hundred years a great composer. Certainly no one would claim that Verdi, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Puccini are entitled thus to be designated. I do not mean to defame their memory, to detract from their repute, or to depreciate the value of their work, but if one were to compare them with the great composers of Russia or Germany during the same period they would suffer by the comparison. Indeed, save

Verdi, they do not compare favorably with Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti, who though born in the eighteenth century were composers of the nineteenth century.

Since they became a united great nation they have had workers in the fields of science who made epoch-making contributions, and I recall the work of Golgi, who discovered a new method of impregnating the cells of the brain which permitted study of it in health and disease, and therefore contributed materially to our understanding of the functions of that organ. I recall also the contributions of Marconi, the wizard of wireless telegraphy, of Mosso and Luciani in physiology and of Canizzaro in chemistry, but none of them is or was a superman.

It is perhaps not to be expected that they have had great preachers. The conduct of the church in Italy does not lend itself to exhortative exposition of the Holy Writ, or to dramatic delineation of man's conduct that he may be saved. Yet Agostino da Monte Feltro was a great preacher, and undoubtedly there are some who would rank him with Fra Savonarola, but whereas Savonarola's reputation as a moralist, a pietist, and an exhorter grows greater as the years go by, da Monte Feltro's grows less. Certain it is that if they have had great theologians, men to be compared with St. Augustus or St. Thomas d'Aquinas or St. Francis, they have concealed their existence from the man in the street.

What shall we say of art in Italy during the past two hundred years and more? We shall say the truth. They are a nation of copyists, and poor ones at that. It is one of the riddles of the world that a country that produced in rapid succession, and within

a comparatively short space of time, Giotto, Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, not to mention men of lower rank though gods in the realm of art, such as Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Masaccio, Titian, Correggio, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, should have been for so many cycles unable to produce one meritorious successor. Confronted with the necessity of having every day to look upon the Victor Emanuel Monument, the Palace of Justice, and the Bank of Italy, the three conspicuous architectural contributions of modern days, I refrain from mentioning the names of Bramante or Brunelleschi, Gozzoli or Bernini, Palladio or Peruzzi.

In the realm of statesmanship there is even a greater paucity of material. When one recalls the names of the builders of United Italy, Mazzini the prophet, Cavour the statesman, Garibaldi the crusader, Gioberti the philosopher, Manin the liberator, D'Azeglio the counsellor, La Marmosa the diplomat, and Victor Emanuel the Re Galantuomo, he marvels that he cannot find their counterparts to-day. It may be that the beam which he, the observer, would gladly pluck from his eye blinds him, and thus prevents the discovery.

I am not saying that there are not to-day in Italy meritorious men of art, of science, of letters, and of statescraft, for there are many of them. I am not even contending that Italy has not an average number. I merely wish to make the point that Italy has made no epoch-making contributions in any of these spheres in modern times, with the single exception of Mazzini and Cavour.

It would be an easy matter to review the political

history of the past fifty years since Italy has been a real nation, and to show that during that time she has not had a statesman who has outlined a comprehensive plan of government which would, at the same time, give the Italian people the freedom which their liberal government fosters; provide them with the advantages that have flowed from the science of hygiene and the science of mechanics; facilitate the development and advancement of their country's resources; create and nurture foreign trade relations which would redound to their material advantage; provide and enforce universal education, and at the same time compel the other countries of Europe to recognize their rights as a nation.

Italy has a democratic government, but the machinery of the government is so interlaced with the lurid tape of bureaucracy that it may be compared to Samson bound with green withes. Its machination transcends human comprehension. I could quote any number of examples that would surpass any one's credulity. I have a secretary who has been convinced that she should take the matrimonial leap, and she wants to try the plunge from her mother's residence in Paris, a legitimate, and one might say well-bred desire. She was born in Italy and has a certificate to that effect. When she was three years old her parents went to France and have since lived there. She was educated in Switzerland, in France, and in England. A year ago she came to Italy to help her native country and at the same time earn a living. Her work has been characterized by seriousness, loyalty, and efficiency. To go from one country to another these days is attended with much formality, which is often

time-consuming. The day set for her nuptials being still three months distant, she applied for permission to travel. It was refused because she is a minor. She must have the consent or request of her mother. That obtained, still consent is refused on the grounds that she was not registered here six years ago, when the census of every one in the country was made. She must now get the statement of four eye-witnesses where she was in 1912. At that time she was in school in Switzerland and the American who kept the school went to her native land after the war broke out and it is not known whether she is in Texas or Rhode Island, so it is impossible to get such affidavits. And now, after working for upward of a month to get her passport and finding herself in an impass, she realizes she must have influence to break through the tentacles of bureaucracy. Influence in Italy is a subject that must be taken into consideration in everything one attempts to do.

It is very difficult for the newcomer to appreciate that kissing goes by favor in Italy. It is probable that merit may have something to do with it, but there is very little indication of this. An individual wants a position. The Anglo-Saxon way is for him to apply for it and to submit a statement or credentials of his fitness to do the work of the position. The Latin way is for the individual who seeks a position to go to some one who has social or political influence, apprise him of his aim, and solicit his intercession. The mediator then puts it on his books as a debit or credit account. If the prospective employer is beholden to the mediator in any way, or if he wishes to curry favor with the mediator, then the individual

seeking employment gets the job and it puts him in the debt of the mediator, while the latter has himself arranged an account with the employer. It is extraordinary how this kind of hocus-pocus goes through every avenue of life. I may be needing the services of a clerk, a secretary, a chauffeur, and I should expect to get them by going to an employment agency or putting an advertisement in the paper setting forth my needs, and then selecting from the persons who apply. But the way I usually get them is through the intercession of a princess or a countess, a minister or a senator, a deputy or an understudy of one or of all of them. For instance, a woman came applying for a position. She was the wife of a physician, an officer in the army, who had been seized with a serious and permanently incapacitating mental disease. She found herself without funds and with three small children. Her father had been a well-known university professor, and she had been brought up in comparative affluence. There was no position open, but her case appealed to me. After finding out the minimum sum on which she could maintain herself and her children in decency, I told her that we would put her to work and pay her that sum, and as soon as a position which carried with it more salary was open she should have it. It was arranged that she should go to work at once. Nothing more was heard from her for a week, when I was interviewed by prominent newspaper men, by a colonel, a well-known advocate, and a deputy. They wished to arrange a position for her. It didn't seem to make any impression upon her that I had offered her a position, or upon them that I was ready for her to go to work. It seemed to be

necessary to conform to the traditional way of doing it. One can readily see that similar procedure, extending through all relationship between employer and employee, is bound to make that relationship, which should be a simple one founded in mutual and individual respect and in full appreciation of the significance of *quid pro quo*, complex and unnatural.

In truth, the sojourner in Italy frequently asks himself: What benefits of freedom do her people have? Thousands of them are without roofs to cover them or their families; hundreds of thousands are barely able to keep soul and body together despite their most laborious efforts; a million or more are obliged to live in fertile sections of the country which are so redolent of a serious and incapacitating disease transmitted by the mosquito that residence there, even for twenty-four hours, is like thrusting your head within the jaws of a rapacious crocodile; vast fertile plains like the Campagna, which might, under proper cultivation, be made ideal wheat-producing lands, are still largely in the hands of families who trace their privileges and their possessions back to the days of papal supremacy, and who rent them out to small farmers who subject them to slight cultivation adequate to provide for their own wants. One of the country's most wonderful resources, its grape crop, is handled in such an archaic way that the finished product is almost incapable of exportation, and like Mark Twain's famous families who lived by taking in each other's washings, countless people in Italy make their living by buying and selling wine to each other. Italy is lacking in coal, but still her great water power, which might be made an instrument of incredible force

that would move the rolling stock of her railways and drive the engines of her mills and factories, has been very little developed, save in the north of Italy, and there largely due to German might and money. She is constantly being charged with a poverty of mineral wealth, but no one really knows whether her mountains are not hiding minerals that have concealed themselves from inadequate search.

This sounds as if it could only emanate from a detractor of Italy's greatness, a defamer of Italy's glory. In reality, it comes from one who is a champion of Italy, a lover and admirer of its people, and especially of those who have never been given a square deal, and a believer in Italy's greatness if once she can be properly oriented. What I have said may be construed as a protest against the assumption of superiority and the display of self-satisfaction which many of her people have. A person who not only is content with his accomplishments, but who believes and acts accordingly is not likely to be the person who will orient, guide, encourage, and stimulate the people of Italy to make the efforts that will put them on a par with other nations in the fields of activity and efficiency. The motive and the incentive and the impulse to such activity, if the country is to reap the results that it should reap, must, however, come from Italians, and before great things can be accomplished in this direction I am convinced that they must be rebaptized in the waters of humility.

The Italian people may contemplate and review their past with pride and satisfaction, but so long as they are content to rest on the laurels of the Renaissance and be pillowed in the silk and scented down

of yesteryear, just so long will they fail to get the place in the world of progress which is awaiting them.

Oftentimes when reflecting on the things of which I have written, I say: "But, after all, Italy has done very well in the half-century of her unity. The political and social evils which she inherited have been eradicated to a certain degree, and light has been let into many dark places which has blinded the monster tyranny." The fact remains, however, alas, that hundreds of millions have been spent on "public works" which, had it been more wisely invested in the solution of problems still in the state of "problems," would have helped the material, moral, and economic improvement of the masses, who have paid enough in taxation of all forms to be entitled to all the benefits of civilization. The mastodonic machinery of the bureaucracy is so complicated and heavy that an extremely high percentage of the energy applied to it, and which it ought to transform into useful work, is wasted in overcoming the inertia.

The social reconstruction of Italy and its political regeneration depend practically upon one thing—education of its people. Thrust education upon *il popolo*, and Italians will take a leading place among the aggressive, successful nations of the world, and the reputation, deserved or undeserved, which they have for idleness, thriftlessness, inertia, and easy infraction of the laws of God and man will not be deserved. That social and economic renascence will come to Italy soon is the judgment of many careful students of her institutions and the hope and belief of her admirers.

October 22, 1918.

CHAPTER II

RIGHTEOUS LIPS ARE THE DELIGHT OF KINGS

MUCH characterization of Italians has been done by foreigners who sojourn more or less in their country, but it has been largely ejaculatory. I don't recall that any one has put down what he considers to be the distinctive features of the Italian people viewed at short range, and after sufficient observation to warrant conclusions concerning them. Americans suffered for a long time from foreigners who went to America and made a close study of them in expensive hotels and Pullman cars, in banquet halls and dining-rooms, from the lecture platform, from the vantage ground of Fifth Avenue or Broad Street, State Street or Michigan Avenue, and then retired to their studies or their garrets with statistical volumes, newspapers, and manuals of false witness, and wrote knowingly about them.

The class differentiation in Italy is still distinctly made, despite the fact that their government has been for upward of two generations a constitutional monarchy, the equivalent of a true democracy. Society in Italy may be divided into:

1. *The Aristocracy or Nobility.*—They are comparatively few in numbers and not very widely distributed. They have their chief centres in Rome, in Turin, in Genoa, and in the Veneto. They are made up of families who trace their origin at least to the period of the Renaissance, and many of them beyond. They have

descended either from the rulers and nobility or from men who were victorious in arms or in predatoriness. They are the descendants, or remnants, of the many kings, dukes, and princes of the little states of which Italy until 1870 was constituted.

2. *The Piccola Nobilita*, the little or minor nobility, quantitatively very great, qualitatively not so readily characterized by one word. They are the living mementos of the way in which the popes during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries paid some of their debts. They are to be found mostly in the south of Italy, and they increase in density the farther south you go. In Sicily nearly every one of the landed proprietors and many of the officials of the government have some sort of a title bestowed by Spanish rulers at the time when Italy was "enjoying" being an appendage of Spain.

3. *The Borghesia*, the upper middle class. The portal of entrance to it may be readily opened by any one whose efforts to get on in the world have been successful. It is made up of those who have the privilege of putting "honorable" before their names, successful politicians, statesmen, cabinet ministers, directors of railways, steamships, and large industries, conspicuous journalists or directors of newspapers, clergymen, literary men, artists, and professional men, doctors, lawyers, teachers who have achieved such measure of success that entitles them to be considered eminent.

4. *The Piccola Borghesia*, made up of shopkeepers, the large majority of governmental employees, such as our civil service appointees, teachers, small manufacturers, expert artisans, clerical workers of all kinds.

5. *Il Popolo, the People.*—This is the great class, and it is subdivided into two groups of about equal social

position—laborers in mills, factories, shops, mines, or wherever labor is employed, and servants, and *contadini*, the tillers of the soil—peasants, they are called.

Finally, there is a large class to which an ugly name is attached—call them abandoned, outcast, or beggar—and which is recruited largely from *il popolo*. There are certain beggars, like poets, who are born, not made, but there are many who have had beggary thrust upon them by misfortune, who, finding a way to gain a livelihood outside of the sweat of their brows, take to it most kindly and thrive and multiply, so that Italy has been referred to by her disparagers as a nation of beggars, though when the late Emperor Wilhelm of Germany wanted to empty the vials of his contempt and scorn upon the Italians he referred to them as a nation of mandolin players.

To enumerate the qualities that go to make up an individual nature would take us far afield from the the subject in hand. There are certain basic features of the composition of the soul that are common to all individuals, just as there are certain basic features of the body, but as no two individuals are exactly alike somatically, no two are counterparts spiritually. The conventions of civilization and of Christianity have for so long been definitely formulated, and subscription to them entails either the possession or the assumption of certain qualities, such as honesty, veracity, chastity, temperateness, that we need not particularly dwell upon the possession or absence of them in any given people or class of people unless their conduct betrays gross infraction of them. The characteristics of the peoples constituting a nation to which a stranger comes that are most particularly noticed or observed are kindliness, sincerity, loyalty, civility, fidelity, humil-

ity, self-respect, tolerance, patience, contentment, ambition, love of family and of country, and education or culture.

The aristocracy of Italy, as constituted by the nobility, does not play an important part in the affairs of the nation. Its members reveal their charm and their hedonism most alluringly both in casual and intimate contact with the foreigner. Some of them feel that there are few worthy to associate with them on terms of intimacy, but as their members are comparatively few and ever growing less, they find themselves in an atmosphere or environment of loneliness. This class may be divided into two parts: the actively religious and the passively religious, for they are practically all adherents of the church. The former, called Blacks, regret that the Pope was deprived of his temporal powers, and they look forward to the day when these shall be restituted. They are said to have opposed the entrance of Italy into the war on the side of the Allies, and many of them even to-day are considered to be pro-Austrian or pro-German, despite the fact that they have given their palaces and their villas, not without "persuasion" in some instances, over to hospitals. Those constituting the second subdivision are most conspicuous in the public eye because of their conduct. Their amusements, diversions, indulgences are quite unlike those of other nations. Sports, games, hunting, races, shooting, country life, house parties, and the sort of thing which plays such a large part in the lives of the blood aristocracy of England, for instance, have small part in the life of the Italian nobles. Their pleasures are largely in parade and in personal contact. In these they oftentimes consort with the lesser

nobility. They go to the premières of the best theatres, they frequent art expositions, concerts, and lectures given under the patronage of exalted personages, and they swarm to the receptions given by those members who are sufficiently rich to offer this favorite hospitality. They relish the repute of being the chief depositaries of artistic and literary taste and they make the modish pace, as it were. In their mental make-up there is to be seen a great deal of that element so cleverly depicted by Molière in his "Précieuses Ridicules," and in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is among this class that the duel still flourishes. One of these performances is always preceded by inspired communications in the newspapers, which in time are followed by accounts of the chivalrous behavior of the contestants on the "ground of honor." In reading these accounts, no one who hasn't a sense of humor could believe that he was living in the twentieth century.

The narrow confine of this set within its own boundaries, the intimate association of the sexes, their temperamental endowments and cultivations facilitate, it is said, a conduct at variance with the standards and conventions of the middle classes, so that the latter, while envying them perhaps, look upon them as immoral. The word immorality has come to have a very narrow application, confined almost exclusively to sex relations. It may truthfully be said that infraction of the conventions which govern sex relations is not penalized to the same degree in Italy and especially in the upper classes as it is in some other countries. The extraordinary thing is that a lady does not always lose caste by breaking the seventh commandment.

Sometimes, indeed, she adds to her stature and to her position in society by such transgression. In other words, she has very much the same position in this respect as does the man in Anglo-Saxon countries. Some, indeed, make no attempt to hide their gallantries, and it is no uncommon thing to see a lady making display, not only of her favorite, but of aspirants whom she permits to hope that they may in time receive the beneficence of her kindliness, and she takes pains to see that they shall not be distracted and diverted by fellow Delilahs.

A fair paradigm of such conduct to-day may be found in Boccaccio's narrative of his pursuit and conquest of the lovely Neapolitan who first lighted the divine fire in his bosom. This may be the tail of the social comet which was known as cicisbeism in the seventeenth century, illustrated by one of Hogarth's paintings in "Marriage à la Mode," in which Mrs. Silvertongue, in negligée, is being coiffed surrounded by a court of masculine admirers. Nowadays watering places, public rooms, and tango parlors replace the boudoir, but the lady and the graded admirers are the same. Such derelictions are often looked upon complacently by husbands who, in turn, have their attentions engrossed beyond their own households. A similar state of affairs is not unknown in other countries. The point that I emphasize, however, is that in Italy no one thinks of making the lady pay the ordinary penalty of being treated as a pariah, whereas in other countries a penalty is exacted which a man never has to pay. Not only does this convention hold for themselves, but they extend its application to visitors. I know a lady who not only is received but welcomed in

exclusive circles whose career is studded with monuments that testify to fifteen years' assiduous devotion to gallantry that in no way suffers by comparison with those which Casanova details in his immortal autobiography. She doesn't make the smallest attempt to conceal from others the record of her successes. In fact, it would seem that she takes a similar pride in the recognition of them by others that the chief of a tribe of American Indians did in the display of the notched stick which set forth the number of scalps to his credit.

Learned writers have shown that the reputation which the Queen of Lesbia has in these latter days is entirely undeserved. Be that, however, as it may, the island where she reigned has had its name indelibly associated with a conduct whose fame will likely never be erased. Its votaries have favorite domiciles, but I have never seen anything to indicate that Italy is their first choice. The male of the species, if such designation can be made, is looked at askance by all healthy-minded members of the community, and his presence produces that profound reaction accompanied by contempt, disgust, and anger which it does in other communities. So far as I can see, the female of the species has greater immunity from disparagement or contempt. It may very well be that the roots of this strange and inexplicable abnormality are so deeply implanted, and that the life of these roots goes back so many centuries that modern civilization and modern morality have never been able to eradicate them. In all times and in all ages the indolent, the unoccupied, and the luxurious have been more or less devotees of this strange deviation from the physiological norm,

and it is quite likely that evolution in its beneficent, mysterious way is gradually eliminating the class which has always fostered it.

It would be to no purpose to discuss the honesty, veracity, temperateness of this class of society. They are not particularly distinguished by possession of them, nor, on the other hand, are they strikingly lacking in them. They give each of them a pragmatic valuation and comport themselves in reference to it in keeping with this valuation. So far as their patriotism is concerned, I fancy (but of this I can only conjecture) their loyalty is infinitely more to the King than to the Pope, and few only would be willing to see the latter's temporal powers regained. It must also be said that many of the leading families of the aristocracy have identified themselves with New Italy, with its progress and its amibitions. They are in the front ranks of those who are striving for Italy's advancement, spiritually and materially.

Family life among this class is successful, perhaps more so than in any other country of the world. The Italians of all classes have a certain kind of tribal feeling which does not exist in Anglo-Saxon countries, and it, I think, in conjunction with the fact that they have little else to turn to, explains why family life is so solid. Children play a very important part in the life of the Italian of all classes, and particularly of the upper classes. They are the indestructible cement that keeps the family together, and once they make their advent into a household it is only in very exceptional instances that they are not sufficient to keep that household from dividing or disintegrating, no matter what the conduct of either parent may be.

The aristocracy live almost exclusively in palaces dating from the time of the Renaissance, which preserve all their architectural grandeur and much of their decorative beauty. A few, like the Palazzo Doria and the Palazzo Mattei, are kept up to a condition that befits their original splendor, but the majority of them remind one of Wilkins Micawber. Many of these palaces are beautiful without but cheerless within. The lower floor is in some instances given over to shops or has the appearance of a warehouse, while the principal floor, or *piano nobile*, may be, and usually is, sumptuously furnished, elaborately and pricelessly decorated, but wanting in those creature comforts which modest establishments in America would consider essential. The servants of such a family of nobles form an integral part of the family and are treated as unlike servants of similar families in England or America as can possibly be imagined. They not infrequently live their whole lives with their employers and consider themselves members of the family. Since the unity of Italy such servitors do not remain with the same family in successive generations, as they formerly did.

The Little Nobility of Italy is very extensive. "Appearance" is the goddess that they worship. They pretend that they are like the great nobility, but their pretensions are not allowed by the latter, who look upon them as a different class. They live differently, mostly in small villas and flats. The majority of them are dependent upon their efforts for a livelihood. From this class are largely recruited pursuers of American heiresses. There are no such rights and privileges of primogeniture in this country as there are in England and France, so that there

may be a half-dozen or more marcheses and marchesas and counts and countesses in the same family. In Rome they are very conspicuous, because when not engaged in earning their bread in the sweat of their brows they are much in evidence in public places, such as at the Grand and Excelsior Hotels for tea and Sunday afternoon concerts, in the late afternoon parade in the Borghese Gardens and in the Corso and at public functions where they have opportunity to display themselves. They do not give themselves the airs of aloofness and self-sufficiency of the nobles after which they pattern themselves, but they make the impression of being willing to do so did conditions permit. At the present time the majority of the men are, of course, in the army, and as the stipend which is granted them there does not permit them to support their families in comfort, many of the titled ladies have been obliged to go to work. It must be said to their credit that they work *con amore* and that many of them are efficient. They do not look upon it as beneath their dignity now, and it is not unlikely that their initiation into the field of labor at this time may be the first step toward solution of the problem of maintenance, with which many of them have heretofore been confronted.

This is the class which, more than any other, so far as my observation goes, displays the least education, or one might be tempted to say culture, if any definite meaning which every one recognized attached to that word. Education in Italy is easily and inexpensively obtained, and the great majority of the middle class, upper and lower, of that portion of Italy north of Rome are well educated. Some of them, and especially

those of the professions—law, medicine, engineering, pedagogy—are very well educated.

The aristocracy, little and big, are gracious and graceful, have what are commonly called cultivated voices, perfect manners, and go without self-consciousness among their social equals and inferiors, and in general comport themselves as cultured people. At the same time, they sometimes display a lack of knowledge of the past and of the present, which is an open sesame to any one who will take the trouble and pains to acquire it, not only of other countries but of their own, which is nothing less than stupendous. I have rarely heard conversation among them in club or palace where world politics or literature were intelligently or luminously discussed. In England in a similar gathering one would hear men and women display a knowledge of the public events of their own country and of others, which would readily convince him that they had read, studied, talked and observed to some purpose. Not so in this country. They limit their conversation on these subjects to comments and ejaculations; comments which testify to their suspicion of the motives of the French and the English, and ejaculations as to what their rights and ambitions are.

What has been said about world politics or statecraft holds equally true for letters. Not only are they strangely insensitive to what their own country has produced, but they display an ignorance and unconcern of the productions of other countries that is astonishing. Speak to them of Boccaccio and all they know is that he was the author of licentious stories, but to expect from them a delineation of the humanistic vista which he created in the fourteenth century, or to expect in-

telligent comment on the relationship of his creation to what is understood nowadays as literature, or a narration of the importance of his epoch-making contributions to the development of the Italian language, is to be sorely disappointed. What I say of Boccaccio is equally true of his contemporary in the field of poetry, Petrarch. They know about Tasso because "Jerusalem Delivered" is read in the schools and performed in the cinema. They know about Manzoni because "The Betrothal" is a monument of the Risorgimento. They know about Carducci because he had a more or less recent newspaper popularity, and they know about D'Annunzio because he insists upon doing things that will keep himself in the public eye and because his incestuous tragedies are the occasion of brilliant theatrical premières which no one mindful of his social prestige can afford to miss. They know about Fogazzaro because he gave religious offense, but so far my contact with people of the upper classes has convinced me that very few know anything about them or of contemporary literature based on love of such literature and intelligent reading of it. I don't mean to say that I haven't heard Italians of this class talk most instructively and entertainingly of Dante, for there is a Dante cult among many of them. They go to lectures on Sunday in the "season" given by some fashionable or favorite expounder of one or all of the cantos of the "Divine Comedy." It is a patent of superior intellectuality to find new significance in the words of him who was the dawn and sun of the Renaissance, and to contend for the righteousness of your own or the expounder's explanation.

What I mean to say is that there isn't any wide-

spread or general interest in the world's best thinkers and writers. Despite the fact that English, French, American, and German writers of the past hundred years have devoted much time to portraying the glories of Italy, there is a greater ignorance of Keats, Browning, Shelley; George Sand, Hippolyte Taine, Baudelaire; Goethe, Schiller, Lessing; Hawthorne, Poe, Mark Twain in Italy than in any other European country in which I have tarried.

Italy, like the rest of the world, is now in the hands of the middle classes. They make its laws and they administer them. They constitute its government and they are the bone and sinew of its bureaucracy. They control its finances and its industries. They direct and officer the army and the navy. They control and make the newspapers and magazines. Now that the Teuton has for the moment been expelled, it may be said that this class practically controls every constructive activity in the kingdom. Therefore, when we speak of the Italian people we mean the middle class. When they speak of the people, *il popolo*, they mean the working classes: the mechanic, the laborer, and the peasant.

The line between the middle classes and the proletariat is very sharply drawn. Whereas in our own country it is the rule for one to lift himself from the laboring classes to the class above, oftentimes to the very top of our social hierarchy, in Italy it is the exception. In Italy it is comparatively easy, and not always the reward of merit but frequently so, to go from the lower middle class to the upper, and apparently the ambition to do so is wide-spread. I have often wondered why in a country where there are so

many alert, clever, quick-witted lads of the families of working men, and where education is obtained with such small expense, more of them do not succeed in acquiring that passport into the middle classes, namely university education. It must be largely the lack of ambition on the part of parents and ignorance of the advantage on the part of children. Rarely one hears of those examples so common in America, where a young man, or a child it may be said, has gone to work and earned a sufficient amount of money to put himself through college, and while earning it prepared himself, by dint of almost superhuman application, to pass the entrance examinations.

If a census were taken of the successful men in America beyond fifty years of age, probably it would be found that half of them had accomplished their education by some such procedure. I know of only one example in this country: a man of middle age who occupies a conspicuous professional position, an engineer, was the son of a man who made his livelihood by going from house to house remaking mattresses, one of the humblest occupations of Italians. He had vowed that his son should not do similar work, and he made every sacrifice possible to keep him in school until he was prepared to enter the university, and to maintain him there until he got his degree. The son was no less fortunate in his father than the father in the son, for because of his intellectual merit and industry he soon succeeded in his profession, and his parents' latter days were sweetened with comparative affluence. I have no doubt that Italians could recount many similar examples, but nevertheless I believe it is the exception, not the rule.

My experience with the middle classes has been limited largely to government representatives, members of the professions, and men of affairs with whom I have come in contact in various parts of Italy. All of them have in common certain characteristics. They are intelligent, think quickly and clearly, and are very alert. Many of them have a something which is not readily designated. One time you feel disposed to call it self-sufficiency, at another time conceit, and at another time suspicion. It is, perhaps, easier to define it in terms of negation than specifically. They are not haughty, unyielding, arrogant, with a manner of being convinced that they are the *dernier cri* of the Creator, such as the English. They are not assertive, boastful, inquisitive, disparaging of the merit of others' possessions compared with their own, such as the Americans. They are not predatory, self-assertive, and convinced of their own perfection, such as the French. They display a certain satisfaction with themselves and with their accomplishments which may best be called conceit. They are quick-witted, but I do not believe that they frequently act on impulse. They are alert and acquisitive, but oftentimes do not seem to advantage themselves of opportunities that might readily flow from such alertness or capacity for seeing a situation or through it. They are tenacious of their opinions and of their judgments, but they are not obstinate, nor do they act as if they were unready to give the fullest hearing to the opinion of others or were unwilling to take into consideration others' opinions or judgments. They believe what they want to believe, and oftentimes their desires are the parents of their beliefs.

They are a people practically without prejudice. I have never seen anything that approximates proselyting in any field of human activity. If the visitor wishes to bring his religion or his politics or his moral code or his dominant obsession to Italy, the Italians are quite content that he should do so and that he should exploit them for his own satisfaction quite as much as he pleases so long as he does not expect that they shall share them, subscribe to them or conform their conduct to them. They tolerate anything in foreigners save bad manners, and they tolerate these without loud comment or reflection so long as the display of them is kept within bounds. This attitude on the part of Italians makes living among them very easy and gives to some people who have suffered from the bigotries and narrow-mindedness of people, and their insistence in thrusting them upon others, a spiritual freedom which is to be had nowhere else in the world. There are many things about the foreigner which he doesn't understand, but he never makes the foreigner feel that such peculiarities are offensive to him. If he is not tolerant of the shortcomings of others, he is extremely reticent about talking of them, and you very rarely hear him make disparaging comments.

The middle-class Italian, and, so far as I know, also the upper-class Italian, displays less snobbery than almost any one I have ever met. There is a great desire for liberty, a wide-spread belief in equality, and more evidence of fraternity than in any country I know. The Italian is a stickler for what may be called formality, and he has well-defined ideas about public decorousness. Whether he carries this into his

home or not, I am unable to say because one of his most conspicuous characteristics is that he doesn't take the stranger into his household. I have been told by foreigners who have lived in Rome for years, of wide acquaintance and favorably known because of their work, that they have never seen the inside of the homes of men with whom they have developed what would be called friendship in our own country. Speaking of friendship, I should say that perhaps the Italian's second most conspicuous characteristic is that he hasn't capacity for friendship. He has for acquaintance, for intimacy, for the closest intercourse, but for friendship, as the word is commonly understood, he has little or none.

Why Italians of the middle classes do not ask the foreigner to their homes has never been acceptably explained to me. I fancy it is an atavistic manifestation and harks back to the days when the head of the household went away he took elaborate precautions, many of which savor of cruelty to-day, to insure during his absence the inviolateness of his home and of his wife. In some instances it may be a potency of the Arab blood in high dilution. Many would have us understand that such hospitality is not extended to the foreigner because the menage of those who occupy conspicuous positions in public, commercial, or professional life is so narrow and common that they hesitate to let it be seen how humbly they live. Others say that many of them, having risen in the world and taken on a substantial veneer of the manners and conventions of the upper strata of society have not been able to extend similar polish to their wives and their sisters. None of these explanations satisfies me, be-

cause, if they were true, there is no reason why the Italian who has accepted hospitality graciously and with apparent appreciation when in other lands, or who has accepted it from the foreigner sojourning in his own country, should not return it at hostelries whose very existence is to facilitate social intercourse, but he never does. You are asked to the houses of princes and dukes and barons and marcheses; you are asked to banquets and luncheons and public receptions, where you meet people on parade with their best manner and party clothes, but you are not asked to the households of the men with whom you are thrown in conducting the affairs of daily life.

In this connection it must be said that one should distinguish between foreigners. Before the war there was a class of foreigners in Italy who received very different treatment—the Germans. I have not infrequently heard Italians say that intercourse with the English is impossible for many reasons. In the first place, their utterances are either ejaculations of simple civilities or deliberate, disparaging comment. After years of acquaintance the chief subject of conversation with them is still the weather, and as the weather in Italy is more or less stable, and not, as in England, subject to hourly variations, the Italians cannot keep up that show of interest in it which is so characteristic of the English. Moreover, reserve is distasteful to the expansive, emotional nature of the Italian. It acts on him as a sheet taken dripping from ice-water, and the person who displays it *secundem artem*, as it were, seems to him more an enemy than a friend. Then the tactless, scathing remarks and the air of superiority to which many of the English-speaking people are ad-

dicted when they find themselves among foreigners is not conducive to intimacy or to friendship. As I said before, the Italians are very loath to criticise people who favor them with visits. They like to consider it complimentary, but many of them have gone so far as to say to me that the readiness with which some visitors see the mote in their neighbor's eye while being completely blind to the attractions which Italy offers to any one who will see them in the right light is very trying.

The Germans as individuals had a very different attitude with the Italians. I was particularly impressed with that when I made my last long tarry in Italy previous to the present one. They met the Italians more on a footing of equality. They admired, praised, and seemingly enjoyed everything; they associated freely with the people, talked and discussed concrete and abstract things; they were expansive, free from aloofness, and apparently took pleasure in doing many things that are dear to the Italian's heart, such as sitting in the open street before a café, ostensibly to drink a cup of coffee, or in an osteria to consume the delicious, delicate wines which are more likely to be obtained in one of these humble places than in the most expensive hotels. Moreover, they were flatteringly conversant with Italian history, literature, and art. They were enamored with the Italian sky, and they made the Italian people feel that they liked them. To enhance this feeling, they established themselves in Italy in great numbers. They fell in love with their women and married them. When a German married an Italian woman and took up his abode in Italy, the family became Italian, but when an Englishman or an

American married an Italian the children were likely to be brought up in the custom of the foreign parent. The Italians rather look upon this as a reflection upon them and upon their country and, while not disparaging the Anglo-Saxon, they praise the Teuton. In other words, the Germans mixed with the Italians as wine and water do, and not as water and oil, as the English and Italians. When an educated German was admitted into the family circle, which I am told was not uncommon, the Italian felt he was admitting a friend. That it has been proven that he was admitting a serpent into his Garden of Eden perhaps testifies to his lack of perspicacity, but they still admit that the Germans were willing to learn the password to their intimacies and their homes, which the people of other nations were not.

The characteristic of the Italian of the middle classes that has most impressed itself upon me is that he has not learned to do team-work. He has not learned the newest, smoothest, and shortest road to efficiency—co-ordination of the efforts of others within his own, elimination of non-essentials and duplications. *Italia fa da se* is a motto of the early Risorgimento, and nowadays in every walk of activity you see each one doing his job by himself, whereas if he did intelligent team-work he would not only more than double his output but it would redound to the greatest advantage of himself and others. This disinclination to do team-work is fundamental. It is an expression of their individualism, but, more than that they are averse to innovation. I never was more impressed with this than I was a few days ago when I went into a shop in the Piazza di Spagna to negotiate for some alabaster

pearls which might be a suitable gift to some of our youthful personnel from Santa Claus. I found an elderly woman dipping the matrix of the artificial pearl in a cup of alabaster, most laboriously turning out a few scores each day. Although the order which I was ready to give her might contribute to her fortune, she couldn't accomplish it in several weeks. When I asked her why she didn't utilize the help of others, her daughter, who was the vendor, pointed to her father's picture on the wall, and said: "This was my father's secret. When he died he left it with my mother, whom you see there making the pearls. If we should employ others some one might get possession of the secret." An American would hire half a dozen girls at a few dollars a week, put them to work at this dipping until he found some one with sufficient ingenuity to do it by machinery; then he would appropriate it, cover the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific with agencies for their sale, and proceed to roll up a large fortune; then build a Palladian palace on Fifth Avenue and a villa in Pasadena, tour Europe in a Rolls-Royce car, clad in Woodruffian waistcoat, his shirt front adorned with a large diamond, his ever-increasing avoirdupois incased in sables, providing more costly robes were not to be had.

Other characteristics of the Italians of this class which have impressed me are their emotionalism, what may be called hot-bloodedness; their love of formal gatherings, of ceremonies, their obvious happiness when they are gathered together in crowds, whether it be in a piazza or in a café, in the street or in public gardens, and their absence of what we call reserve. They love to talk; in fact, I think they

would rather talk than do anything else in the world. I have often been in a railway carriage and heard two men keep up an incessant chatter for several hours on end. I don't know that the Italians are more emotional than the Anglo-Saxon, but I am certain that they have less control of their emotions and a greater fondness for emotional display. A comparatively trifling incident will not infrequently call forth an elaborate emotional reaction, and they have no hesitation in externalizing their emotions before others, stranger or friend. In their ordinary intercourse, such as conversation, they manifest the greatest intensity and not infrequently avail themselves of all the ancillæ of verbal intercourse, such as dramatic gesture, loud voice, and flashing eye. Many times I have been convinced that I was the unwilling observer of an altercation, but on closer survey I found it was nothing more nor less than simple narrative of unimportant fact.

The Italian has very little reserve and very little modesty about many things which we Anglo-Saxons are particularly apt to keep entirely to ourselves or to the knowledge of our most intimate friends, or to enshroud wholly with an impenetrable barrier. I don't speak now of those infractions of modesty which are constantly to be witnessed in every street of an Italian city, for they are nothing less than a public scandal, but I speak particularly of those little reticences which are a distinguishing mark of a man or woman of refinement in other countries. Physiological function of all sorts, and pathological states to which the human being is subject, are matters that the Italian discusses without reserve in season and out of season. Such

conversation I hold to be absolutely without warrant in refined society, or in any society, so far as that is concerned. It doesn't occur to the Italian that these are matters of which one should take full cognizance and be closely informed, but that you should keep discussion of them between yourself and your physician. I am the more astonished at this because the Italian is fundamentally an enemy of the ugly in concrete form. He has artistic appreciation, but he has little or no æsthetic awareness. He has sensitiveness to art in whatsoever form it presents itself, but he is no longer able to create art because he is not receptive to the stirring impulse which is its genesic antecedent.

It would take many pages to discuss all the peculiarities of the Italians that have impressed me, so I shall content myself with enumeration of one, and that is their attitude toward or reaction to kind offices. When a favor is shown an Italian he likes to make you feel that he accepts it and that his appreciation or gratitude requites you. If he does you a favor, he is hurt if you quickly or ostentatiously repay him. If he offers you a cocktail and you immediately thrust a horse's neck upon him, it puts a damper upon his expansiveness, unless the gin is adequate to liberate his natural inhibitions and flood him with a fictitious altruism. When an Italian receives a favor from a superior, he feels that it isn't permitted him to return the kindness. To do so would be a presumption. This may be an atavistic remnant which had its origin in the centuries of bondage when the lords allowed the people to feast upon the crumbs that fell from their banquet table, who felt gratitude for the princely generosity. Such persons receive favors much as the waiter receives

a tip. It is a prerequisite. To take it is so natural that the recipient is not aware of any obligation, and he would be likely to resent having his attention called to it. I have been told so many times that the Anglo-Saxon cannot understand the pride of the Italian that prevents him from letting his needs be known, not to speak of asking for aid, that I ought, I suppose, to believe it. But my experience has been that if aid is offered in the right spirit, and the proffer made of it in the right way, the Italian, even though of the nobility, does not feel his stature impaired, or his *amour propre* injured by accepting it.

One can accomplish so little in attempting to estimate the virtues and deficiencies of a people so complex as the Italians in a brief essay that I feel I have done them scant justice. If I have said anything that may be construed as disparaging, it was quite beyond my intent. I have had in mind that "A false witness shall not be unpunished: and he that speaketh lies shall not escape."

May 18, 1918.

CHAPTER III

IL POPOLO ITALIANO

ITALY'S chief assets are its remains of the material supremacy of antiquity—monuments, temples, statues, baths, tombs, and aqueducts; its priceless possessions that testify to the intellectual and emotional eminence of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and its *contadini*. The first is guarded and protected with veneration, shown and exploited with pride; the second is treasured and worshipped with reverence and exaltation; the third is neglected and treated almost with contumely. And withal, to-day the peasant is Italy's chief asset.

Italy is genetically and structurally an agricultural land. It is devoid of the essentials that contribute to commercial supremacy. To make an agricultural country productive labor is essential. The fecundity of the Italian people has always provided this in abundance. Their government, however, has either not known how to utilize the *contadini*, or it has had its own reason for neglecting them.

Il popolo Italiano, the people of Italy, meaning the proletariat, are divided into two classes—the *contadini*, or peasants, and the laborers. The *contadini* are likewise divided into two classes: those who own a small piece of land and those who work for large or small property owners, either for a wage or according to the system of the *mezzadria*, that is, division of the produce. The *mezzadria* is very popular in Italy, especially

north of the Apennines. It has been in existence for centuries, and has its advantages and its disadvantages. If the laborer is favored by the weather, and has a large, semi-grown family to assist him in cultivating the soil, and therefore doesn't have to hire help, he gains more than if he worked for a daily wage. On the other hand, there is the temptation to conceal the amount and value of the produce, perhaps even to steal. Many proprietors feel called upon to adopt precautionary measures to prevent fraud, the application of which makes for hardship and often disadvantage to the honest tenant.

The *contadini* who have small parcels of land of their own, to which they have an attachment like a personal affection, are usually very poor, and the majority of them have great difficulty in eking out an existence for themselves and their families. The taxes on their small property are enormous, usually about 50 per cent of the whole production. That they may pay for their land, they not infrequently emigrate to one of the Americas, where they stay on an average about two years, and save enough money to permit them on their return to increase and improve their land so that they and their children may live and grow up in the country in which they were born, whose language, customs, religion, and traditions they love and venerate, where they eat the food they grow themselves, and where they can wear the clothes they like without fear of being exposed to ridicule. They envy no one. When they are moderately prosperous their ambitions are realized, and apparently they get as much happiness out of life as is vouchsafed the average mortal. Those who work for a wage are few in num-

ber compared with those who own a few hectars of land and those who work the land of others on the share system. They are found principally on estates that are operated by gentlemen farmers or their superintendents.

The *contadini* are looked down upon by the *cittadini*, which designation, though it means citizens, is popularly restricted to people who live in cities, whether they be working people or not. The *contadini* have little or no education. Although the laws of Italy require that children of certain ages shall attend school until they have accomplished specified work, the law has never been enforced, and upward of 60 per cent of the population of Italy is illiterate. When one recalls that illiteracy is greatest in central and especially in southern Italy, it is easily seen that the vast majority of the people of southern Italy can neither read nor write.

The Italian peasant has unquestionably more attractive qualities than the peasant of any other nation. He is by nature courteous, by inclination peace-loving, fundamentally industrious, and, despite all that has been said to the contrary, he likes to work. He can tolerate physical hardship without displaying indications of its deleteriousness, and without being intolerant of it more successfully than any one I have ever encountered; he puts up with greater discomfort and is content with less in the shape of what are called creature comforts and even necessities than any one I have ever seen, save the Mexicans. In the north of Italy the peasants in the country live in houses that are part residence, part barn and stable, while others live in small, detached, but still mean houses. South

of the Apennines the vast majority of them live in cities, that is, small towns, generally atop of some hill or mountain. Their reason for thus living is twofold: First, they have always lived that way since the time when it was necessary for them to protect themselves from the enemy, and second, because they learned from sad experience that if they attempted to live in the plains and in the valleys they were seized with serious illness which could be avoided by living on the hilltops. In the extreme south of Italy they live in towns in houses or hovels in the country, wherever it is possible to find a roof that will shelter them. Sometimes those who live in houses remove the roof from their dwellings when they emigrate to America, that they may avoid paying a tax upon a building which has a roof.

Wherever they live, whether in city or in the country, they have not the smallest conception of what constitutes the comfort of a modern home. The whole family not infrequently lives in two rooms, even though they are not constrained to do so by lack of space. They cook, eat, live in one small room, and often the entire family sleeps in an adjacent room. Cooking with them is a matter of great simplicity. They rarely eat meat, save on Sundays or holidays, and their principal diet is soup, spaghetti, or macaroni in one form or another, vegetables, not cooked simply, but with soup, rice, cheese or salt fish, and fruit. The only food that they take that is not mixed with some other food is bread. Vegetables which grow in abundance in Italy are never to be found on the table in the form which Americans find attractive, that is, plainly cooked and not mixed with another vegetable

or sauce. Frying is the favorite method of cooking, and oil, when it is to be obtained, is the sole medium. The tomato plays a rôle in the dietary of the Italian which isn't approached by any other country, for it is the invariable sauce with which pasta of various forms is eaten, more particularly during war-time, when it has been impossible to have butter. The morning meal of the *contadini* and of the laborer is the same as that of all Italians, a few mouthfuls of coffee, nowadays usually without milk, but ordinarily two-thirds milk, and a piece of bread. Naturally, he comes to the midday meal with a ravenous appetite, and it is a gorge of anything that he can lay his hands to. Usually it is followed by mental torpor which requires a certain amount of sleep for its satisfaction. The evening meal is rather simpler and consists in many peasants' households of a plate of soup, a loaf of bread, and some raw vegetable, such as finocchio, fave, or onion, occasionally prepared with oil and a little vinegar, but often taken without preparation.

Italian humble homes are so devoid of anything approaching comfort and cheer that immediately after the meal is taken those who are not concerned with the removal of the signs and necessities of the repast betake themselves to the street, if it is in a city, or out of doors anywhere if it is in the country. No matter how unattractive it may be without, it is less so than it is indoors, unless the individual takes to bed.

Everybody in the household of the *contadini* works, save those who are so old that they can no longer do so, and those who are so young that they have not yet acquired the strength to work. The care of the latter during the day is usually intrusted to the former. As

soon as the simple breakfast is finished, they repair to the fields or the vineyard. Not infrequently those who live in the hilltowns have to walk three, four, and five miles to their labor and return the same distance in the evening. That is, from three to four hours of the daylight are consumed in getting to and from their work. It is incredible some of the customs that prevail in Italy at the present time. Not long ago I was asked to go to ——, about forty miles from Rome, an ancient city of seven thousand souls perched on the top of a hill arising out of the Pontine Marshes. I found that about a thousand men left the city at daybreak and walked a distance of six miles to their work in the fields, where principally Indian corn, which they call Turkish grain, or wheat and other cereal is grown. They take their lunch with them, and then an hour before nightfall they trudge back over the same weary road to their miserable city habitations. A few of them, the less vigorous, perhaps already infected by malaria, are allowed to return astride the mules or in the carts that their poor horses or oxen drag after them when there is no other load. All the corn and the grain that is grown is dragged laboriously up to the city and allowed to mature. In the case of Indian corn, it is husked and shelled, and in the case of wheat and rye, it is allowed to dry. Then it is carried down again to the station at the foot of the hill and shipped to Rome or Naples. When asked why shacks or buildings for the preparation of this grain were not constructed in the plains, and thus all this useless labor saved, and likewise the entrance of mosquitoes, which are carried in the husks of the corn as well as in the horses' ears, manes, and tails prevented,

their only answer was that the peasants had no money to construct such buildings; that they wouldn't consider their property safe there, even though buildings were constructed for them. This was the way their fathers had done, which was reason enough for their continuing to do it. At a luncheon given by the elders of the town, the mayor, the professor of agriculture (which the government had allotted to the community although there was no school in which to teach or experimental station in which to demonstrate), the assessor, whose duty it is to see that the peasants furnish the government with the amount of grain which each acre of it produces, and to see that he doesn't keep back for himself any more than the government allows him, and various other petty officials, all were voluble in their narrative of what should be done in order to make the little city habitable and healthy. Not one of them, however, men of good education and animated by a laudable desire to help the city of their nativity or residence, if such help could be got by gift, had the initiative or the energy to carry out a simple plan of concerted action on the part of the inhabitants which, if a water-supply were added to the town, would make it a healthy city.

Not only are the peasants accustomed to do their farm work in the way it was done by their forebears, but it is difficult to persuade them to adopt modern methods of agriculture. In the first place, they haven't the means to purchase modern agricultural implements, particularly implements that are operated by gasoline engine. Although machine plows and automatic reapers are in use on certain estates of Italy, and particularly on the experimental farms that the gov-

ernment directs, there is nothing approaching any general use of them. Some of the plows and harrows and spades are of the same shape, size, and construction as they were two thousand years ago. You do not have to go into the remote sections of the Abruzzi or into the wilds of the Basilicata to see them plowing with the one-handled, wooden plow described by Virgil and even by earlier writers, and they are still to be seen planting grain by hand in such extensive prairie-like territories as the cultivated sections of the Campagna and in the great sweeps of tillable land around Naples. Instead of using horse cultivators or power cultivators they depend upon the unwieldy, archaic hoe. You see field after field with squads of old men, lusty women, and children wielding this implement in the same way as it was probably wielded in the days of Roman slavery. Often the thought has come to my mind that a subtler and more debasing form of slavery than that of two thousand years ago has been thrust upon these gentle, willing, home-loving people. It is enough to make a strong man weep to see them reaping. Many great fields of wheat are cut stalk by stalk almost, with a sickle. As you drive along the roads the commonest sight in these days is a group of women bending to their task in the hot sun, their efforts directed by the padrone, who sits with open umbrella astride a horse or a mule. As it is cut so it is gathered, stalk by stalk, and then carted away to some place adjacent where there is a small cement surface, upon which the grain is pounded out by a flail that has the appearance of having come down to them from their remotest ancestry. It is no less painful to observe them gathering hay. Here and there they avail them-

selves of a mowing machine that harks back to the time when such machines were first invented, but as a rule it is cut with a scythe about three feet long and six inches wide, clamped to the end of a rough oak stick. After it is cut they toss it, roll it, stack it, and finally compress it into bales by hand levers. If man power were properly estimated and valued, to sow, reap, and deliver a ton of hay in Italy should cost at least a hundred dollars.

The curse of the Italian peasantry is lack of education. This is said to be fostered by the church. Whether or not it is in reality, each one who contemplates the matter must decide for himself. Certain it is that the church is adverse that its adherents shall conform to the law which says that every Italian child shall attend school a stated time for a certain number of years. Their reason for this adverseness is that such education is devoid of any religious character, and in reality tends, occultly or openly, to teach that which is subversive of the church's authority.

In America a very considerable proportion of the successful men in every profession and walk of life is recruited from the working classes. It is within the knowledge of every one that many of our most successful statesmen, doctors, lawyers, teachers, journalists, bankers, efficiency experts, merchants, are the sons of men and women who earned their bread in the sweat of their brows, the equivalent of the laboring classes in this country. It causes no astonishment whatsoever to learn that the most celebrated preacher, or the lawyer whose counsel is most solicited, the doctor who has achieved the greatest scientific or professional position, or the man whose convictions are listened to

most attentively in Congress is the son of a farmer, a laborer on the railway or in a foundry, but in Italy such a thing is incredible. Here and there some farmer or laborer is able to put by a sufficient amount of money to send his son to the university and to a professional school, and he has the satisfaction of seeing his descendant raised from the social grade in which he was born and secure a position in the *borghesia*, but such examples are rare.

The great ambition of the *contadini* is to have one of his sons enter the priesthood; less frequently one of his daughters enters a sisterhood. The church fosters this ambition and succors the parent in carrying it out. Four-fifths of the priesthood of Italy is recruited from *il popolo*, the *contadini* and the laboring classes. Hence the intellectual limitations of the rank and file of this profession. When these two ambitions have been satisfied—to own land and have a son a priest—the cup of his happiness is fairly full. The Italian peasant is apparently very religious, but it is more appearance than reality. He is very superstitious and accepts the teachings of the church without question. In fact, it never occurs to him to inquire into the validity or righteousness of such teaching, but he has no comprehensive grasp of what religion really means. The women and children of the people go to church, but the men do not. In the country the men work on Sundays, and in the cities they go into the environs to *trattorie* or on some sort of expedition that permits them to throw off every vestige of responsibility or obligation.

It is difficult for us to understand why so many of the *contadini* are willing to contend with poverty to

the degree that they do without making their protest heard by the government. But what is poverty? If the individual has enough to eat, and prospect of enough when he shall be hungry again, if he is not distressed with the constant thought that he will be unable to pay his taxes, that illness or accident to his possessions, such as his horse, ox, cow, or pig, will deprive him of their benefits, he does not feel poor, especially if he sees his family becoming daily more helpful to him in the fields. Such a vista spells happiness for the peasant, even though he be deprived of those things which in another country might be essential to happiness. In reality, his work is his happiness, and that which makes life worth living to him is to own land. What makes it more worth living is to own more land or to add little by little to the money in the bank, that eventually there may be a sufficient sum there to justify him to venture on the purchase of a few more hectars. He works from dawn till dark, Sundays as well as week-days, and all the family work. There is practically no such thing as housework in the households of these peasants. The little washing and ironing that is done is quite incidental, and the preparation of food takes a very brief time.

The Italians do not believe that the laborer is worthy of his hire. There is no one in Italy who earns his bread in the sweat of his brow who is adequately paid. The animating motive of the employer is to get labor for the smallest possible payment. The mistress of the household thinks she adds to her stature by relating that she has got a paragon of efficiency in the shape of a housemaid to whom she pays seven dollars a month, and if she is able to get her for that

amount, the paragon maintaining that she should have had eight, then the mistress of the household becomes so tall while relating the story that she can almost touch the moon. It isn't the servant who has been at fault in this serious economic disequilibrium. When she found she could get a living wage in ammunition factories, on tram-cars and railways, on quay and farm, she forsook the predatory housewife. The employer prides himself upon being able to get efficient labor for a wage that would be called in any other country starvation wage. In war-times the farmer has to pay through the nose, as it were, in order that he may get his crops reaped, but what is considered payment through the nose here would be considered a living wage in a country such as ours. I do not hold the employer entirely responsible for this. Labor in Italy in normal times is in excess of demand. The birth-rate in Italy is high, the country's natural resources are not fully exploited or developed, as they are in countries such as ours. If prostitution stands in relation to the underpayment of women, surely Italy should be the most immoral country of the world, which it is not. Telephone girls, stenographers, clerks in shops, secretaries receive a stipend inadequate to maintain them in anything approximating decency or comfort, no matter how economical their mode of life may be. The only way such girls can live is by pooling their earnings with the other bread-winners of the family, and then all sharing a common mess, and what is true of young women workers in such walks of life is equally true of school-teachers and higher-class workers.

No country is entitled to hold up its head in the

Council of Nations unless its nutrient tissue, the working man, is given its full valuation. He must be paid not only a living wage, but such sum in excess of it that will enable him, without gnawing and exhausting sacrifice, to educate his children, to give them and those who procreated them reasonable enjoyment and leisure, and to put aside sufficient funds to maintain him and his dependents when nature has deprived him of his earning capacity. Until the dignity of labor is appreciated at its full worth, and until the laborer gets it, not from demand but as his inherent right, the country's most ardent well-wisher cannot see the country's future wrapped in glory. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that capital and employer will be inoculated with altruism to such a degree that they will proffer this justice to the laborer, but once the proletariat of Italy realizes the power of universal education, capital and employer will hand it to them with a genuflection.

Another thing that one constantly observes is that they do not husband human strength, human energy. You not infrequently see two, three, or four men doing a piece of work that any ordinarily intelligent workman who knew how to co-ordinate his efforts could readily do alone. Their conduct in this respect reminds you of the plumber in America who comes to turn a faucet that has in some way got tightened and brings an assistant and a helper, and you are fortunate if he doesn't bring a nurse. So long as a proper valuation is not put upon labor in this country, just so long will this condition of affairs continue to exist. It could be cured at once if the man of brawn should put a just monetary estimate upon the expenditure of his strength

and his energies and insist upon having it. I have never inquired how far labor has been unionized in this country, but I see a fertile field for the intelligent application of its principles here.

I am not competent to specify the details of their inefficiency in the conduct of ordinary business affairs, but I feel fully competent to say that if it takes me fifteen minutes to conduct such a simple transaction as the cashing of a check where I have an account and where I am known, or if the purchase and delivery of a case of wine requires from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, or to get possession of a suit of clothes within a month from the time it is ordered, that there is something wrong about the mechanism of the organization whose purpose it is to furnish these things.

The peasant's pleasures have something to do with his happiness but very little in comparison with his work, and they are very few in number. For the young they consist in courtship and its ancillæ; for the mature they consist in covering themselves with their feast-day clothes and repairing to some *osteria*, perhaps miles away, to which they laboriously trudge or are carried in a cart drawn by a diminutive mule, and where they spend hours in a dark, damp, cold, unventilated room, drinking wine and eating bread. If the time is summer, they substitute a garden for the "black hole of Calcutta." It is nothing less than marvellous to wander about the small cities of middle Italy, with which I am most familiar, and see the peasants stored away in these unattractive wine taverns. I venture to say that in Anagni I saw one Sunday afternoon of summer at least two thousand of them, the women with great, pendulous gold earrings

and multicolored neckerchiefs, and the men with heavy boots and broad-brimmed black hats, the decorative concession made to the day. They drink and chatter. They don't get intoxicated exactly, but they get first noisy and then stupid and in the latter state they find their way back to their comfortless homes, but the next morning they are at their work with the same zeal and energy. The pleasure that they are denied, so far as I can see, is that of ambition. I have talked to many sons of *contadini*, both in their homes and away from them, and I have never found one whose ambition soared above becoming a waiter, a chauffeur, or an employee of the government.

The peasants differ in their habits, customs, and reactions in different parts of Italy. All Italians do. Much has been said and written about Italian unity, but the truth of the matter is that there is yet much to be accomplished in awakening in the soul of Italians the spirit of one people working for the realization of ideals in a wider and more comprehensive social and political unity. We should never forget the fact that up to 1870 there were no Italians. There were Romans, Tuscans, Neapolitans, Sicilians, Piedmontese, Sardinians who for centuries had been kept apart by different social and political interests, whose history had been different and whose spoken language for familiar intercourse was different. That which they had in common was their religion, their literary language, and their temperament. This provincialism, or campanilism, as they call it, should not astonish us, as we have the same thing in our own country in the New England Society, the Ohio Society, the Southern Society, which keep alive the local traditions and senti-

ments of the members whose activities and careers have been displayed remote from the places of their origin. But in no country with which I am familiar have these sectional customs and sentiments been perpetuated as they have been in Italy. These sectional sentiments and prides were more obvious among the upper classes during the first generation following the union of Italy than they were among *il popolo*, but now after two generations they are more evident among the people.

The Roman still prides himself on being a Roman, and although he no longer designates contemptuously all other inhabitants of Italy as *Buzzurri*, he still doesn't admit that he is an Italian. Public education and army life have done much to dissipate this feeling of clannishness, and every one admits that it grows less each year. Education and all that which is spoken of as enlightenment have helped to break down the atavistic barriers in the nine nations that were welded into United Italy in 1870. It is quite natural that these have had least effect upon the peasants. They still speak a very different language in different parts of Italy: in Tuscany pure Italian, rich and musical, with choice use of words and a large vocabulary; in the Veneto a jargon quite incomprehensible, while in Calabria the speech of the uneducated peasant is unintelligible to the average man of education brought up in northern Italy. They differ also profoundly in their appearance. In Tuscany and Umbria one sees oftentimes among the peasants great beauty of feature and striking charm of figure. In the north of Italy pulchritude is less common and the Teutonic type of face and figure is very frequently encountered. In the

south facial beauty is rarely seen, and the admixture of Arab and Spanish blood gives no particular physical charm or embellishment.

It is difficult to speak of the moral possessions of the Italian peasants in general terms, for every one who has lived among them for any length of time knows that they have many points of dissimilarity in different parts of the country. The peasants of Rome are entirely unlike those of Tuscany, and those of Sicily and Calabria are unlike either. For instance, I have said that courtesy and, indeed, a certain amount of suavity and gentleness bound up with obvious self-respect, is characteristic of the Umbrian and Tuscan peasant, but it would not be true to say that of the Roman or Calabrian peasant.

The average Italian is not honest. Generally a man is esteemed by his fellows in proportion to his ability to get the better of his neighbor, and a man who can't deceive his neighbor or a stranger is considered a fool. The same may be said about truthfulness. In a general way, the peasants of the north are fairly truthful, and especially when truth-telling serves their purpose, but they haven't the same standards that govern narrative that are current in Anglo-Saxon countries. It is traditional that it isn't safe to leave any property about in Italy unless it is under lock and key—strong lock and unusual key! It is really remarkable how far this tendency to pilfering extends. I am not able to say whether the *contadini* are particularly addicted to this vice when they are in the country, but once they come to the city there is no doubt that they are.

I do not know the statistics of crime, but the Italian has a reputation for addiction to crimes of passion that

is well-founded. In certain parts of Italy, such as Sicily and Naples, a criminal is always admired by the majority of people. To defend and to protect him against the law his comrades will make the greatest sacrifices. To the people there a man who commits a passion crime is a hero. In the north they have much more modern ideas, and although they cannot conceive real honesty they do not admire crime.

Cruelty is not one of their faults. They are cruel only in passion and in revenge. Vindictiveness in most places in the south is considered a duty and is kept up by tradition. The Italian peasant or individual of the lower classes can be loyal and faithful only to individuals, never to a principle. A soldier will be loyal and fight to death for his officer if he loves him, but he will betray him or turn a coward if his superior has not been able to enlist his sympathy and gain his affection. The Italians are good-natured and kind-hearted, but they are not generous. They do not willingly give to others the little that they possess, nor have they impulse or determination to share it with them. It is extraordinary the callousness which those who are favored by fortune display toward those who are in want. The reason for their selfishness and penuriousness is perhaps that for generations they had to fight against poverty, but another reason is they are fundamentally predatory and selfish. In another connection I have spoken about their incapacity for true friendship, and have made some attempt at explanation of it. This feature of their make-up is less evident in the lower classes than it is in the higher classes. As a rule, they are sensitive and very proud. They are deeply appreciative of kindnesses and of generosity and not infrequently display their

gratitude in a most dignified way. One often encounters evidences of this in quarters where it would be least expected. A very good illustration of this is related by a friend of mine who has lived many years in Rome.

"I had been only a short time in Rome and needed many things for my house, especially some baskets. One morning I met in the street an old woman from Ciociaria, who, according to the custom of her country, was carrying on her head several baskets of various sizes and shapes. Naturally I looked at her with interest, and she immediately offered to sell them. I told her that I needed some of them, but that I was not going home just then, and that I had not time to buy them at the moment. She offered to come to my house so that I could choose them at my pleasure, and we arranged for her to call at mid-day.

"About eleven o'clock I was returning home and in passing in front of a chemist's shop I noticed a crowd of people gathered in front of the shop, and on looking in I saw the old woman with the baskets sitting in a chair looking very ill, with several persons around her.

"When I reached home I ate lunch and thought probably the old woman wouldn't come at all. After a short time the bell rang and when the door was opened there stood the old vendeuse. She excused herself for being late and said that her daughter had given birth to a baby in the night, and that as the daughter could not go out and earn her living she was obliged to go about selling baskets to earn enough to keep them alive. I knew quite well she was telling the truth, and while I was asking her the price of the several baskets I had a cup of broth and a glass of wine brought in to her. She drank them with avidity and said she felt better. She had not had anything to eat since the day before, and she had no food at home.

"I selected two of the biggest baskets and when she

was going away the old woman offered me the smallest basket, saying, 'Take this also.' I did not quite understand what she meant, and I answered, 'I do not need it.' Then she exclaimed with tears in her eyes, 'Why don't you want to accept it? I have accepted the broth and the wine from you, and God will bless you.' It was the expression of her appreciation of the *quid pro quo.*"

On the other hand they are very sceptical, and although they apparently accept statements and promises that are made to them at their face value, in reality they never do. They are always suspicious of the motive that prompts any one to do what seems to be a generous or altruistic act. They cannot grasp the idea that an individual can possibly do such a thing, and instinctively they seek the motive.

The standard of morality amongst the women of the lower classes is good. Fear of punishment after death and fear of being looked down upon by their fellows, of being sent from home in shame and disgrace are what keeps them straight. The greatest, really the only pleasure that a young girl of the people gets in her monotonous life is from pretty dresses and decorations which are admired when she goes to church and to festas. From her childhood she is taught that her only aim in life is to get married and to have a home and family of her own. It is love with passion, which, however, she suppresses to such a degree that it does not overwhelm her. It finds its appeasement in gazing for hours into the eyes of her captor and in the display of rude pleasantries which are the source of great amusement to sympathetic observers. Her chief thought from the time of her nubility is to love.

When she gets married, and very few girls in the lower classes do not get married, she quickly loses her physical attractions, and she lives and works only for her children and her home. She rarely complains of her life, because she knows nothing better and by nature she is apathetic. She has always been accustomed to be ruled, first by her father, then by her husband. In the south girls are often beaten by their lovers, but they seldom complain, as they construe these attentions as physical caresses, manifestations of masculine love. Jealousy, too, is considered a sign of love, and a woman would think a man a fool were he to believe that she was incapable of betraying him. The man is jealous, not because of love, but because he is accustomed to look upon the woman he loves as belonging exclusively to him, just as his house, his horse, or his dog belongs to him. In the south of Italy a woman is treated as a slave. As a girl she is valued and loved for her youth and beauty, but when she loses them she loses everything. In the north women are more respected and treated somewhat as an equal and as a companion.

The ideal of women of the lower classes is marriage, a family, and enough to eat. The girls all bring a dot to their husbands, no matter how poor they are. The nuptials are frequently an arrangement, though fortunately propinquity usually engenders the divine passion. In many parts of Italy the harking back to the Arab in the traditions and social customs is still very striking. I am told by Italians, and by Americans who have lived for many years in the country, that the members of the contracting families construe it to be a part of their duty to find, the morning following the

consummation of the marriage, indications that bespeak the intactness of the virgin, and that in some districts such investigation amounts almost to a ceremony and is a matter of comment and discussion. Whether or not the ingenuity of the modern Italian peasant extends so far as to provide the trail of virginity when sacrifice of it has antedated the legal nuptials is a matter that must be left to individual opinion.

As a rule, the Italians of the lower classes make good fathers and good mothers. In fact, their love and devotion to their children is one of their most sterling possessions. Although they do not lavish attention and affection upon their children in the demonstrative way that people of some other nationalities do, the feeling of sentiment and devotion that ties them to their children is as great and as close as it would seem possible to be.

The Italian peasant has covered himself with glory in the war that is now happily terminated. He has been the very bone and sinew of the Italian army. Without rhetoric or apostrophe, it may be said that the glory of the Italian arms rests firmly and securely in its *contadini*. No words of praise are adequate to characterize and estimate their sacrifices, their fatigues, their deprivations, all of which they willingly encountered and patiently supported and endured. They have sacrificed themselves to the fulfilment of the destiny of their nation. In view of this, it is inexplicable to an admiring outsider to understand the stepmotherly treatment which is accorded to them by the state. It transcends my understanding that the state has been willing to withhold from them the beneficences of sanitary science, or why determined

effort has not been made to make their country a safe place in which to work and to live. Malaria to-day is the national disgrace of Italy. When one considers that about one-fourth of all this wondrous land is nothing less than a viper's nest into which these splendid people are thrust by the thousands and hundreds of thousands to be devoured by the mosquito, the host of a parasite which is bound to infect these unfortunates and to impregnate them with a profoundly serious disease, it is remarkable that they have not risen up in their might and demanded their inalienable right, the right to live. The state feels that it discharges its obligations in providing quinine at a price that is within their means, but when one considers that malaria is a disease that is very readily eradicated, and furthermore that during the past twenty years Italy has done as much, or more than any other nation of the world to inform us of the nature and prevention of the disease, the supine and indifferent attitude of the state toward the problem becomes still more difficult of comprehension.

It is also difficult to understand why some serious attempt has not been made by the government to furnish adequate water-supply to countless cities of the country, which for several months of the year have scarcely enough water to drink, not to speak of its use for sanitation, unless it is laboriously carried from afar. The apathy of the Italian Government in not teaching its people to conform to modern sanitary methods of disposal of offal and garbage is likewise inexplicable. In certain parts of Italy practically nothing has been done by the government to construct proper roads which shall be avenues of traffic and over

which can be delivered the produce of the country to favorable markets, so that the people shall not be obliged to dispose of their crops, upon which they depend for their money, in the places where they are grown. In certain parts of Calabria it is nothing less than a national disgrace, this absence of proper roads. The government is also derelict in not making available to the people vast territories of cultivatable lands that are now tied up in big estates, which are not tilled to one-tenth of the extent that they might be, and from which the owners get a revenue sufficient to pay the taxes and a little more. If these estates were put at the disposal of the people, and if the Pontine Marshes, the great granary of Italy, were properly prepared for habitation and cultivation, I have no doubt whatsoever that the output of produce in this country would be increased by at least twenty per cent. The government has also been derelict in not providing modern agricultural implements and teaching the *contadini* how to use them, showing them that the money which they invest in oxen and mules would, if invested in gasoline engines and modern agricultural implements, pay them tenfold what it now pays. And what I say about their dereliction in this direction is equally pertinent were I to speak of their greatest national industry; namely, grape-growing and wine-making.

The Italian Government has been culpable in not forcing education upon *il popolo*, which not only would liberate them from superstition and mediævalism but would permit them to gain recognition of the duties of citizenship and the meaning of liberty. It has been derelict in not facilitating the entrance of youths of

promise into the professions and into public life. It has been strangely content to keep from these people the benefits of modern engineering, particularly in not having converted the latent power of their mountain lakes into electro-motor force to turn the wheels of mill and factory that are now turned only in the most primitive way by the consumption of coal dragged at great expense from England and from France. Think of it! There are in the mountain chains that surround the Province of Calabria upward of more than one-half million horse-power which have never been utilized, and as the result the inhabitants of this really marvellously beautiful and potentially fertile part of Italy to-day are practically tied hand and foot in their efforts to force a living from the soil that is arid without irrigation.

This war has tapped the springs from which will flow the stream of liberty which shall refresh, revive, and regenerate the people of the world; the people who have up until now been denied their inalienable right, the right to live in peace, in health, in efficiency, sharing the bounty of all that is within and upon the earth in proportion as they are able to shape it by their own physical and mental efforts to their needs and their desires. It is the fulfilment of the promise that the meek and the lowly shall inherit the earth.

Il popolo are about to take possession of their estate. In no civilized country, save Russia, have they been so long and more studiously denied it as in Italy.

December 3, 1918.

CHAPTER IV

WAR DAYS IN ROME

WHAT does the average non-combatant do in war-time? What does he think about? What are his ambitions, his occupations and relaxations? It interests me to review the observations made in Italy, especially in Rome, during the first six months of 1918—the critical period of the war—and to set down some reflections on people and events.

It is generally admitted that the temper of the people or of the nation that is popularly spoken of as internal resistance was not so great or so uniform in Italy at the end of 1917 as it is to-day. When Italy decided in May, 1915, to ally herself with Great Britain, France, and Russia, it was believed and maintained by those who had succeeded in bringing about that decision that the war would terminate victoriously for the Allies in a comparatively short time. The factors upon which such a belief was based need not be enumerated, even though such enumeration could be made without access to documents which for a long time will probably remain inaccessible in government archives. It was hoped and thought, not only in Italy but probably in the allied countries and certainly in the United States, which then was a vantage ground from which the situation could be viewed, that the advent of Italy's arms would so weight the balance of potency that the scales would quickly kick the beam in the Allies' favor. When Italy made her momentous de-

cision, her people and her government were keenly aware that there were large numbers of influential and powerful persons who were not only adverse to throwing their lot in with the Allies, but whose sympathies and inclinations were wholly with the Central Powers.

In the first fifteen years of the twentieth century German influence had made itself so felt throughout the northern half of the Italian peninsula that it may truthfully be said that Germany controlled its finances, its great manufacturing and transport organizations; in other words, its commerce and its press. In the agricultural districts of the south and of Sardinia they had the small farmer and the local padrones between the upper and lower millstones of their greed and lust. They had developed a system of supplying agricultural districts with seeds of every kind, for which they did not exact immediate payment. "Pay whenever it is convenient; I am your friend." When the crops were harvested, they exacted their pound of flesh and fixed the price. They had begun to strangle agriculture in Italy. Not only had they succeeded in getting this powerful hold upon the industries and resources of the country, but they had in a most insidious way succeeded in disseminating amongst the people a sentiment of admiration for German institutions and in inoculating large numbers of the populace with the belief that a betterment of their lot, socially and financially, was more probable, indeed more certain, to follow from the leads which they so plausibly offered than in any other way. Germany insinuated herself into the commercial machinery of Italy, while she entwined herself around the social and political organism. Countless Germans had become possessed of

property in Italy, had married into Italian families, had made intimate and compelling relations with the people of the upper and middle classes, and through the medium of the press particularly they had conducted a propaganda whose purpose it was, in brief, to convince Italians that their material interests and welfare were close to Germany's heart.

This was the more easily accomplished because Germany had been neither an hereditary nor an actual enemy of Italy. Although Germany had played fast and loose with Italy in the sixties, this was attributed largely to Bismarck's moral callousness. The Italian people had nurtured a legitimate hatred for Austria, the result of the latter's indescribable cruelty in the remote past and of her frequently recurring, menacing attitude and conduct, particularly manifest in the arrogant, overbearing, and predatory way in which she had taken possession of the countries bordering the eastern Adriatic. When Italy reviewed her relationships with Germany, both recent and remote, she did not find a record of rapacity, of blood-thirstiness, of cruelty, of arrogance, of betrayal, of conquest for the sake of possession, which she did on casting even the most cursory glance at the record of the House of Hapsburg. Therefore, she did not gather quickly Germany's measure of monstrousness and megalomania. Indeed, the war was waged for some time before Italy fully realized how poisonous and powerful were the fangs of the Hohenzollerns and the war party of that country. In fact, it was not until 1918 that Italy recognized fully that Germany was determined to destroy her integrally as a nation. Whether or not she baited a hook for the Vatican through the media-

tion of her powerful and professedly religious ally, Austria, may be conjectured but it cannot at this time be proved, save circumstantially by review and analysis of Benedict XV's conduct, which on any other grounds is inexplicable.

In the first two years of war Italy expended her strength, her power, and her hatred upon her arch-enemy, Austria. She poured the vials of her pent-up wrath upon her with unrestrained joy and boundless delight. Germany at that time was engaged in a life-and-death struggle on both its eastern and its western fronts. It was unable to spare a fighting man to send to the aid of the Austrians. Italy made progress in overcoming the latter's potency that constitutes one of the greatest records in modern warfare. She not only drove the enemy from her own country, but she carried the conflict most successfully into his, and it is believed by many that had she been given timely and appropriate aid, which she requested, by her allies, such as was given to her later, it is likely that she would have dealt Austria a blow that would have made for the termination of the war. At least it would have put Austria out of commission in 1917. Although I have never heard it said that the refusal to come to her aid at that juncture rankled in Italy's bosom, there was wide-spread disappointment which in some quarters may have amounted to resentment. This must be kept in mind when we consider the causes of the unsatisfactory internal resistance that existed in Italy at the end of 1917 and the beginning of 1918.

It was, however, the disaster of the Caporetto which brought matters to a climax. Whatever may have been the cause of that calamity, it, taken with the

other two factors that have been enumerated, namely, the belief that the war would be a brief one and the failure of the Italians to get help and co-operation from the Allies at a time when they believed that such aid would put them in a position to win the war, brought about a condition of affairs in Italy which was tantamount to a willingness, perhaps even a desire, on the part of many good, patriotic Italians to welcome peace without victory. This inarticulate desire for peace, at once an expression of their disappointment that the war had not been a brief one, and of their depression from the disaster, coupled with the prospect of protracted deprivation and the necessity for further profound sacrifice, constituted a fertile field in which German agents, emissaries, and sympathizers, who for some inexplicable reason were still in Italy in 1917 in large numbers, cultivated a rank and luxuriant propaganda in some places and a very insidious and undermining one in others.

In January, 1918, a determined and concentrated effort was made to rid Italy of this parasitic incumbent, and with much success. At least, all indications of open German propaganda were overcome, and many of the hidden forces that had been working in that direction were brought to light. The presence of ever-increasing numbers of men in the uniform of the United States army carried to the people's cognition the fact that there had come out of the West an ally whose power and determination were practically unlimited and unlimitable, an ally who had come unselfishly to the aid of the countries of ancient civilization and sacred institutions, with no ulterior motives, with no greed for gain or profit, but solely to help free its fellow-

beings of the Eastern Continent from the bondage of an imperialism which was worse than any form of slavery the world had ever known. The Italian Government had recognized how potently the United States of America had come into the war. It could not do otherwise, considering the huge sums of money the latter was providing, and it had a clear perspective of our government's position. But the people at large knew very little about it. German propagandists had successfully conveyed that there was no unanimity of sentiment in America for war; that even though it had been declared upon the Central Powers, America could not possibly mobilize her forces and her resources to such purpose that she would be of any aid within a year, and before that time the war would be over; that America's talk about altruism and liberty and the square deal was "bluff," and that which wasn't bluff was "hot air"; that the seas were so saturated and the ports of entry so blocked by their submarines that even though America could mobilize she couldn't land her forces and their sustenance; that there was a hidden motive in America's entrance into the war—the "Western Peril"; that no country had ever been willing to sacrifice its people and its wealth for an ideal; and many other reasons which the resourceful Teutonic Intelligence Department manufactured and supplied.

The Italians *en masse* had seen no evidence of the participation of the United States in the war; they had not seen its soldiers nor its sinews of war. In fact, they were suffering from lack of coal and important structural material of munitions, and threatened with famine if their stores could not be replenished. Upward of one-half of the entire population never sees a

newspaper or hears one read. They are strangely shut in from the ordinary sources of information, and particularly from news of what transpires in foreign lands. In many parts of Italy their interests are parochial, rarely more than provincial. They are the least curious, least complaining, most satisfied-with-their-lot people one can possibly imagine. Feed them abundantly and don't smother them with taxes, and they are the very apotheosis of contentment. Our purpose was to help the Italian Government get the alarm to these people; to awaken them to the dangers of the conflagration that was threatening their homes and their honor. Many apparently honest and trustworthy persons occupying responsible positions, as well as many keen observers and careful students of events, have told us and have told others that our activities had much to do with obstructing the conduits of German propaganda and draining the soil which had been seeped by it. We were able to carry to the minds and hearts of the Italian people the message that America was a strong right arm which, linked with their own, was invincible. Whatever it was that accomplished the change of heart in Italy, there could be no mistaking its development. Their victorious resistance and aggression on the Piave in June, 1918, carried this conviction of internal resistance, solidarity, unity of purpose and determination to fight to the last ditch, one might almost say to the last man, to the heart and the expression of it to the lips of every man and woman within the confines of the kingdom.

It was interesting to observe this quality or feeling develop. It is as impossible to describe just how one became convinced of it as it is impossible to define

one's awareness of it. Conviction of its existence doesn't come from reading newspapers; it doesn't come from talking to some one in the councils of the government, nor from what you hear from the man in the street. It comes in a measure from these sources and from countless others, but there is something that conveys it to you concretely that isn't to be enumerated as any one of them. When you get it you have it with the firmness of faith. It comes to you as does the recognition that you are in love; as conversion comes to the repentant sinner; as strength after exhausting illness. The conviction transcends in solidarity any other belief that you have, save that of the existence of God and of immortality. It doesn't disturb this belief that you know there are in the country snakes and spies and Judases; it doesn't lessen your awareness of the fact that enemy interests, property, and money are still existent in the country, and possibly even protected by some mysterious force or power; it doesn't make your faith waver to realize that there are men who call themselves Italians who would be glad to see a return to the days of Teutonic commercial ascendancy.

Nothing can alter my belief that Italy is practically invincible so long as she has the attitude toward her sons and her arms that she has now. If anything was needed firmly to agglutinate the possession that we speak of as internal resistance, the heroic defense of the Piave, the resistance which the Italian army made there against tremendous odds, and the immeasurable pride which the country displays in her children for their conduct there, would furnish it. Italy then came to her estate and soon, when she shall take possession

of it, she will administer it in such a way as to meet the approbation of her allies and to excite the envy of her former enemies. Social reconstruction and rehabilitation will soon follow. After the war Italy must make a new alliance with Hygeia and Vulcan. When this shall have been accomplished, this wonderful land, this paradise on earth, will for the first time in centuries gèt a square deal.

One who sees a country for the first time when it is in the throes of waging war gains small idea of its appearance in peace-times. This is particularly true of countries such as Italy, whose chief asset is sheer beauty, the handiwork of man and of nature. Naturally war does not deprive the country of either one of these, save possibly in small sections where it may be waged. What it does accomplish, however, is to disorder their setting, the way in which they are displayed or revealed to the visitor. I was very much impressed by this almost as soon as I set foot in Italy. Turin, a city of no inconsiderable attractiveness and with great environmental beauty, was like a dark dungeon at six o'clock of the early winter night. It was a queer sensation to go about the unfamiliar streets in darkness that was dense as pitch. The inhabitants apparently had become accustomed to it, but to the newcomer there was a queer feeling of unreality and of surreptitiousness that came stealing over him as he felt the groping people about him. I recall now with the keenest vividness the impression that it made upon me, and for the first time I fully realized what the illumination of a city really meant and what the world owes to Edison.

In Rome there was none of this. In fact, the first

impression that Rome made upon me is conveyed by that phrase which the English shopkeeper made familiar in the early days of the war by means of placards hung outside his shop—"Business as usual." Rome is so far away from the war zone, and so mysteriously protected, some believe, by the Vatican, that there seems to be no reason for hiding it by night. After a few days here, however, one became keenly aware of the fact that it is not at all as it used to be. This change was conditioned by two things—first, the absence of tourists, and second, the complete disappearance of the provision that used to be made for their entertainment. The steps of the Piazza di Spagna are flowerless and deserted by artists' models and picturesque loiterers; the shops in that square, which in ordinary times temptingly displayed the wares of the wily Italian to catch the eye of the opulent American and even to arrest the predatory glance of the penurious Teuton, have a sombre, tired, almost desperate appearance. The so-called hotels de luxe, where formerly gayety and extravagance competed for first place, are filled with strange-looking people made up chiefly of rich refugees from the Veneto and army officials of the different allied nations, and have the appearance of pensions struggling to be fashionable. The streets are full of soldiers and of officers, and when one walks in the Corso in the late afternoon, although the crowd is just as dense as in the days when Rome was gay, the constitution of it is entirely different. The green-gray of the army uniform is to be seen everywhere, the monotony of its color broken by many parade or dress uniforms.

In those first days of my advent Rome seemed to

have an unusual bustle, an unwonted animation, a strange activity. Its citizens were apparently hustling. As soon as we got into our own work, we realized that some were hustling indeed, that the sun was shining brightly in the business world, and that there was a type of "patriot" who was busily engaged in making hay, that is, profiteering. In the months that were to come I had many painful experiences of their predatoriness and of their greed; their readiness to make capital, to trade upon the kindliness, altruism, and generosity of a sister nation and to turn it to profit. One firm alone put through an excess profit of upward of a hundred thousand lire on a comparatively small deal. It was a fatal mistake, for although we had soft, bland manners and the affability of the unsuspecting, we were, in reality, quite sophisticated, and the firm that baited the hook to land an edible fish found that it had succeeded in catching a man-eating shark.

I am tempted at this point to digress and inquire why all Italy is divided into two camps—those who think they are fooling us, or what is popularly called putting it over us, and those who think that we are being made fools of unwittingly, that is, those who feel it to be their duty to open our eyes to how we are being fooled and fleeced, to arouse us from our lethargy. We do or do not deserve our national reputation for astuteness, business acumen, and general awareness. If it is deserved, certainly it is a fatuous belief that a people that has no particular reputation for these qualities or possessions should find us so blind and undiscerning, so gullible and unsophisticated, so unoriented in business affairs. I have not infrequently had the experience of sitting in my office and observ-

ing blandly and innocuously an Italian plume himself on enmeshing me in the net of his sophistication, which if a high-grade imbecile didn't detect and avoid I should feel ashamed of him. Still, not once but many times, I have seen such persons leave my room in the full belief that they had pulled wool over my eyes so successfully and so completely that the only illumination which was permitted me in the impenetrable darkness of my own stupid mental processes was the light that they had let in from their brilliancy. However, as I have neither inclination to press my own perspicacity nor to reflect upon the readiness with which the artful Italian convinces himself of his cleverness, I resist the temptation to pursue this narrative of personal experience.

There were various things that impressed me tremendously. One of them was that war is a business, and that during peace-times there are large numbers of persons with technical training who are out of jobs, as it were. They are the officers and the soldiers of the standing army. They come into their own in war-time. War is their business. Not only is it their business to make it, but also to create an atmosphere that is favorable to the belief that it will go on forever. The reason a layman's opinion or conviction of when the war may end is infinitely better than a soldier's is that it is the latter's business to believe that it will last a long time. As soon as it is over, his professional career comes to an end; there is no longer opportunity for him to realize his ambition; his plans for the success of schemes to which he has devoted his abilities, and for the realization of that which for him spells satisfaction, happiness, or whatever you choose

to call the feeling that comes to you when you see all the ships that you have had at sea come successfully into port laden with the riches of the promised lands from which they return, have all fallen through. When he says he is convinced that the war will go on for two years or seven years or some other cabalistic number that attracts him, the wish is father to the thought. The professional war maker is now in the saddle, and it is his intention and desire to stay there just as long as possible, because the moment the race is over he will never be heard from again, unless he is one of the fortunate few who have ridden a winning race. I infinitely prefer to accept the judgment of a non-military man as to how the war is going, and the prediction of an intelligent layman who has powers of observation and reasoning as to when the war will end, just the same as I prefer to accept the opinion of the student and intelligent observer of finance in questions of investment in preference to the opinion of the man who is engaged in loaning money or in selling stocks and bonds, commonly spoken of as a banker.

Some day I shall divert myself by setting down my reflections and convictions on the fallacious judgments of the business man and the professional man in the fields in which they labor narrowly. The most trustworthy critic and interpreter of art is not a painter; the most reliable guide and judge of good literature is not an author; the most veracious and luminous expositor of history is not the man who makes history. Therefore, why should we expect that the business man or the professional man should arrogate to himself, and have his arrogations accepted, the belief that he is more capable of casting the horoscope of affairs

in which he participates and, indeed, in a measure conditions, than the intelligent critic and student? The man who is most likely to guide us to a just estimate of what we may expect from Russia within the next year is the student and observer of the Russian people, who knows their mental and emotional make-up, who is familiar with their traditions and their ambitions, who knows their social reactions. He may be neither a Russian nor live in Russia. In exactly the same way, I accept the opinions of the observing, thinking, visionary student of human affairs as to what the accomplishments of the Czecho-Slovaks will be in this great struggle rather than the opinion or convictions of any Bohemian military authority.

Another thing that bothered me at first and still does is the fact that it is possible for people to foregather conspicuously for enjoyment; why theatres, operas, concerts, cinemas are so popular. The only pleasure that is frowned upon is dancing. Balls and their ancillæ are considered bad form but teas, receptions, games, bridge parties are *de rigueur*. Naturally it is not to be expected that one should go into sackcloth and ashes for others' sins, or that we should embrace sombreness and gloom while big with thought of victory. But it is unseemly to squander money on evanescent pleasures when a nation is threatened with want and when many are finding it difficult to keep body and soul together in anything even approximating comfort. It is also unseemly and undignified to display levity and the sensuous sides of our nature when the flower of our people, the procreators of the people of the future who are to make the world a more desirable place in which to live, are being slaughtered

by the thousands. I don't underestimate the importance of relaxation and enjoyment, nor its value to the health and welfare of the individual or the nation, but there will be no joy and life unless we are the victors in this struggle which was thrust upon us by the warlords of a nation in the dissolution stages of delirium of grandeur. How can any one possibly enjoy himself when every piece of news that comes to his ear is redolent with the fact that there is being reaped upon the battle-fields of France and Italy every day a harvest of death that is so colossal, so enormous that the human mind is scarcely able to take it in? One might as legitimately expect to make a festival, a feast, or an orgy of the funeral of one of his own family.

It fills me with resentment and with indignation that we are not able to take in the enormity of the offense that has been offered us; that our indignation and our wrath do not mask our faces with determination, energize our arms with an irresistible strength, and fill our hearts with a determination to conquer our monstrous enemy now, this very hour, this very day, and not eventually. When one is attacked by a wild beast, there is no time to lay plans to outwit him, to weaken him, to placate him, or to persuade him. If you can't maim or kill him at once, your swan song has been sung. It is incredible that men can plan material success, or further their ambitions, or devote their energies to personal advantage and gain, or give any thought, either ejaculatory or consecutive, to anything else in the world or the hereafter than the one thing of winning this war, and yet my common sense and my observation tell me that there are innumerable men who consider themselves honest, patriotic, sin-

cere, resolute, high-minded, whose conduct does not conform to that thought. There are thousands of people who covertly and openly resent the dislocation of their personal plans and the disturbance of their comforts; there are many more whose one animating thought is: "When will this dreadful war end, in order that I may return to the living of my own life and to the pursuit of my own happiness and that of those who are dependent upon me?" "I wish it would end anyhow." This is the sentiment that you hear constantly expressed by selfish, shallow fools.

They are the real pacifists, although they deny the label. They constitute the real impediments in the way of winning this war expeditiously. They are the ones who, by very virtue of their tranquillity and their acceptation of the indescribable affront and injury that have been thrust upon us, keep us from getting into a state of righteous indignation that would constitute a mightiness that would prevail over every obstacle and every force.

If we are fighting for liberty in its fullest sense, freedom to live our lives fully, decently, honestly, efficiently, without having to bow the knee to imperial ruler or man who claims divine rights, divine illumination and superhuman privileges, why do not thinking, determined, resolute men of all nations unite to rid themselves of the incubus of all tyrants and war-lords? Why haven't the intelligent socialists of the world made a plan which they could put into operation now which would not only make our arms victorious, but at the same time condition a social reconstruction that would make for the betterment of the whole world, as did the French Revolution? Suppose the war should

end to-day and no such plans of social reconstruction are ready to be put in operation? What possible earnest is there for the belief that fifty years from now a calamity would not overtake us, greater even than the one that was thrust upon us in 1914? The individual or the nation that would consider a peace now that does not carry with it an absolute eradication of every trace of German hegemony is a greater enemy to humanity and to his country than Hindenburg, or Ludendorff, or the Kaiser. He must be made to realise this, not in a frenzy of excitement or in a state of mental agitation, but as a deliberate, determined plan of conduct for which he will sacrifice his children, his country, and his life. It is the greatness of the world that makes us long to use our blood, to paraphrase John Davidson's lines. Better death than life with limitations and restrictions which make you ashamed to live it. When you can no longer look at yourself without a feeling of shame, when you can no longer commune with yourself without a feeling of humiliation, when you can no longer consort with your fellow creatures without a feeling of disrespect, death, whatever its entailments, is better than life. No human being of the allied countries could contemplate himself, or commune with himself or others, if there was thrust upon his world that for which the German warlords stand.

There are few occupations or diversions so appealing or engrossing as contemplation of what will be the map of Europe after the war, unless it is trying to forecast the plan of social reconstruction. I do not know of any work that is so inviting to the student of history and to the well-wisher of the world's future, save,

perhaps, the task of accomplishing the work. I often wonder whether there are in the world at the present time men whose inherent possessions, training, and inclination fit them for such a task, and, if there are, whether their talents are not so engaged and engrossed in winning the war that they are prevented from using them for this purpose. It is difficult for a European to do it because he cannot divorce himself from the interests and aspirations of his own nation. As a matter of fact, practically the only one who could do it would be an American. America has a unique position in the struggle, and she should have a winning mount when the last "heat" of the race comes off. She is the only country that has no ulterior motive, no *arrière-pensée*, animated by no predatory impulse, guided by no desire for material gain or territorial acquisition. Her tradition as the champion of liberty, her history as the land of freedom, her accomplishment as a nation-maker, her record of success in every department of human activity, in the fields of invention, application, efficiency, all combine to make her the ideal arbiter of the fate and destiny of the western nations. She may be compared to the big, strong, wise, unselfish, generous, altruistic child of parents whom the ravages of time have incapacited so that they are no longer able to care for themselves. An American may make such statement in gratitude while enhancing his humility. Grateful for what has been vouchsafed to us as a nation-bulider, we are fortunate in having now in supreme command a man whose sanity and equanimity are exceeded only by the breadth of his perspective and the depth of his vision; a man endowed by nature with love of his fellow man,

whose temperament permits him to review judiciously and prophetically the procession of events that is being displayed before his masterful gaze, and whose sole motivation is that the world shall be a fitting place in which a man may live in freedom for his own pleasure and welfare and for the benefit of his fellows.

The world will be fortunate, indeed, if there exist in America to-day men who, because of one reason or another, are prevented from active participation in the holocaust that is threatening to destroy the European Continent, and who by endowment and inclination are able to put at the disposal of our President the conclusions of their thought and their reflections when the Supreme Council shall gather to decide the rights and privileges of the nations that Teutonic megalomania has succeeded in destroying, and has attempted to destroy, during the past four years. We and the world shall be fortunate should he seek and accept such counsel and co-operation. He would thus successfully deny the widely disseminated allegation that he can deal only with those he can dominate, that he habitually camouflages with the potential mood, and that he cannot do team-work. There are undoubtedly in the different countries of Europe master-minds not engaged in the struggle who have been, and are now, busying themselves with plans for the solution of the question which after this war terminates will be the most vital one of the world. It is not likely, however, that there are many, and of those that exist some are so warped by prejudice, so narrowed by convictions founded in theory, so devoid of elasticity from ignorance of the world, so fossilized by their limited experience, that their counsel will be, and should be, wholly disregarded.

It is beyond any one's conception that the victorious nations shall reach agreement concerning what they consider to be their rights and their dues that the eventual settlement shall be ideal and satisfactory to all. Like all congresses where the fate of nations has been settled and where international agreements have been fixed, the final decisions will be founded in compromise. If this council shall have the advantage of being guided by Americans who have the objectivity and philosophy of supermen, they may lead the troubled waters of European aspirations into such channels as to open a free and regenerate future for those nations who have sacrificed their best blood in the cause of honor, justice, and liberty, and this war will not have been in vain, and the sacrifices that have been made will have been worth while.

There is nothing more bewildering to the observer of affairs and events as they pass before him now with almost lightning-like rapidity than the contemplation of what can possibly be the outcome of certain forms of national aspiration. It would be far less bewildering, in all probability, if one could know the deliberations of the various nations' rulers and advisers. One who is devoid of such information, however, is like the individual groping in the dark seeking an exit from the obscurity. He has to rely wholly upon his previous experience in getting out and upon his sense of orientation. What does one really know about Italy's aspirations, for instance, at the present time? No matter how carefully and studiously you read the history of Italy during the past fifty years, that is, during the time that Italy has been really united, no matter how much time and thought you give to the effort to understand the politics of Italy, no matter how inti-

mate you may be with the history of Crispi's aspirations and failures, with the diplomatic shortcomings and accomplishments of Marchese di San Giuliano, with the career of the recent dictator Giolitti, whose long-drawn-out existence is considered a menace still by many persons, with the facts that led to the overthrow of Salandra, with the alleged Anglophile and imperialistic tendencies of Sonnino, with the whispered statements of the obligations of Orlando to the Fascio, no matter how keenly you scent the intent of the Socialists to try to force their country into relationships with the Central Empires which would mean vassalage—all this does not enlighten us of Italy's real aims at this moment, or what she is going to want and will be entitled to get when the final deal is made.

The person who is here, on the spot as it were, is likely to know less about the real state of affairs, unless the deliberations of the "powers that be" are accessible to him, than the student of events in London or in New York. Here he encounters rumors and *on dits* which are not only misleading, but which are intended to be so. I am more and more impressed, in attempting to interpret for myself Italy's aspirations and ambitions, with the lasting influence of Mazzini's doctrines and teachings. I see his sentiments, indeed his phrases, in politician's speeches, in editorial articles, in serious contributions; so that I have come to feel that that great prophet's ideal of liberty for Italy is more likely to be realized now than it was when Italy was first united. Though I have no capacity for forecasting political events, it wouldn't surprise me to find that Italy would one day see herself as championing the liberty of all her eastern neighbors who are

now and who have been so long oppressed. It is no secret that she is gathering on her front the armies from all the subject races of Austria, and when we win out in this struggle, as we shall soon, what would be more natural than that Italy should stand before these people as their liberator and friend? Thus she would become perhaps the chief obstacle to Germany's aspirations of expansion, and to this extent it is to the interest of all western nations to assist her. If such should be her aims, of course one can readily see that the realization of them would put her in an advantageous position commercially with the newly formed nations to the north and to the east.

It is difficult for the foreigner to get possession of facts that will permit him to make up his mind. The newspapers are supposed to be the avenues from which the average person gets information, but it is very difficult for me to separate the inspired statements in the newspapers from mere statements of facts. So many of the newspapers are the mouthpiece of one of the political leaders. For instance, the *Giornale d'Italia* is currently believed to be Sonnino's organ. The *Giornale del Popolo* is Bissolati's. The *Messaggero*, the most staid and dignified paper, is reputed to be owned by the Ansaldo, a corporation which controls many industries, steamers, war manufactories, etc. It has been consistently interventionistic on the side of the Allies from the beginning, and it has done more to develop a wide-spread admiration for France, or, perhaps better said, to overcome a deeply rooted distrust of the French, than all the other Italian papers combined. It is frankly anti-clerical and aims to be considered radical, while ill-concealing an ambition to be a great

political organ. In marked contrast to the *Messaggero* is the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, pompous, pacifist, pernicious propagandist. The *Popolo Romano*, formerly the mouthpiece of the Austrian Embassy, is the real serpent, however, but its fangs have been removed and its venom sterilized. The most readable paper in Rome is *Il Tempo*, well printed, ably edited, and with good news service. Reading it gives you the feeling that you are dealing with a sapient cat who is ready to jump in the direction that will insure safety and enhance reputation. It is sufficiently pro-war to satisfy the average ardent Ally, and it is sufficiently neutral not to offend the sensibilities of those who are constantly repeating, "War is hell." The two most interesting newspapers are the *Epoca* and the *Idea Nazionale*. The former is true blue, interesting, inspiring, and were it more *au courant* with world politics, or at least did it display a serious effort to put the aspirations, intentions, and deliberations of other nations before its readers, it would be a fairly satisfactory sheet. The latter is not so easily disposed of. It is backed financially by rich men and intellectually by some of the best minds of the "Nationalists," especially those with the most exuberant imperialistic possessions. Machiavelli is its prophet and Giolitti its ideal. It distrusts the powerful nations like England and France, and hates the small ones like Greece and Belgium. It pretends to be the friend of the people, but in reality "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" is the legend over the gates of hell for it.

Although there are three or four other papers, the only one that needs to be considered is the *Tribuna*.

I always feel after I have read the *Tribuna* that I have taken a large dose of bromide, that is, about a grain and a half. When I am not under the influence of this massive dose I feel as though I had been associating with a perfect lady, well dressed, well turned out, soignée, harmless though not brainless, though it well might be if it was deprived of "Rastignac." (V. Morello.)

The chameleon of the Roman press is the *Corriere d'Italia.* Frankly the organ of the Clerical party, it doesn't always support the Vatican, at least so far as I am able to understand the Vatican position. It impresses me as a reformed pacifist whose reformation isn't real. England spells Babylon Lady to them who shape its policy and who condition its sentiment. Its animadversions on world politics remind me of naughty little slaps on the hand.

Avanti, the organ of the Socialists, seems to me punk in a state of combustion. At the present moment I believe the editor is languishing in prison. I have never really known why prisoners languish, but I believe I use the stereotyped phrase. I never got any enlightenment from *Avanti,* so I have stopped reading it. I started with the conviction that the Socialists and the Giolittians were *particeps criminis* in their neutralistic propaganda. Giolitti coined the famous phrase "*Parecchio,*" which meant, "There is much to be obtained without going to war," and the Socialists toured the country, giving pacifist lectures in favor of peace, and distributing copies of the speeches which their deputies had delivered in the Chamber.

Other publications intended to shape public sentiment, such as the *Voce dei Popoli* and *Unita,* are obviously concerned with propaganda work, and particu-

larly with advancing the cause of purity in public life and reformation of conditions prejudicial to the welfare of the people, as well as advocacy of the hopes and aspirations of what may be revolutionary parties in other countries, such as the Czecho-Slovaks in the Dual Monarchy.

The *Rassenga Italiana*, a bi-monthly review of politics, letters, and art, is a dignified publication. It is a cross between the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, with some high-falutin thrown in. If Tommaso Sillani should object to that good old Anglo-Saxon word, then I say that he might do well to purge his most excellent and informing publication of the quality which the French describe as *préciosité*.

If one reads these publications with the discerning eye and the sifting mind, and believes only what he sees in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, one of the great liberal newspapers of the world, and then has access to reliable sources of information, he is in a position to form some idea of what Italy will look upon as justice to her when largesse is being finally distributed. Of course, it will be very interesting to see just how she will extricate herself from the horns of what seems to me a dilemma; namely, the agreement which Sonnino made in the Treaty of London. If Italy's idea of liberty is large enough to include the oppressed nations of Austria and Hungary, and if the oppressed nations of the Jugoslavs and the Czecho-Slavs fight side by side with Italy in her battle-fields, it is not quite clear to me how she can do anything else in the final settlement save to give them that for which she is fighting; namely, liberty. If she didn't, the most natural thing for them to do would be to combine

with other stronger nations and then make common strife against Italy. I may have read into Mr. Wilson's message when he spoke of Italy's rights something that the lines didn't contain, but if I read them aright he is going to stand by Italy to the last trench in order that she may get her unredeemed provinces, Trentino, Trieste, Istria, but as a humble looker-on it doesn't seem to me any one is backing her as the winner of the eastern Adriatic littoral and Fiume. But how can one tell what the whole people or the guiding minds of the people are determined to have? In reality, the only thing of which I am quite sure is that the Italian people are united in their determination in having a complete and integral victory over her enemies, and that the time shall never come again when Italy shall have any form of vassalage to Austria or Germany.

July 24, 1918.

CHAPTER V

THE GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE, ITS OPERATORS AND ITS OFFICES

THERE are few things more difficult for the newcomer to Italy to understand than its politics. It is particularly difficult for an American who has been accustomed to the division of the people into two parties, Republican and Democrat, with occasional and ephemeral offshoots like the Progressives and the inconsequential Socialists. If you ask a well-informed Italian how many political parties there are in Italy, he will answer that he doesn't know. There may be five to-day and six or seven or more to-morrow! The truth of the matter is that there are no political parties in Italy, in the sense that we use the term, save the Socialists. There are factions, not parties. In other words, party development and party formation are the result of individual effort, which may become collective. They are reactions to certain conditions, the outgrowth of what may be called evolutionary progress in the science of government or in the social developments of the people. Although there are national issues in Italy such as there are in the United States, such issues do not cleave the people into distinct parties as the tariff question does in our country. There are questions of policy in Italy which should be national questions, but the ministry decide them, not the people. The nearest approach to a national party, aside from the Socialists, is an organization formed

four years ago to win the war and which is known as the Fascio. The passport to membership was determination to enter, to stay in, and to win the war.

Italy is a constitutional monarchy. The King rules by the "Grace of God and the will of the people." In a general way, the people are satisfied with his rule in so much as they interpret his rôle to be practically a nominal one.

The Italian Parliament.—The governmental organization is divided into a Senate and a House of Deputies, in much the same way as our government is divided, with this very important difference, that the Senate in Italy has become largely an ornamental body. Membership in it is not obtained from election by the people. It is often a reward of merit fostered by purposeful act such as a graceful gift, or by professional distinction. The tenure of office is for life. Thus when one is enrolled as senator, he is beyond the turmoil and anxieties inseparable from electoral struggles, and the atmosphere that pervades the organization is soporific. It occasionally happens, as in the case of Marconi, that a man reaches the Senate before his mind has grown accustomed to think of life in the past; therefore, it is politically an extremely conservative organization. All laws to become effective must be approved by the House of Deputies, by the Senate, and by the King. If they lack the approval of any one of them, they become null and void. A bill passed by the House of Deputies which seems too radical or too far beyond the most orthodox governmental traditions is likely to lose its vitality in going through the Senate which will send it back for reapproval by the Lower House with so many modifications as to make it

innocuous, if such an adjective may be applied to what often becomes a useless instrument or a new complication. Just as an old mastiff can be awakened into apparently vigorous life by a sudden kick, the Senate is now and then goaded into exercising its right of veto. The Senate has also the right of proposing new bills, but it rarely avails itself of this privilege. During recent years there has been wide-spread dissatisfaction with the Senate in Italy. The Socialists are loud in their demands to suppress it, or to rejuvenate it by making it an elective body, and many progressive Italians outside the Socialist party join with them in this demand. With the example of the House of Lords in England before them, one may sanguinely hope that they will eventually sign their own death-warrant.

The important legislative body in Italy is the House of Deputies, made up of members elected by the voters of the various provinces. Italy is divided into sixty-nine provinces of varying population, the smallest being the Province of Leghorn with about one hundred and thirty-three thousand inhabitants and the largest, that of Milan which has upward of two millions. In a general way, each province sends a representative to Parliament for every seventy-five thousand inhabitants. In other words, the provinces are divided into electoral districts, *Collegi Elettorali*, each *collegio* being constituted by approximately the above-mentioned number of inhabitants. In the case of small towns and villages which have not individually seventy-five thousand inhabitants, several of them are grouped together to form a *collegio* of the requisite size. Large cities are subdivided into *collegi*. Naples, which is the largest city in Italy, has twelve; Milan, which is the

next largest, has six of one hundred thousand inhabitants each, which means that a smaller number of inhabitants than the average goes into the formation of the other *collegi* of the province of which Milan is the capital; the city of Rome has five deputies; Palermo has four.

Altogether Italy sends five hundred and eight deputies to the Lower House. Each electoral district thus sends one deputy to Parliament. He is chosen from the various names which a local group, faction, or party has nominated and indorsed. This party or group of persons professes to have fairly definite common aims or views, that is, to be animated by a desire to further what may be called a socialistic policy, a liberal policy, a radical policy, or a clerical policy. Sometimes individuals, usually newspaper men, whose names or fame have come to be known to the people, offer themselves to the electors as candidates of a *collegio*, relying upon their popularity or the sympathy which their ideas have awakened to enlist the support of the people.

Before election day the street walls are plastered with posters of all sizes and colors, bearing the names and the pictures of the candidates, statement of their virtues and their potentialities, enumeration of the beneficences that will come to the people from their election, and often depreciations and defamations of opposing candidates. These documents often make interesting reading. It must be a difficult task for the voter to decide, after reading so many alluring promises, having been made aware of the infirmities of the opposing candidate, for whom he shall vote. Unless he be versed in politics, steady in his opinions, or ac-

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quainted with the careers of the candidates who offer themselves in his *collegio*, he generally falls into a troubled state of conscience that ends by casting a vote for the candidate recommended by some friend. Italians say that if the "friend" has money to spend, an automobile to take the voter to the poll, or if he is a ready maker of promises, it is remarkable how readily, he aids the voter to make up his mind.

The apathy that many of the citizens display toward going to the polls is very much the same in Italy as it is in our country, where it is common knowledge the best citizens stay away and the least desirable go to the polls early, sometimes often. The Italians say that it is not indolence which prevents so many of them from casting their votes, but discouragement which has brought about a lack of faith. They tell you in private conversation, or you hear it in cafés, that they have no confidence in the honesty or unselfishness of their representatives. They criticise their government, they deprecate their deputies, and they admit that bureaucracy has both in a laocoon grasp.

Oftentimes governmental police are used to great advantage in bringing about the election of candidates that the government desires. This is all the more easy because the police in Italy being of two kinds, the municipal and governmental, the latter is under the direction of the prefects. Very often one reads in the paper that the police and their antagonists: shady characters, persons affiliated with the *cammorra* and the *mafia*, criminals and the like, have their services enlisted to secure the results desired, to intimidate the peace-loving voters, or to bring about some irregularity in the election which will invalidate it and thus

make it necessary to have it repeated when it is hoped it can be done with better chances of "success." The Socialists have done much to prevent such occurrences as these in so much as they get together, as it were, and form a solid phalanx which they take to the elections in force.

Members of Parliament are keenly aware of the enormous influence of the government in shaping elections, and it is therefore not astonishing that they cultivate and try to maintain friendly relations with the men in power. The government, on the other hand, has a reputation for rewarding the faithful and the loyal amongst the deputies. These rewards are usually in the shape of grants of public works to be carried out in the *collegio* of a certain deputy, titles which are much sought after, as *Cavalliere, Commendatore,* and boosts in bureaucratic careers.

The candidate who secures a certain majority over his opponent is elected. If this majority is not reached, the election is renewed at a later date in the same electoral district, and then a single vote beyond the majority will decide. Among the many names presented in each *collegio* to the voter, for him to choose from, there are always two of well-known men who stand a better chance of election than any of the others, and the struggle really centres around them. There are "also-rans," and the ubiquitous crank who votes for himself, or against some individual against whom he has a grudge, and whose name will afterward appear in the papers as having received one vote.

Until 1913 franchise was permitted to men above thirty who could read and write and who could prove that they were in possession of a certain minimum

income. In that year Giolitti was instrumental in giving suffrage to every male above thirty years of age. Another electoral reform which he brought about was to permit the citizen to cast a sealed ballot. Formerly the voter was obliged to write the name of the candidate to whom he wished to give his vote in the presence of the committee who presided over the election, but now the vote is delivered in a sealed envelope containing the candidate's name, either written or printed. Despite this extension of the suffrage, only about 60 per cent of the voters in Italy avail themselves of the right of franchise.

Elections to Parliament take place nominally every four years, but as a matter of fact sometimes they occur oftener, sometimes less often. The King enjoys the constitutional right of dissolving the House at any time, and occasionally he exercises the privilege. It would be more truthful to say that the Cabinet often uses this prerogative of the King as a whip to spur the House into approval of some bill by threatening to induce the King to dissolve the House should it not be more docile. The present House of Parliament, for instance, has had a life much longer than the average because during the war the majority of the male population have been serving under the colors and the law does not allow men in military service in wartime to vote. Therefore, an election during the past four years would not have been an expression of the will of the majority of the electors. Elections to the House of Representatives take place all over Italy at the same time, but they need not necessarily. If the representation of an electoral district in Parliament becomes vacant by death, removal, or other causes,

an election from that district may take place at any time. Strangely enough, a man may be brought forward as a candidate in several electoral districts, that is, in different parts of Italy. Should he be elected from more than one electoral district, say in Rome and Palermo and Milan, he has the right to choose the one which he wishes to represent. The other cities or electoral districts must then have a new election.

The House of Deputies is divided into the "Right" and the "Left." The Conservatives sit on the right of the president. They constitute the right wing. The Liberals and Radicals sit on the left, and the Socialists and Republicans on the extreme left. Parliamentary parties or factions usually take the name of their leader. For instance, when the war broke out the majority in the Italian Parliament were followers of Giolitti and were known as *Giolittiani* (a term of contempt in the mouths of many), and many of them are Giolittians to-day.

The only real political party, using the term in the sense that it is habitually used in our country, in the House is the Socialist party. They have been for some time split into two antagonistic factions which the war has turned into open enemies. Some of the influential ones amongst the pro-war Socialists have cast their lot with the ministry and have become important factors in the government. The Socialist party is split up into two main divisions—Official and Reformist. The leader of the former, a man of great intelligence, warmly admired by a large following and not violently hated by his enemies, is Filippo Turati. He and his wife (Mrs. Anna Kuliscioff) were largely

responsible for the wide dissemination of Marxian doctrines throughout Italy, after the Congress of Genoa, in 1892, which they did by means of the weekly journal, *La Critica Sociale*. They directed the labor movement into the main stream of Socialism. The leader of the Reformists was until recently Bissolati, a former editor of *L'Avanti*, who when the war broke out enlisted as a private, got a medal for valor, and later became minister of pensions. It is widely believed that he is not in sympathy with Italy's so-called imperialistic aspirations, that is, with the programme of those who now call themselves Nationalists. In the minds of many outside the Socialist party he stands for the pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest; for the subjection to human judgment of the claims of external authority, state or church, which is the essence of Liberalism.

The Socialists have a policy and a programme, both of them subject to change and, like time-tables, without previous notice. Their party got what is popularly called a black eye during the war and the discoloration attending it has by no means disappeared, but no one can deny that it has, by means of agitation, struggles, revolts, accomplished a great deal in the way of political liberty and a betterment of conditions as the result of its activity. The party by no means represents the intellectuals of the country, and its chief support is from intelligent artisans and the lower middle classes in northern Italy, particularly in such cities as Milan and Turin. The most influential executive members of the party, and those who shape its policy, are Hebrews, such as Treves. In general, the Socialists constitute a noisy, rebellious and at

times unmanageable group, but they have a very salutary influence. Their most conspicuous parliamentary trait is their absolute disdain for anything that all the members on the right and most the members in the centre suggest, and their liveliest public reaction shows itself in contradiction and disparagement of everything these members say. It is very difficult to determine the temper of ministerial steel from reading newspapers, but the socialistic members of the ministry, Bissolati and Berenini, are testing it.

The Socialist party has recently had an important meeting in Bologna where they formulated a programme. They declared themselves in favor of open diplomacy; that the public shall be promptly informed of the deliberations of their plenipotentiaries so that the people may know clearly the aims and dominating sentiments of their representatives, and particularly that they may know that their accredited agents are respecting the generous and alluring promises that were made during the war. They believe that armed intervention of the Allied Powers in Russia constitues a violation of the right of independence and self-decision which the Socialist party has steadily proclaimed since the international meetings of Zimmerwald and of Kienthal. They pledge the party to use all its activities to put an end to such intervention, which they believe is directed toward preventing the revindication of the Russian proletariat. They pledge themselves to be ready to effect the institution of a Socialistic Republic which shall be subject to the dictatorship of the proletariat with the following aims: 1. Socialization of the output and productiveness of land, industry, mines, railways, steamers under the

immediate administration of the people—peasants, working men, miners, railway operatives, and sailors; 2. Distribution of the products through communal and co-operative institutions controlled by the people; 3. Abolition of military conscription and universal disarmament (the direct consequence of the union of all the proletariat republics nurtured in the bosom of international Socialism); 4. The municipalization of dwellings, of homes, and of hospitals, and the transformation of bureaucracy into a direct administration by the employees.

They reaffirm their adherence to the pact of Zimmerwald, of September, 1915, formulated by the representatives of international Socialism. Every people has the right of deciding its own destinies, that is, the right of autodecision. Forcible annexation of any country must not flow from the war, but it must depend upon the expressed desire of the majority of the people who inhabit the territory. They maintain that the annexation of territories to Italy as the result of the secret Treaty of London, of which the Austrian armistice is the first step, is an insult to the rights of five races—Germans, Jugoslavs, Albanians, Greeks, and Turks—and is or will be the cause of dissension amongst countless people who eventually will display this dissension by armaments and new war. The Italian Socialist party furthermore says that it will have no hand in it. This method of getting possession of territory cannot be distinguished from that which characterized the most arrogant German imperialism which the Allies not only condemned in order to get the people's sympathy but which they have steadily proclaimed that they would never be a party to. They call at-

tention to the fact that it is this same aggressive imperialism which the Allies would force upon the proletariat of Russia, and they consider that the endeavor of the Allies to force it upon Russia is for them ample justification for the opposition which they had to the war and to the participation in it of Italy.

At a subsequent meeting, namely, on December 9, 1918, they resolved that the present is the psychological moment for the realization of the international programme of Socialism. They decided that war is the most typical expression of class strife and that the war just finished has made the proletariat realize what borghese economic organization based on private property is, in reality. They demand immediate demobilization of the army; the immediate withdrawal of troops from revolutionary Russia; the respect of the fundamental liberties of civil life; pardon of all political and military criminals, and they have arranged meetings the latter part of October, 1918, in various parts of Italy—Naples, Palermo, Turin, Milan, Bologna, Rome, Florence—to be held by the representatives of all political and economic organizations that they may manifest their will to procure the means and sympathetic support of the proletariat for carrying out this programme.

There is no real independent labor party, though there is a General Confederation of Labor, and this again is broken up into many factions. Indeed, one can't have studied politics long before he is convinced that the Italian's besetting sin here, as it is in every field of human activity, is, he cannot do successful team-work. He is temperamentally opposed to doing it.

Then there is an important Catholic party whose

fundamental principle was at one time opposition to Italian unity and a determination to break it up in order that Rome might be once more under the Holy See. The war has likewise divided this party into those who put the welfare of the nation above their desires, to see the Pope's temporal powers restored, fortunately the majority, and those who adhered to it and who were therefore opposed to the war. The Catholic party is opposed to Socialistic doctrines, to the secularization of the state, to divorce, to all purely lay organizations, and is a partisan of religious instruction in the schools and, although not openly opposed to public school instruction, it is credited with being basically opposed to it. As I have said, the majority of this party are now in favor of the unity of the Italian nation.

The Ministry.—The dynamo of the governmental administrative machine is its ministry. Before the war there were twelve ministers—internal affairs, foreign affairs, justice, treasury, finance, public works, navy, war, education, agriculture, industry and commerce, post and telegraph, and colonies. The exigencies of the war have necessitated the creation of others, but they are only temporary. The ministers are selected from the deputies or the senators. The prime minister is also the president of the Council. Selected by the King, he is charged with the duty of forming a ministry or a cabinet. He does this by consulting the leaders and choosing those whom he thinks will agree, or who will harmonize their views with his and who will support his plans, and, especially if they have sufficient following in Parliament, to foster the policies that he wishes to develop and which he is de-

sirous of transmuting into laws. Should the man whom the King intrusts with this task not succeed in forming a cabinet, he gives it up after a few hours or a few days, and then the King has to select some one else. Giolitti, who was the dictator of Italy from 1900 to 1913, had the matter arranged so satisfactorily that he could always compel the King eventually to ask him to form a ministry. The King would appoint some one else who, not being able to establish a ministry that had such relationship with the House of Deputies that it could become an efficient administrative organization, would have to resign. But Giolitti, having had the appointments of the prefects throughout Italy in his possession for many years, could always count upon having in Parliament amongst the deputies a sufficient number of men who would prevent any ministry that might be selected from such a Parliament from being an efficient administrative organization.

The chief trouble with the Italian Government is that it is a government of old men who no longer have vision except that which is encompassed by their own experience, men whose minds and emotions have yielded their elasticity, who have lost their vision, and whose intellectual and physical vitality is on the decline. If Italy were to decide that no one should represent her in her parliamentary body for the first time who is above fifty, and that no minister should be selected who is above sixty, she would, in my judgment, add enormously to her political stature. In order to placate the senescent mind, they might permit them to be senators.

It is extraordinary that Italy is wilfully blind to the

fact that the progressive nations have called young, virile men to positions of responsibility in their constructive and executive governmental organizations. Any one who reads this will immediately think of Clémenceau, but he is the exception to the rule. During the past twenty-five years it has become generally recognized in Anglo-Saxon countries, and also in France and Germany, that we must look for contributions to constructive government and, indeed, to constructional progress in every walk of life, from men in the flush of maturity; namely, from thirty to fifty. The archaic conviction that gray hairs, wrinkled brow, and parched skin cover a brain whose sulci have been deepened by experience and which can, therefore, produce wisdom, has fortunately been relegated to the limbo which smoulders with discarded delusions once fondly cherished.

When a man is elected to Parliament, he isn't elected because he has a definite political policy. He is elected because he convinces the voters of his district that he will represent their interests and further their desires in Parliament. These interests may be to develop public works of one kind or another in their district, to irrigate their lands, to build roads, to develop water power, to drain their marshes, to introduce new forms of industry, or whatever it is that they are convinced will benefit them in their section. When the representative goes to Parliament he isn't a member of any party, such as he is in America where he would be either a Democrat or a Republican, but he hasn't been long in Parliament before he finds that it is absolutely necessary, if he is going to accomplish anything, to identify himself with some group, and if he has measures which he wishes to support and put through he

is quickly made to see that the only possible chance he has of putting them through is through the mediation of one of these groups. The ministers really propose the laws and enact them. They submit them to the deputies, who discuss them, favor or oppose them, and who then vote upon their enactment. But, in reality, if the ministry has the confidence of the House it can get any bill or measure through. A deputy or group of deputies who are desirous of having some special legislation enacted quickly learn that the safest and most expeditious way to accomplish it is to have it fostered and presented by one of the ministers. At a certain hour each day the ministers are accessible to deputies without ceremony, and it is good form to submit to the minister in whose special field the proposed legislation comes a verbal brief of it which sets forth its meritoriousness and necessity.

I speak of the ministry having the confidence of the House. These words cover the thin ice over which the governing body may have to skate at any minute. Without the slightest warning, a deputy may ask for a vote of the House expressing its confidence in its ministry. If he is adroit, malicious, vindictive, he can choose a moment when the House is sparsely occupied and mainly with colleagues whom he has pledged to vengeance. It is an Italian characteristic, however, to trust a man, but at the same time to watch him or have him watched, and the deputy who would attempt to trick the ministry in this fashion would quite likely find himself riding for a violent fall, and he could not always be sure that there would not be a Judas amongst those to whom he had intrusted his proposed scheme.

The bureau of each minister is a very elaborate

affair, employing hundreds and in many instances thousands of men. Most of them have branch bureaus in various cities of Italy, and these in their entirety, in conjunction with the bureaus of the prefects and sindacos, constitute the monster which has the politicians and the people of Italy in a strangle grasp. Many of the clever youths, especially of the lower middle classes, aim to get in these offices, and their education is shaped to accomplish that end. The positions insure a livelihood, often in the city in which they want to live. Moreover, the incumbent has always before his eyes the dazzling allure of advancement, even to the highest positions. He recalls that Giolitti was such an employee for years and from the lowest ranks he went to the prime ministry, and more than that he was the dictator of Italy for nearly a generation.

Like so many other things in Italy which the people would gladly see changed, the bureaucracy is an inheritancy of the conditions existing previous to 1871, and of the natural growth incident to the fact that the government is in the hands of a score of individuals who must perforce have a large organization to administer it. Not only are the members of this organization prejudiced in its favor and desirous of seeing it continue, but each one of its employees forms a nucleus made up of relatives, friends, and well-wishers which he is able to influence so that they will give it their support. When this is taken into consideration with the fact that the prefects are the tools of the ministry, it is easy to understand how a man like Giolitti, who has a reputation for unscrupulousness, was able to manipulate Italian politics to his advantage for so many years, until finally the composite conscience of

the people was invigorated to an assertion of its rights, particularly by D'Annunzio, which resulted in his downfall. It is also easy to understand how a man like the present prime minister, whose dominant motivation is to go through life without making one enemy, navigates the Ship of State so successfully.

The Provinces of Italy and Their Government.—The rôle of the individual State in our Union has its hazy counterpart in the province of Italy. Some mention must be made of the government of these provinces, even though it be of the briefest kind, in order that one may realize the important relation which it has to the ministry.

Each province is presided over by a chief official who is known as the prefect. He is the governor of the province, appointed by the government through the president of the Ministerial Council. The people have no voice in his nomination, nor in the length of time that he shall hold office. He is paid by the state and, as a rule, he comes up from the ranks of what is called the bureaucracy, that is, he is generally first under-secretary of the prefettura, then secretary, councillor, under-prefect, that is what we would call one of the vice-prefects, who is at the head of one of the several areas of circondarios, as they are called, into which each province is subdivided.

Each city or town has a chief municipal officer, who is known as the sindaco or mayor. He is the head of an administrative local body made up of municipal councillors who are elected by the citizen taxpayers, grouped together into a body called the *municipium*. The councillor who receives the greatest number of these taxpayers' votes becomes automatically the

sindaco. Nevertheless, the central government reserves the right of ratifying his nomination because, as they say, the citizens might give their votes to an unworthy man. This principle, though perhaps theoretically right, is often the means by which the sovereignty of the people is nullified. The life of a Municipal Council is four years, half of its members being elected every two years. The prefect of the province has the right of dissolving any Municipal Council in his province at any time when he is convinced that it is not giving the city or town a proper administration, or when he is convinced that it is conducting itself in a way that is contrary to law or detrimental to public order. It can be readily seen that the prefect has the whip hand in such an organization, and it can also be seen, that if the men who constitute the Municipal Council are fundamentally opposed to the central government, it is easy to get rid of them. Should the Council dissolve, the central government may impose a *Commissario Regio*, a ruling commissioner, who takes charge of things until a new election is held, which may not be for some time.

This is one of the fundamental defects in the present government of Italy in so much as it gives the president of the Council, the prime minister, a power which no similar official in any other country's government has. The prefect doesn't represent the people save in so far as he alleges that he does. He isn't elected by the people, and he isn't beholden to the people. He is selected by the prime minister and he is beholden to him. Elections to the Municipal Council and to Parliament by the electoral districts are often manipulated by the prefects who wish to secure the return

to Parliament of a man who will not oppose the dominating governmental currents. Before every general election there is often a wide-spread change of prefects, very much the same as occurs in the New York Police when a new commissioner is appointed. Police officials who have been in what are called "easy seats" are sent to the Bronx or to Far Rockaway "for the good of the service." In a similar way, prefects, who have previously given evidence of skill in successfully influencing elections in favor of government candidates, are sent to provinces where the government doesn't feel secure that the kind of men will be returned to Parliament that it desires. After an election is over, there is frequently another shift of prefects, the least desirable provinces being given to those who have not succeeded in satisfying the government's expectations.

Deputies in Action.—I have often diverted myself after a busy day by going into the House of Deputies, especially when there was promise of a lively session. I was fortunate enough to have a seat in the diplomatic box the day Parliament reconvened after the war and to hear Premier Orlando read his speech in which he reviewed the events of the past three and a half years. He characterized the part that each one of the allied nations and the United States had in bringing about the satisfactory conditions of the armistice, and made prophecies and promises for the future. The new parliamentary building, which had been opened for the occasion, was completely filled. He was listened to with keenest attention and his telling points elicited great applause. When he spoke of the marvellous tenacity and bravery of the French and how they had maintained a calm, heroic determination to win in

face of what seemed to be disaster, every man and woman in the place joined in the applause which lasted fully a minute. The French ambassador to Italy returned the bows. Then the prime minister spoke briefly and feelingly of what England had done. In a few words he indicated that had not Britain safeguarded the seas the war would have been of brief duration with victory to the enemy. When he referred to the readiness with which they had responded to Italy's call for help in November, 1917, there was a tumult of applause that caused the foundation of the new structure to tremble and the ceiling to reverberate. Sir Rennel Rodd made the bows of recognition. Then he spoke of the United States. He depicted the condition of affairs that existed in France in the spring of 1918 and with a few masterly strokes of the pen he changed the picture of despair to one of hope, and he described the telling effects of the American soldiers at Château-Thierry. Pandemonium broke loose. Every deputy waved his handkerchief and shouted at the top of his voice. Every occupant of a seat in the gallery applauded or shrieked. Every *mutilato* in the boxes reserved for the army embraced his fellow. It really seemed as if the human organism was struggling for some new method of externalizing its approbation of the republic across the Atlantic and of the conduct of its President. There was a spontaneity and a whole-heartedness about the response that left no doubt in the heart of any man or women present of how Italy feels toward America. Unfortunately our much-admired and really beloved ambassador was indisposed, and the audience was deprived of his inimitable smile and gracious salutation.

Nothing typifies modern Italy and modern Italians more specifically than their art and architecture. I have no intention of dwelling upon the Bank of Italy, the Vittorio Emanuele Monument, or the Palace of Justice, the three great architectural contributions of Rome's twentieth-century architectural acquisitions. They have been described and derided. They have been damned with faint praise, all save the first, and particularly by the admission that they have many good points. However, I cannot refrain, while speaking of the organization of the Italian Government, from saying a few words about their new parliamentary building which, while not being so offensive as the Palace of Justice, is nevertheless an æsthetic misfortune. The old Hall of Deputies, which surmounts the Monte Citorio, though not a wonderful specimen of Bernini's art, is a fine, symmetrical, impressive, dignified, harmonious, pleasing structure. It is devoid of deforming ornamentation. It depends upon its proportions, its symmetry and its harmony for its pleasing effect. With this model as an inspiration, how they could erect and perpetuate such an architectural atrocity as the new parliamentary hall which has been joined up with it on the north, is beyond comprehension. I shall say nothing about its externals. It is simply a great, huge, square, ugly, red-brick, dry-goods box trimmed with sandstone. Its interior is a scream. I have never used that word before although I have been accustomed to hearing it. But at this moment it describes the interior of the new House of Parliament appropriately, though not adequately. The great hall, which has a seating capacity of two thousand or more, is arranged so that the seats of the deputies form a hemi-

cycle, rising, but not precipitously, tier above tier, and numbering about six hundred seats. They face the ministers' table, behind which is the dias for the president and other executive officials of the House. Behind them is an enormous, vast mural decoration in bronze setting forth epochal incidents in the House of Savoia—heavy, massive, disharmonious with its surroundings, perhaps appropriate but surely not artistic.

The walls of the hall are constructed in oak, stained a reddish brown, which have a querulous, growling, discontented, unsatisfied, unhappy appearance. It is easy to understand why the modern Italian wants the interior in oak. It is the most expensive wood in Italy, and as it has to be imported therefore it is a great luxury. When you consider the wealth and variety of the marble quarries in this peninsula, and the structural jewels made from them which have and have had the admiration of the whole world for centuries, it is difficult to understand why the Italian is ambitious to gild the lily, that is, why he should not be content to go on building, ornamenting, and decorating with those materials that have given such universal æsthetic satisfaction.

The seats of the deputies are covered with material of deep red color. This color, in conjunction with the oak trimmings and the method of illumination which they have adopted, is going to have its effect upon Italy's lawmakers. The system of illumination is one that is having a certain amount of popularity now the world over, in which the light is far above and is made to descend into the room by means of reflectors. In this new House of Parliament the ceiling is a vaulted dome, the centre of which is a great glass

surface frosted, and the light is forced through that. One sees no indications of electric light or incandescent bulbs or anything of that sort. The object of the architect has been to furnish an artificial light that will give illumination suggestive of daylight slightly obscured. I am sure that the psychological effect of these three things—the color of the seats, the color of the oak, and the light from above with its peculiar quality—is going to be to make the most phlegmatic and sanguine deputy petulant, irritable, querulous, dissatisfied, unreasonable, belligerent, and distracted.

Our mental content, its equilibrium, and its output are in a definite measure dependent upon our environment. It is within the experience of every one that there are certain rooms in which he cannot work satisfactorily or profitably; that there are certain halls or lecture-rooms in which he cannot deliver himself of his thought with readiness or success; that there are certain churches in which he can't preach so dramatically or convincingly as in others. Oftentimes he doesn't stop to inquire why this is so, but should he do so he will find that there are definite things in the environment which distract him, divert him, or in some way bring disturbing impressions, through his ocular sense media ordinarily, to his mind which prevent concentration or co-ordination of the mental processes necessary for complex mental elaborations, whether they be for externalization in speech or for the reception and interpretation of the speech of others. My conviction is that the average Italian's inhibitions are not very firmly foundationed at best. What their lawmakers should have is an environment that will soothe them, placate them when they become angry,

and gently smooth their feathers when they get ruffled. If they expect to get tranquillizing influences from the new House of Deputies they will be disappointed. I venture to say that within a generation, that is, within a period when time shall have shown the necessity for its being done, the interior of the new Parliament building will be entirely revamped and in accordance with the principle which I have been stating.

A stranger going into the building cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the Italians are paradoxical in their conduct. Perhaps the most punctilious people in the world, a people to whom ceremony is the breath of their nostrils, here they not only dispense with every trace of it, but they permit themselves an extraordinary liberation from the ordinary rules of convention. Indeed, I have witnessed scenes in the House of Deputies of Rome, which would adorn a bar-room. A Socialist deputy was holding forth most volubly, supported by the extreme left who punctuated his speech with frequent rounds of applause. The centre and the right displayed annoyance, boredom, lack of interest, alternating with cries of derision and howls of contempt, but things went on in orderly enough fashion until a young man, modishly dressed, apparently laboring under excitement which he didn't well suppress, arose in his seat and began to shriek at the orator. Immediately there was a general uproar in the House. It was impossible for me to make out what he was saying, but the evening newspapers published the details of his accusation of treason against ex-Premier Giolitti, who was sitting calmly near the centre, and of trafficking with the enemy by several deputies whom he enumerated. The orator retorted,

and when the young man, the Onorevole Centurione, darted across the arena, I was reasonably sure that the war had begun again and that blood would soon flow. His friends, however, grabbed him, one on either side, but instead of thrusting him into his seat or carrying him out of the hall they gently restrained him, and with each succeeding lunge that he made, endeavoring to extricate himself from his friends, he shrieked that he had proof of every word he was saying. From all over the hall came taunts and epithets, "liar," "scoundrel," "traitor." The whole scene was that of a menagerie. After the tumult had subsided, Mr. Giolitti quietly stated that if the young man had proof of his statements he should submit it for examination. If there was justification, the men implicated should resign; if there wasn't, the man who made the statements should be expelled. The next day a committee was appointed, the newspapers were full of the incident, and the young man was expelled from the Fascio. The committee reported that there was no justification for his statements, and the incident died out. But he wasn't expelled from the legislative body!

A few days later I witnessed a similar scene. Mr. Maffi, a Socialist deputy, who had had his turn at the bat and had struck out, got upon his feet to speak again after the minister of pensions, Bissolati, had set forth that the principal duty of the state was to give aid to the families of combatants who had fallen. He assured the house that he had taken steps to have pensions given to the families of all soldiers who had died as the result of wounds, lesions, and diseases contracted outside of the war zone, provided they had been contracted in services connected with the war. He

admitted that some of the criticisms that had been made by the Honorable Maffi were well founded but this didn't seem to placate Maffi, who, when he attempted to speak again, was greeted with a howl of protest from all corners of the House. However, he insisted upon his right to speak, and a violent discussion took place between him and the president, both gesticulating wildly, shouting in unison, the whole House roaring like a tornado. Meanwhile the partisans or supporters of Maffi on the one side and the president on the other, began to talk, shriek, and shout. But all storms finally subside, and gradually a certain amount of calm succeeded. Then the Honorable Manzoni, finding that his voice would carry above the declining tumult, shouted: "You down there keep quiet. There are some of you who have been maimed by the Cavallini matter" (referring to a certain man who is being tried for treason here in conjunction with the Bolo Pasha and the Caillaux matter in France, and who is under sentence of death in France). No sooner were these words out of the Honorable Manzoni's system—one cannot say out of his mouth because they seemed to emanate from every fibre of his body—than the Honorable Maury left his desk, ran across the hemicycle, or arena, dashed up the steps at the extreme left and was about to spring upon the Honorable Manzoni and devour him. When he reached the first benches of the extreme left, one of the questors of the House grabbed him, and then the Honorable Bugnano gave him an undercut which felled him. The House, still in a roar, was temporarily calmed by this scene of two deputies struggling violently, one trying to force his way toward the left and the other trying to drag him

toward the right, the questor still embracing him. Finally the Honorable Bugnano succeeded in dragging the Honorable Maury toward his seat. Then the Honorable Manzoni was thrust into his seat by his sympathizers. When calm was restored, the House became aware that during the fracas the irrepressible Maffi had continued to talk and that he was now concluding his speech, not one word of which had been heard, but which was promptly handed to the reporters of the press. When the troubled waters had subsided, the Honorable Manzoni made a sign to the Honorable Bugnano; the latter timidly drew near him, stopping just outside the three-foot line. After a few minutes he approached the Honorable Maury. From the papers we learned that Bugnano had been asked by Manzoni to assure Maury that in his implication of treachery and treason the latter was not included.

They are an extraordinary people, the Italians. The longer one lives among them the more convinced he is of it. They are realistic and veristic, but not idealistic. If they are content with their government, their speech belies it. Whenever two or three of them are gathered together, it is the favorite topic of conversation, and always it is disparaged and deplored. I do not mean to say that I have heard "revolutionary" talk, nor have I felt for a moment during this year in Italy, or during past visits, that there was danger of revolution. I am convinced, however, that the Italians are determined to bring about a radical change by evolution, and that great progress is being made for which they owe not a little to the Socialists.

The average Italian of affairs, business, professional

or artistic, does not display on casual or on intimate intercourse any desire to be taught or lessoned. If some power would mildly impregnate him with humility and inoculate him with a vaccine which would at the same time devitalize his loquacity and energize his inhibitions, he would be enormously improved. But they are not lessoned even by example. Their wisest and most far-seeing statesman, Sonnino, is taciturn and retiring to a degree that the Italians cannot and will not understand. They appreciate that he is a formidable force in the councils of his country, that he is scrupulous, incorruptible, and truthful to a degree unusual amongst diplomats, that he has remarkable knowledge of history, that he has unusual prophetic vision, and that he is a man of great determination. Their idea is, that if he had a tuneful voice and a capacity for rhetoric, and an incontrollable logorrhea, and particularly if he went easily and familiarly amongst people, he would be almost perfect. In other words, the very possessions which make Sonnino the man of the hour in Italy, namely, the versatility and intelligence of the Jew and the calmness, common sense, and tenacity of the Briton, are the very ones that would, if they possessed them, make the Italians an irresistible people.

I began this chapter by referring to the difficulties which the politics of Italy present to the newcomer who is not expert in governmental mechanics. I end it with a brief appreciation of the progress made by Liberalism in Italy during the past half-century, and of its potential capacity to-day in dominating Italy's political opinion and political action. It has had a steady, healthy growth, and considering the obstacles

that have been put in its way by the church and by other agencies of privilege, the progress it has made is marvelleous. It is becoming widely disseminated amongst the Italian people that Liberalism is but another name for the right of every individual to health, diversion, education, comfort, freedom to worship God as he pleases without laying himself open to threat or taunt; which succors the human race and encourages every individual to display the best characteristics of human nature; which puts a higher pragmatic value on mercy than on terror, which substitutes education for mandation.

Fortunate indeed will it be for Italy the day she learns the moral worth of labor; when she provides or facilitates healthy recreation for her people; when she concerns herself less with their morals and more with their leisure; and when she devotes herself wholeheartedly to their physical and mental development.

December 17, 1918.

CHAPTER VI

A CATHEDRAL AND A SHRINE

I AM writing from Orvieto, the most picturesque, dull city in the world. The view of it one gets from the top of the hill as it is approached from Monte Fiascone has thrilled countless thousands.

I left Rome at three o'clock to-day, in company with ——. My duty required that I go to the hydro-aviation camp at Bolsena, which is but a few miles from Orvieto, and as there was room in the automobile for a passenger I invited a companion. We had a new chauffeur—a fat man. I have never liked but one fat man in my life. He is dead. Never do I expect to like another. On starting, I told this particular fat man that it was my purpose to go to Orvieto, and I also indicated to him the route. Oh, yes, he knew the way *perfettamente*. That the idea should have occurred to any one that he didn't know it was so absurd that it was ridiculous. Nothing daunted, however, I put into his hands a memorandum of the towns through which we should pass were we to go right. He heaved into the little Fiat, and we were off as if we were going to extinguish a fire. After an hour or more of fast running, it occurred to me to look at the map, and I soon discovered that we were well on the way to Terni, Spoleto, and Perugia. I had not yet acquired such facility in the Italian tongue that I could wield it with covert cruelty and sarcasm. The porpoise who was driving the car profited by my deficiency. After

some thirty miles of cross country, we got on the high-road at Viterbo. In reality, I didn't mind the detour as it had taken us beside Mt. Soracte, from which Horace got ice to cool his wine in summer, which helped him to write the odes, a familiarity with which once constituted the password into the society of educated gentlemen in England. It would be interesting to digress at this point to make a prophetic utterance of what will constitute the password to the society of educated gentlemen in England in the near future, but I inhibit the impulse.

We reached the heights above Orvieto just as the wondrous town, set upon the top of a circular tufa rock, looking for all the world as if it had been modelled by a masterful artificer in wood, was reflecting the rays of the setting sun. They brought out the rich nut-brown colors of the rock and the superstructures, and lit up the deep grays, so that the whole place had a warmth that was almost a glow. The steep roadway up to the town, the two distinctive and striking mediæval towers that mount toward the heavens, the glorious façade of the cathedral which, with the light of the setting sun striking it aslant, made an iridescence perceptible even at this distance, the sheer precipitousness of the rock upon which the town is built, the fertile valley surrounding it at this time of year covered with flowers and vegetation—all went to make a picture which I fancy the visitor to Orvieto does not often see.

I got the same room in the hotel that I had when last here four years ago. Not a thing was changed, save that the furniture was perhaps somewhat more ornate and gave forth a louder echo of dreadful Rococco. The next morning I went early and alone to the cathe-

dral. It's a useless and not infrequently an exhausting and sterile experiment to visit a work of art with some one who has not yet revealed the discerning eye, the comprehensive mind, the sympathetic understanding. However, it is quite possible that my travelling companion may have had them, but I was unwilling to take the risk. I selfishly wanted to look upon the most gorgeous polychrome in the world, for such the guide-books state the façade of this cathedral to be, unattended, as fate or circumstance denied me the understanding companion. Aside from the fact that the façade merits the designation quoted above, there is something about the rich, lustrous, sensuous colors of the mosaic, about the delicate tracery of the outside gallery that runs across its upper part, about the gracefulness and charm of the ornaments of the portals, and particularly about the carvings or sculptures that is the index of Italy's awakening to the recognition of the beauty of plastic arts, which thrills one as few other churches or cathedrals in Italy or anywhere else do.

I had pleasure in meditating on the transition from this to the wondrous productions of Michelangelo in the Medici Chapel of San Lorenzo in Florence. That the Italians should have nearly equalled the masterpieces of ancient Greece in the brief centuries that elapsed between the erection of the Orvieto Cathedral and the full tide of the Renaissance, seems incredible. That these sarcophagi figures and those of the brothers Pisani in the Campo Santo at Pisa were the rude beginnings of this wondrous accomplishment, there can be no doubt. I was fortunate on entering the church to find that the only celebration was that of an un-

couth young priest, attended by two unshorn adults, over the mortal remains of some former Orvietian who was now reposing in the bosom of Abraham. It doesn't heighten my veneration for sacerdotal features or customs to think that the priest is doing it for a dollar and a half. But as his attentions were confined to the catafalque in the middle of the church, they didn't impede my progress to the part of the transept where the wonderful frescos of Fra Angelico and Signorelli are to be seen. The light of this early June morning revealed them in all their splendor. It is idle for me to attempt to describe them. One doesn't get the same pleasure from contemplating them as he does when face to face with Raphael's frescos or with those of Masaccio in the Santa Maria del Carmine at Florence, but there is something about the virility of the figures, the emotional expression of their faces, their groupings, the color, the harmoniousness of the entire composition, the seeming fitness of the place where they have been painted, the environment, as it were, that makes them most satisfying. It may be that one gets satisfaction from the Orvieto Cathedral, that he does not get from others more beautiful and more elaborate, because there are so few things to see. In other words, he isn't bewildered by a lot of things. As for myself, I never pay the smallest heed to anything of the church save the façade and the end of the transept that contains these frescos. I have no doubt that had I brought a guide-book it would have told me a lot about the carving of the stalls, of the holy-water fount, of the architectural beauties of the pillars, and all that sort of thing, but I had bathed in beauty of such perfection that the memory of it shall remain with me forever.

I was ready now to go to Bolsena where the miracle, which the cathedral of Orvieto commemorates, occurred. You will not think me pedantic or accuse me of trying to impress you with my erudition if I remind you that a Bohemian priest who doubted the transubstantiation was suddenly apprised of God's potentialities by seeing the blood of Christ exude from the Host as he elevated it in the little church of Bolsena, a few miles away from Orvieto, and that Urban IV (I am not very sure of the numerals that should be put after Urban's name, for although I specialize in popes I get a little mixed up at times, especially when I write without having books of reference at hand), when he heard this, not only enunciated the doctrines of Corpus Christi, but commanded that this cathedral should be built to commemorate the miraculous event.

We reached Bolsena, a village or small city, that has preserved its mediæval aspects and features as few other towns even in Italy have done, about ten o'clock, and after looking over the camp, which we found to be ideal, we went down to the beach to watch the flying. We have a fine set of young men at Bolsena, not more than fifty or sixty, but they are mostly college men and from the rural universities. They give you the feeling that they are alert, sincere, keen, earnest, and determined.

After an hour on the beach, I went to the church of Bolsena, an extraordinary structure, a mixture of Romanesque, Renaissance, and Rococco architecture, indicating the various periods when the different parts of the structure were built. So far as I know, the only artistic possession that it boasts of is a della Robbia, Luca della Robbia, I suppose, as the blue in it

predominates. I didn't get any thrill from it. As a matter of fact, I don't get thrills from della Robbias anywhere save in Florence and Pistoija, and those thrills are so gorgeous and so panoplied that an individual example such as this one at Bolsena has very little chance to revive the recollections of the pleasurable sensations aroused from looking at the marvellous specimens in the façade of the hospital at Pistoija. High mass was being celebrated when I entered the church, and the worshippers, who filled it to the doors, were practically all *contadini* and the humble people of the town. Most of the women were in peasant costume with their many-colored and picturesque kerchiefs on their heads, and the men were the large-boned, heavy-muscled, brawny, tanned specimens that you see depicted in the frescoes of Signorelli at Orvieto. The celebrant of the mass was an old, ascetic-looking priest who was attended by a deacon and two or three acolytes, while a few superannuated priests occupied stalls. There was no pomp, no ceremony, none of those features that make the mass repellant to me—a simple Christian—when I come upon it in my quest of sense-appeasement in Santa Maria Maggiore or St. John Lateran. Here it was celebrated with the simplicity, the modesty, the humility, the sincerity that St. Paul might have celebrated it in a cellar in the times when Nero and his agents were in pursuit of him, his disciples, and his adherents. The choir who chanted the responses looked as if they had come in from the fields, and they were participating in the worship with a spontaneity and simplicity that were really quite touching. At appropriate junctures the congregation joined in the responses. It was the only

mass at which I have been an observer that promoted in me the smallest religious feeling. I could easily have joined with them, and if fortune or design calls me to Bolsena again I shall repair to that church at the proper hour to help celebrate the ceremony which they have every Sunday at eleven. Meanwhile, the emotions that were engendered by the brief contact that I had with it, and the simplicity of the service, the humility and surpassing faith of the congregation, will remain with me a pleasant and beneficial memory.

What idea do these people have of God? What is their notion or conception of the way in which this world with all its complexities and occurrences of nature, and seemingly of men's activities as well, transcending understanding, is administered, and not only this world but all the other worlds of which this planet forms but a trifling part? Does any one of them ever really inquire the significance and meaning of the ceremony of which he is an observer and a participant? Does this foregathering to worship God and to praise Him ever really make the smallest appeal to any capacity for inquiry, for contemplation, or for thought which he may have? In reality, the simple-minded people of that community and of every other similar community repair to their churches at a certain hour on the Sabbath because it has become a habit with them, and because they experience a feeling of peace and of harmony with the Infinite as the result of such visitation that they get from no other indulgence. They never make the smallest inquiry as to its significance other than that it may save their souls. Theirs is the simple faith which the Saviour promised them would be rewarded by eternal salvation should they

possess it or acquire it. I hope that happiness and pleasure and contentment and everything that salvation signifies shall be vouchsafed them, for, aside from the happiness that comes from slumber, from satisfying the physical appetites, from labor, and from that conjugation with their fellow creatures which is sinful unless done according to law, they have little contact with happiness in this world.

My mind wandered away from pursuit of these thoughts as I viewed the audience with bowed heads and other evidences of humility and contrition as the Host was being elevated, to inquire whether, indeed, it would not seem more miraculous to the worshippers in this church at the end of the twelfth century, when the miracle of Corpus Christi was revealed, were they to look out over the beautiful sheet of water which the church surveys and to see a boat skimming along its surface suddenly rise, and with the velocity to which no bird ever aspired shoot across the heavens and disappear into the empyrean. Not only would such manifestation appear miraculous, but no observation or study that could be brought to its interpretation would assist them in taking it from the realm of the supernatural unless they were permitted to make an examination of the structure and the engine. Why should one doubt miraculous occurrences such as that of which the Orvieto Cathedral is a testimony? I mean to say, how can the genuine Christian, believing, subscribing, abiding Christian, doubt it? If God administers the world, He certainly permitted the development of the aeroplane. I have just said its sudden apparition upon many peoples and its accomplishments would be considered miraculous. And if one miracle

can be accomplished, why not another? Because it transcends understanding, because it doesn't conform in its display to the laws of physics or of chemistry or of any other science with whose operations we have become familiar, it doesn't at all follow that it couldn't have occurred. As a credulous person, I believe in the mystery of Bolsena and in any other mystery that the intellectual and scientific critic chooses to believe was the manifestation of a hallucination on the part of some individual whose credibility with the powers of religious hierarchies of the time was so great, and whose influence with the people with whom he lived was so considerable, that he was able to get his statements corroborated. There are so many other things more difficult to believe than miracles that I accept them and get pleasure and benefit from the acceptation. And when I say so many more things, I mean particularly acts of God. It is far easier for me to understand the miracle of Bolsena than it is to understand how a just God in His wisdom, in His kindliness, in His immeasurable love, permits a ruthless, conscienceless, feelingless monster to direct and wage the war which the German Emperor is now waging against the civilized world.

Going to church has a pernicious influence on me. I hadn't been in this simple, primitive, religious gathering more than a short time before the train of thoughts that possessed me was one that filled my soul with violent feelings of hatred and irreligiousness. How can one give tenancy to such feelings and at the same time be a Christian? How can one have hatred in his heart and at the same time worship in a Christian church? When one goes to church he should go with

a feeling in his heart that that which God is doing in the world is the best thing for the world. You can't doubt His wisdom, or His love, or His purpose, or His righteousness. You have got to go with the simple words on your lips which find a complete echo in your heart: "Thy will be done." Does any one go to church with that feeling now? If they do, they belie it in their speech and in their conduct without the church.

We lunched at the officers' mess, and aside from being made aware anew of the fact that the Italian has a digestive apparatus built on lines that are far different from those of the Anglo-Saxon, for else he would never be able to put within it the amount of carbohydrate that he does in the shape of pasta and potato, the meal was without event. We left for Rome about two o'clock, stopping at Viterbo. I could see but small indication of that for which this city was formerly famed—its beautiful women and its lovely fountains. If the former still exist, they were away for the day or had hidden in their palaces or in their hovels; and as for the latter, I don't believe that they stand comparison with those of Rome. However, the courtyard of the Municipio, with its fountains and its six remarkable sarcophagi, and especially the view over the Ciminian Forest toward the west, is very beautiful. I had thought to go to the Villa Lanti and have a look at its beautiful gardens, but I decided it might be as well not to attempt it without suitable letters of introduction.

We returned over Ronciglione and Monterosi, across the wonderful hills that are the remains of volcanic activity that one traverses before reaching the Campagna Romana. At this time of the year they are

covered with an enormous flowering shrub, the "odorata genestra contenta dei deserti," which Leopardi made the subject of one of his finest poems. It gives them the appearance as if some gigantic power had spread over them in the most lavish way a wonderful yellow brocade. We reached Rome after sundown, and I was able to convince myself without effort that I had had a successful, refreshing, beneficial outing.

I have always been interested to know how space writers, like editorial writers, for instance, make the products of their mental elaboration exactly fit the column so that they express themselves adequately without going beyond the space they should fill. I had made up my mind to make this garrulous narrative terminate at the bottom of the seventh page, and when my secretary brought it I found that it had run over six lines. It seems to me a great waste of space to send a blank page all the way to New York, so I propose to pad it out now to reach the bottom. It is like playing the game of my youth called "Duck on the rock." You are successful if by throwing one stone you succeed in dislodging another stone from a rock that stands off at considerable distance, the distance depending upon what you consider to be your skill and accuracy. If the last line doesn't touch the bottom of the page, you may be convinced that I have no skill at this game.

All conversationalists when in doubt as to a proper subject, introduce the weather with impunity, and it occurs to me to take the hint. The weather in Italy the past two months surpasses the understanding of the oldest weather-wise citizen. He never knew it to rain every day in May before. He never lived through such a wet spring. He wonders whether the atmos-

pheric disturbances caused by the explosion of such an immeasurable amount of powder in Italy hasn't something to do with the great rainfall in the past two months. He is much concerned that the grain crop, which promises to be one of the biggest of recent years, may be spoiled if the rain continues. It rains very frequently in Italy these days, but I can't see that it detracts from the beauty of Italy. In fact, I think it adds materially to it. We are so rarely satisfied with the way the world is run. I know a number of people, men and women, whose conduct is a loud acclaim that they could run it much better if they were allowed to do so. It is a great satisfaction to know that they shall not be.

June 6, 1918.

CHAPTER VII

SUMMER SUNDAYS IN ROME

SUMMER in Rome has been traduced, misrepresented, and maligned. It is often hot, indeed it is sometimes very hot. It is never so distressingly hot as to justify making it a matter of record or constructing a bugaboo from it. As a matter of fact, summer is a delightful season in Rome, and, indeed, more acceptable than winter. The atmosphere has a transparency that amounts to brilliancy and a softness that is more than a caress. I doubt if any one could live in Italy in the summer without becoming a sun-worshipper. Whatever measure of health the inhabitants of this glorious country have beyond those of other countries is due very largely to the sun, the great sterilizer of the offal of man. The Italians have a wholesome respect for the sun which often seems to the casual observer to amount to fear. They shut it out from their houses by every available contrivance when it is at its zenith, and they shun direct contact with it in the street as one is supposed to shun a leper. Indeed, they do nearly everything to avoid the disagreeable effects that may come from long and direct exposure to it, save conform to the two things that make it tolerable and even beneficial: bodily cleanliness and abstinence from alcohol. Alcohol-taking is universal in Italy. I am prepared at any time to defend the thesis that the *dolce far niente*, as well as the traditional Italian indolence is more directly traceable to their eat-

ing and drinking than it is to all other attributed factors. There are few surer ways of incurring a person's dislike or even enmity than to tell him that he eats too much, and if any one has ever admitted that he drinks too much it has been only under coercion. As I haven't any desire to offend the native of this wonderful land, nor to incur his ill-will, I will say nothing further about his partiality for food and drink. I merely wish to set down some desultory remarks about the attractiveness of summer in Rome.

Heretofore I have availed myself of the opportunity that freedom from work has given to go into the country on Sunday, but as it has latterly become apparent to me that every one in Rome who has the strength or the money to get out of the city on Sunday devotes his energies to accomplishing it, I decided yesterday to remain here, and I was delighted with the result. In the first place, I had in the morning that feeling of complete independence which the schoolboy has. My servant brought coffee about an hour later than he usually does, and when I expressed some astonishment, perhaps even a little resentment, that he kept me waiting so long, he replied that he thought I would want to repose myself on the Sabbath Day. I couldn't expect him to know that I have one of those paradoxical dispositions which, if I were supposed to repose myself, it would insist upon exciting me. However, I lounged about until nearly ten, and then sallied forth to find a place to worship which would suit my mood. The fifth church that I entered attracted me, not so much by its architectural beauty or its artistic possessions, but by the character of the service. By name San Lorenzo in Damaso, it forms a part of the massive,

palatial building *Il Cancelleria*, one of the many monuments to the extraordinary man who, becoming Pope when he was sixty years, transformed Rome to an imperial modern city.

When I entered, high mass was being celebrated, and the church seemed quite full compared with the others that I had visited. Moreover, the ceremony was not taking place in the open, as it were. When I gained a vantage point of observation, I saw that, in reality, the services were being celebrated behind the high altar, apparently for the benefit of prelates, cardinals, priests, monks, and novitiates, who were gathered about in highly ornamental stalls and for whom the elaborate ceremony was primarily intended. It dawned upon me very rapidly that the general public were allowed to come in the body of the church, like Lazarus to the feast of Dives, and get what crumbs of comfort, of consolation, of spirituality that they could gather. Truth compels me to say that after the deacon who assisted at the celebration had thoroughly saturated the professional pietists with smoke, he came toward the body of the church and waved the incensor rather indifferently two or three times in the air, but any radiation of sanctity that should have followed this effort on his part did not reach me. The mass was being celebrated by a cardinal and, as far as I could see, he had all the help he needed. He had a priest who waited on him and even anticipated his every want, and then there was a priest who waited on that priest, and deacons and acolytes who waited on them all. The celebrant had a pleasant, melifluous, tenor voice and chanted most seductively, but toward the end of any particularly

sustained passages it would falter and break. The responses were given with a gusto and a manly vigor that were quite telling. Every now and then some intrepid follower of Lazarus in the body of the church would chirp in an "e spirito tuo," or "Amen," and particularly an old peasant woman who sat next me. I tried to absorb some of her spiritual exaltation, but I was not successful. I think perhaps I should have been able had not the storehouses of my psychopathic knowledge been opened inadvertently by several occurrences, and particularly by the choir. The music was really heavenly, seraphic, but one of the men had a high soprano voice, and I was curious to see how he looked. When I discovered that he was about thirty and had many of the somatic signs of femininity, I lost interest in him. Moreover, there were goings and comings and passings and repassings of the youths who constituted the acolytes, and I was unwillingly engrossed in estimating their real and potential mentality judged from their appearance and conduct. No matter what effort I made, I couldn't help thinking that the church is not recruiting that quality of intellect which it did in the days of the Renaissance, or possibly even a few generations ago. When one has a thought like that, it leads into all sorts of avenues, such as the destiny of the church; its impotency at the present day to shape, or even influence, the course of the carnage that is now threatening to decimate the world; the fact that it has influenced man's activities and his conduct less and less in these later years; that its counsels and its mandates are neglected by the majority of mankind.

These are not the kind of thoughts that one should

have in a temple dedicated to God, and they are not contributory to that spiritual equanimity which you seek and strive for on the Sabbath Day. Every now and then the peal of the organ, the swelling waves of sound with their reverberation throughout the church, the lyric wailing note of the chant, the pomp and the elaborateness of the ceremony would engender an emotional state which submerged thought, or at least diverted it into less critical and less painful channels. However, these pleasanter sensations would not last long. A particularly strident note of the male soprano suddenly soaring above the others, like a bird who has been accompanying a flock in their rhythmic movements darting into the empyrean, tired of his fellows or deliberately determined to display individuality; or the representation of the "Kiss of Peace" given by the deacon to the priests who occupied the stalls, or some such similar occurrence which detracted from the general harmoniousness of that symbolism which constitutes the mass, would start me off again from the semidreamlike state of mental subjection which I like to have in church, and which, in reality, constitutes the embodiment of faith.

Thus I alternated between pleasure and pain until the *Ita messa est*, "Go, the mass is finished." I preferred to wait, however, until the procession passed into the sacristy. That is a favorite diversion, I find, of the Italians. Whenever I have been to high mass in St. Peter's or in Santa Maria Maggiore, where it is celebrated with much pomp, I notice a crowd standing round the portal from which the procession is expected to emerge, and whenever I can I make one of it. It gives such an excellent opportunity to keep my hand in

at that work to which I have devoted so much of my life; namely, an attempt at detection of the mental and emotional content concealed beneath the facial mask. The Italian has a deserved reputation for being able to conceal from the onlooker, or the astute physiognomist, that which is animating him, but I doubt that his reputation for this is as well founded as he would have us believe. Certain it is that the discerning, experienced onlooker is often convinced that he can read something of their sentient possession, and if opportunity is given him to lift layer by layer the veils constituting the facial masks, as it is often nowadays given to me, I appreciate that they betray their thought and mental states more completely than they think they do. I regretted that I waited for this procession to pass, because I received a jolt, not quite painful but really distressing. The celebrant came out, supported on either side by the deacon and subdeacon. He was short, stout, fat, pasty, sixty or thereabouts, and as he passed me with closed eyes, puffing and panting and perspiring, I gained the idea that he was pretending a state of emotional exaltation which he didn't really possess. Moreover, his entire appearance was that of one suffering from disorder of certain internal secretions. This led to a long series of reflections on the artificial sterility of those who work in the Lord's Vineyard in the domain of the Roman Church, and the thought that failure is bound to follow studied attempt to thwart the course of Nature, and that Nature is never so maliciously outraged as it is when its creative possessions are tampered with, etc., etc., which left me in a frame of mind antipathic to a state of piety or holiness. Not that it en-

gendered a rebellious feeling exactly. It was not so positive as that. Rather it was a feeling of sorrow or regret that man cannot live in conformity with Nature without giving offense to decency and convention.

The tarry in a Christian temple had brought out all the latent paganism in my soul. I debated whether I should climb the Janiculum and nurse that feeling by listening to the happy families or flocks of birds, who inhabit our garden, chant and chirp their pæan of thankfulness to their Maker for all the beauty of the world, for the wondrous happiness that they are allowed to have, and to feast my eyes upon the revelation of God's grandeur and majesty which spreads itself before me from a score of vantage points in that garden, or whether I would go to my rooms and commune with the greatest of all modern pagan poets, Walt Whitman. While engaged in this deliberation, subconsciously I found my feet taking me in an entirely different direction from the Janiculum, and before long I was in the remarkable church Santa Maria della Pace. The last mass had been celebrated, the pious pilgrims had wended their way to their homes or to the tram-cars that would take them to surrounding suburbs, where they would devote the rest of the day to eating uninviting food and drinking unappetizing wine; the sacristan was ambling about, busily engaged in closing the temple, and there was a general atmosphere of peace. I persuaded the old man, who was so anxious to get to his loaf of bread and carafe of wine, that a few minutes more would make them taste the better, a persuasion to which he readily lent himself when he found that it paid to wait. Five minutes in the presence of Raphael's Sibyls,

badly illuminated and most wretchedly and inadequately placed as they are, purged my blood of the morbid devil that was veiling the world with jaundice (if I may thus paraphrase Tennyson) and put me in a frame of mind, a state of emotional equanimity, that spells "All's well with the world" for me.

The longer I live in Rome, the more I appreciate that Raphael left a message for me which, when I shall have received it in its entirety, will be more productive of pleasure than that I get from any other superman of the Renaissance. To be sure, the Sibyls do not compare with the frescoes in the Farnesina, nor have they anything of the grandeur and comprehensiveness of the Stanze of the Vatican, but there is a beauty in them that surpasses all description, a lightness, a delicacy, a warmth, a charm that is beyond characterization. You get the sort of feeling from them that you receive from gazing at the most refined, the most delicate, the most elaborate display of Nature's charm as it reveals itself in a tulip or in a rose. Whatever spirit it was that directed me there, I shall continue to make obeisance to it until my obligation is appeased. In the security of restored serenity, I went home to lunch and met some of my countrymen and women whose names I promptly forgot. The only thing I recall about them is that they had all been in Onteora!

In the late afternoon I went to Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli. It was within easy distance, and for one reason or another, though I have been to Tivoli many times, I had never visited the place where Hadrian had constructed his wonderful country palace. I got as far as the gate once, but as the rain and my arrival were simultaneous, I decided to await more favorable

auspices. I am not going to write a description of the remains of what was once a marvellous house and pleasure ground. A description of the temple of the sun, of the library, the baths, the academy, the philosopher's walk, the theatre, the piscina, the slave quarters may be found in any guide-book, and should these inquiries be pushed to any considerable length, you will come upon the information that old Hadrian, though he seems to have got an enviable niche on the shelf where Roman emperors' reputations are preserved, was not all that he should have been in private life—at least, his conduct wouldn't pass muster to-day. But one cannot justifiably sit in judgment upon the customs and morals, the tastes and appetites, the conduct and indulgences of people who lived a thousand or two thousand years ago. You can wish that they had been different, you can marvel why they did the things that history records of them, but the adage, "To know all is to forgive," was as true then as it is now. I must admit that Hadrian's morals didn't bother me a bit Sunday afternoon. The chief thought that was in my mind was, how could any human being like an artificial thing such as a house or a garden so much as to have been willing to take the time, the trouble and the thousands of human lives that were necessary to construct this place. It is an extraordinary thing that I can't realize either the quality or quantity of pleasure that many get from material possessions. I get as much pleasure out of a tent as I do out of a palace, provided the former contains a bath-tub, an electric-bell and a cocktail-shaker and the other little ancillæ that contribute to overcome the *tedium vitæ*. I like to go and look at somebody's palace

the same as I like to go and look at a beautiful picture, but I don't get any added pleasure out of owning it. I should be very glad if the Barberini family would let me live in their palace in Rome, but I should like to take down all the disfiguring and mutilating buildings that have been stuck in the corners and along the sides of what was formerly the garden. If they insisted upon giving me the Barberini Palace, making me own it, I can't imagine being more miserable. Apparently, Hadrian was built along different lines. The things that attract me most about the place now are the marvellous cypresses, male and female, the former predominating unlike the genus homo in England, the wondrous pine-trees, and the lovely views of the Campagna and the Sabine Mountains.

A few Sundays ago I had to be in town so I thought to avail myself of the opportunity to hear some music. Every Sunday afternoon during the winter there is a concert, symphony, orchestral, vocal, in the Augusteo, and this was to be the last of them for the year. The Augusteo is a huge colossal rotunda erected by Augustus for his tomb and that of his family. Formerly it was open to the heavens, but the circular aperture has been filled in, unlike the Pantheon, which still remains open. Once it was surrounded by beautiful gardens extending down to the Tiber, but centuries ago the city thrust its palaces and its shops into them, and now the former mole is surrounded and constricted like an elephant who has been thrown to the ground, strapped, manacled, and rocks heaped upon him. You go into the rotunda from various streets through ordinary-looking buildings that give no indication that you are about to be conducted into such a remarkable

structure, and after wandering through winding passages and up narrow stairs, and then through further passages, you find yourself in a vast circular theatre which holds, I should think, five or six thousand persons.

I arrived just as the conductor, a certain Leopoldo Mugnone, who is apparently much beloved by the Romans, was in the act of lifting the magic wand from which seems to flow the wondrous symphony that results from the co-operation of a well-trained orchestra. There was not a vacant seat. High up in the galleries they were standing three and four deep. The boxes were full and I, coming at the eleventh hour, got one of the last orchestra seats. Were it not that there were many men in uniform, soldiers and officers, no one could have surmised that we were in the most critical hour of our existence. Here there was no echo of Lloyd George's statement, that it depends upon the next few weeks whether we shall be practically obliterated, no reverberation of Field-Marshal Haig, that we are standing with our backs to the wall. It was difficult to convince oneself that you had to go but a stone's throw from where you sat, to see long lines of women and children waiting to buy oil or bread or sugar by means of an official ticket, and that the best minds of the nation were concerning themselves with how they could apportion their declining stores of food to make them last until the seas were again safe to bring succor to the countries unable to provide for their population. There was an air of cheerfulness, of comfort, of sense-indulgence throughout the entire place.

The programme was wholly Italian—Bellini, Verdi, Mascagni, and Van Westerhout. Although the latter

seems to be a Dutch name, he was born in Bari, a city on the Adriatic, and died in Naples about twenty years ago. It was nothing less than extraordinary to watch the music-master conduct the orchestra as it poured forth this music, every bar of which was as familiar to the audience as the Lord's Prayer. He threw an enthusiasm, an energy, an intensity into the conduct of the intermezzo of the "Cavalleria Rusticana" that surpassed anything which I have ever seen. His face was expressive of each succeeding emotion; the position of his body, the movements of his shoulders and arms, the gestures and the attitudes revealed a participation in every act that the music signified; his face and form underwent a rapidity of transformation varying with the theme that reminded one of the aspect of the heavens during a violent thunder-storm. The orchestra responded to him with a devotion and a loyalty that surpassed that of the perfect lover. How could he do it in the conduct of a piece of music that has been ground out on every hand-organ in Italy for the past quarter of a century? It seemed incredible that he could throw himself into it with such energy and animation. The result was really remarkable, and his efforts were well repaid. Not only after this piece but after every one, the audience signalized its appreciation by rounds of applause and sonorous appeals for repetition, until you were convinced that their appetite for lyric music was insatiate. When the "Nabucco" of Verdi was rendered, they signalized their appreciation and approbation in such a way that Verdi could have readily believed, had he heard them, that he was entitled to drive Apollo's chariot or sit on Apollo's throne. No one can say that custom stales their music or that they are

abroad searching for new musical gods. When the banal productions of Mascagni and the meritorious productions of Van Westerhout, or even the superb productions of Verdi (who is not admitted by competent judges to be at the top of the composers of lyric music) can call forth such evidences of appreciation as was to be heard in the Augusteo that Sunday, the thoughtful onlooker is readily convinced it is the audience as well as the music that must be interpreted if he would have understanding of the spectacle.

The Italians are an emotional people. They are not introspective and analytic and cogitative. They want what they want when they want it, and that which they want is something that makes an appeal to their senses. I doubt very much whether they get any pleasure in contemplation. The peace of mind surpassing wealth, which the sage in contemplation found, is unknown to them. Feed them, clothe them, mate them, provide them with music and song, let them have beautiful or bizarre things to look at, and finally give them opportunity to externalize their emotions in speech, whether it be chatter, oratory, or ordinary discourse, and you make adequate provision for their happiness. Deprive them of any of these and they become apparently the most miserable wretches in existence. I doubt very much whether an Italian could continue to live if you didn't let him talk. More words can flow from his mouth minute by minute than from the mouth of any other man I have ever encountered. Direct statement, simple narrative of fact, plain characterization of things as they are, do not satisfy him. He wants to embellish, to ornament, to look at the jewel of his speech from every aspect, to contemplate

every facet of it. If I make a journey of two or three hours in an automobile with an intelligent Italian, he talks in the most vivacious and intense way from the time I get in the car until I get out, and all that he has said might be summarized succinctly, and stated convincingly, in five minutes. It may quite well be it is because they have spent so much time talking, and have such pleasure in it that they have not been able to accomplish in the economic world that which they should have accomplished for their country in the past half-century. You can scarcely pick up a paper without seeing an article in which is pointed out by some serious-minded person the fact that Italy to-day stands in danger of being treated as a pariah commercially, if she does not add to her economic stature by taking deliberate and carefully planned thought.

The emotionalism of the Italian and his desire for sense titillation may explain why during the past generation no one of the intellectual calibre of Cavour, or Mazzini, or Massimo d'Azeglio has come forth in these critical times when Italy never needed statesmen more. Unfortunately, also, she is lacking a Mameli who will sing the needs of the country so appealingly that his voice will reach the farthest confines of the country and fire the ardor of every one who hears it; but she has in D'Annunzio poet, prophet, and warrior, one who sets forth her demands in a most compelling way. No one can read the history of Italy for the past thirty years without realizing that her place at the round table where the welfare of nations is decided has not been filled by a man who is capable of convincing his colleagues there of the rights of this wonderful country. The one thing that makes me, a lover of Italy

and of her people, fear that she will not get her rights in the final deal of the cards that will be made when this terrible struggle shall at last be finished, is the fact that I cannot see a man in her councils now who has demonstrated that he can take the Ship of State successfully through the troubled waters she is bound to navigate before she can arrive at the port where the fruit of victory awaits her.

July 7, 1918.

CHAPTER VIII

PISGAH SIGHTS

THE sunset panorama that unfolds itself as I stand on the porch leading from my room is perhaps one of the most striking and most beautiful that the human eye has ever rested upon. I recall once standing on the summit of the Pitz Palu, looking down through an extraordinarily translucent atmosphere at the plains of Lombardy and thinking that it was some such sight that had been seen by prophetic eyes from the top of Mount Pisgah. The memory of that view had never been supplanted by a more alluring one until an evening of April, 1918, when, following a day of rain, the atmosphere about Rome became so clear that a myriad of new beauties crowded the horizon. Not only was all Rome, with its ruins and monuments of antiquity, its palaces and its churches, its fountains and the Tiber, spread out before me as if soliciting inspection, conscious that a glance or protracted examination would compel admiration and engender an intimacy that no future sight or experience would disrupt, but also the Campagna with its wondrous, constantly changing, indescribable beauty. The Campagna surrounds the city like a great sea, studded with giant emeralds, colossal sapphires, majestic opals, and countless smaller variegated jewel-isles ranging from yellow diamonds to blood-red rubies, from amber to lapis lazuli, all in a state of constant change like the slanting

sunbeams that are reflected, as the sun goes down, from the western windows of distant hilltop towns.

Viewed from the Villa Aurelia, one understands why the Campagna has incited the poet to pour out his emotional reaction in verse, and how it has proven an irresistible magnet for him who has an eye for the romantic and the picturesque, the impenetrable, and the symbolic. From where I stand I look, by aid of a glass, into the steep and tortuous streets of Palestrina, more than twenty miles away. When I lower the glass I can see, making their way slowly up these streets to reach a haven of coolness and an arena of sensuous indulgence, princes and cardinals, who with their attendants and servitors, have escaped from the heat and conventional hemmings of Rome, there to display their pampered imaginations, and to incite their jaded desires. I see the gardens of the Villa d'Este in Tivoli almost as distinctly as if I were walking in them; I see Fara Sabina so near at hand that it is difficult to convince myself that a few days ago it took nearly two hours to go there in an automobile; I see Arrizzia and Rocca di Papa and Colonna on the eastern horizon, looking as if they were beckoning to me, and Frascati has all the appearance of a jewelled crown which some beauty has taken off to rest upon her lap. I see the remains of the Appian Way, extending from beyond the side of Castel Gandolfo to the Tomb of Cecilia Matella, and when I close my eyes lightly I can discern in the distant obscurity a long, winding procession of man and ox, toiling laboriously beneath the precious loads that they are transporting to the Mistress of the World to beautify and to placate her. As the shades of evening draw more closely, I discern faintly this side

of the wondrous tomb to the girl of whom posterity has no earnest of her existence save this strange circular tower, an apparition of light suspended over the spot whereupon appeared the figure of Christ to block the way of St. Peter, who, fleeing from Rome, its infidelities, and persecutions, its barbaric splendors and lustful cruelties, found his escape barred at this spot by his Saviour, who inquired, "Quo vadis?"

As the apparition loses distinctiveness and form in the fading light of passing day, I see the fields that now cover the Catacombs yield up a semblance of the countless thousands who died that Christ might live forever and rule in a world which He was destined to save from eternal strife and dissension, and I hear a distant sound which is the chanting of their eternal contentment, the reward of their abiding faith, the earnest of their eternal salvation, the evidence of their life everlasting.

The Pyramid of Caius Cestius; the cedars that indicate that beneath them there are aligned in rows the remains of many of Albion's immortals; the artificial pile called Monte Testaccio, all join in the pæan of praise that the Campagna offers to him who looks at it affectionately from the Janiculum as the sun withdraws itself from the intoxicating beauty of Rome for a few hours to seek strength and refreshment that it may again attempt to resist the Imperial Beauty's temptation and charm.

Rome gets into the sap of your emotional organization. It becomes a part of your psychic make-up. It is like a priceless ring that you wear on your finger or keep in a safe. It presents the same smiling face of beauty to you, whether you wear it or whether you lock

it up. It doesn't resent neglect; it doesn't react to appreciation; its facets reflect eternal satisfaction, and as you turn it from side to side, or view it from different angles, you see reflected from it, in harmonious but yet in distinctly differentiated strata, the substance, the embodiment of all that has ever been done, of all that has ever been dreamed of in the world. Here are the ashes of empires; here are the stanchions that fixed our heads so that our eyes should look always toward the east; here are the discarded perambulators that guided the faltering steps of infancy to the indescribable achievements of a race of supermen, a race that was wiped out of existence that their sins and the sins of their fellows should be expiated. Here is the framework of a glorious dream whose substance can no longer be recalled, but which has left an afterglow of exaltation that makes one feel harmonious with the Infinite. The fading light grows dimmer; the features of the Campagna lose their distinctiveness; Rome takes on the appearance of a tired child whose head sinks upon its bosom for slumber; the miracle of night is accomplished, and the casual onlooker is left with his thought.

I like to sit upon my aerial balcony as the curtains of night are being drawn by God's servants and make myself believe I can see, gazing toward the north, two insignificant-looking men trudging along the Flammian Way, and as they approach the Porta del Popolo I am quite excited to recognize that the smaller of the two is Brunelleschi, and that Donatello, the spiritual father of Michelangelo, accompanies him. I like to think of them putting up at some humble *albergo* without the gates to await the morning when

they may see the architectural wonders of Rome gradually revealed, as the sun, increasing in power, drives before it the soft mist that has wiped from her face the smuts of the day before. They first go upon the Pincian Hill and view Rome from the place where now stands the Medici villa, the most commanding position to see the city and the Campagna from the east. They see Hadrian's tomb, the unfinished St. Peter's, the wondrous roof of the Pantheon, and as Brunelleschi's eyes rest upon it, the idea of his masterpiece, the dome of the cathedral at Florence, may have leaped into his mind. A thousand years had gone by since any one had vaulted a span comparable to the Pantheon, and he knew that Arnolfo di Cambio and others had left in Florence a gap at the intersection of the nave and transept of a diameter of one hundred and thirty-five feet, nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, which must be filled that the Virgin might be more gloriously crowned in his beloved country than anywhere else in the world. I like to think he compelled his more yielding and adoring companion to go at once across the Corso and over Montecitorio, that he might look up at the marvellous vault of the Pantheon from the inside. I follow them around as they examine all the classical remains of the city, and I see develop within them that puissant, indefinable, indescribable something which is called genius, and which in these two wanderers from Tuscany was the source from which flowed the purest, most powerful stream that carried Italy to its earliest supremacy in the artistic and intellectual awakement constituting the new birth that came with the beginning of the fifteenth century. I picture to myself what they said to their peers, Masac-

cio and della Robbia, and to their equals and their disciples, when they returned to Florence. Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo, the illustrious trinity of the later Renaissance, have told us in word and picture, in drawing and in design, in monument and tomb, in palace and in cathedral, what they said to them.

Some day I shall write a book and entitle it, "Recognition and Interpretation of Personal Limitations." So many books have been written on personal possessions, both by those who have them and by those who see them in others, that the subject may attract because of its novelty, if not because of its content. All our lives we are told to disregard our limitations, to proceed in our conquest of the world as if they did not exist; to ape a virtue that you do not possess; to go on inflicting oratory upon your friends and an unprotected public even though you stammer; to make the kindly disposed and gentle pay the price in pain and foot anguish for your third-rate Terpsichorean accomplishments; to pound a keyboard laboriously hour after hour though there is no more music in your soul than there is in that of your dog who howls piteously when Chopin is being interpreted by a master; and so on through a depressing list of possessions which, if we were taught to believe we should be ashamed of them, and that we should strive to overcome them, might be made pleasant, companionable assets, nay, even useful and admirable. For instance, I know a man whose limitations are numerous, but the most distinctive one is that he dislikes to have many people like him. He has told me often that this statement doesn't at all convey the truth. The truth, he says, is that he gets satisfaction in inciting the hatred of those whom he

dislikes, and as he has an acute sensitiveness, plus keen intuition and a particular nose for human skunks, the temptation has always been to hit them quickly rather than hold his nose and smile until they get away. All his life he has struggled volitionally and at the solicitation of his friends and admirers to eradicate this limitation, and with some degree of success, but he feels that if he had put the same effort into developing it, he would have had a better time than Whistler or Carlyle, and he would have had opportunity to develop other more graceful, perhaps, indeed, one might say meritorious, possessions.

One of my own limitations that forces itself to the fore in Rome is an inability to pump up much enthusiasm for Italy or its people previous to the thirteenth century. Cæsar, Nero, Augustus, Trajan, Romulus, and all the others that preceded even the Roman Empire, have no alluring message for me. Even their material possessions in the shape of art which they bequeathed us, or which the earth has yielded after centuries of possession, do not excite an interest in me to know about the doings and deeds of their possessors. And when I begin the exhausting toil of following Goth and Ostrogoth, Lombard and Frank, Pippin and Pope, through the first few centuries of A. D., I get so quickly fed up that I fly to the fourteenth century without apology to shades of Odoacer, Theodoric or Charlemagne, or without making the smallest mental obeisance to the remains of the papal monarchy.

My interest in Italy focusses itself in that period beginning with the waning of the twelfth century when the people began to liberate themselves from the shackles

of the dissolute, insatiate monster, the mediæval church. It doesn't interest me, save as a psychologist, how they did it, nor am I interested to know that the most successful efforts at purification by purgation came from Guelf or Ghibelline, monk or nun. My interest begins with the advent of the Universities at Bologna and Padua, of the metaphysical theologians such as Thomas Aquinas, of the philosophical poet Dante whose existence and activities bridge for me the chasm between emotionalism and intellectualism, darkness and light, hell and heaven. Hence I go unmoved to San Gimiagno, with its lordly towers which bespeak the satisfactions and struggles of its sensuous nobles, until I come to the great hall where Dante sat and spoke, then my keenness is developed. I don't have to read the story of Santa Fina to get deeper knowledge of dementia præcox. I do that for a livelihood, and for my sins. With Dante began individualism, liberty, loyalty in Italy. He is the parent of the Italian language; he is the fountainhead of its indescribable charm; he is the well from which emanated a stream of spiritual energy that purified priest and politician. He heralded the arrival of new-born Italy, and the puny infant was nurtured to vigorous childhood by Petrarch and Boccaccio, Pisano and di Cambio, Cimabue and Giotto. I find my greatest pleasure in looking back over the records which show how the church and the state tried to strangle this infant at different states of its transition to virility and productiveness and in seeing how nearly they succeeded. It need scarcely be said that it is in Rome more than anywhere else that these records are spread before every pedestrian. Here is to be seen in palace and villa, church and piazza,

temple and thermæ, the signs of man's vanity and selfishness, of his cruelty and his lust, of his unscrupulousness and his predatoriness. of his arrogance and his vaingloriousness.

Why should Pope Sixtus have taken the statue of Trajan, which crowned the column that the Senate and People of Rome raised to commemorate the virtues and to perpetuate the memory of that just man, and put one of St. Peter in its place? For no reason whatsoever save one: He thought Peter, happy in heaven, would be pleased. I have my reason for thinking that Peter was pained, and that Trajan was content with his record, satisfied with his own place in the heavenly hierarchy, and that no one has ever been willing since then to put Trajan's effigy back in its place. In fact, it is much more accessible and comfortable in the adjacent Capitoline Museum. Now, I have a great admiration for the man Constantine who turned the River Nile from its course that he might get the obelisk that stands in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella, and for his son who brought it to Rome, but I think that the man who took it from the Great Circus where it had stood for more than a thousand years and set it up as an adornment to a Christian Temple was arrogating to himself a knowledge of what is pleasing to God that he couldn't possibly have had. I am not trying to make out that Felice Peretti was not a good Pope, as Popes went in the sixteenth century, for, indeed, I am deeply grateful to him for having brought the water named after him (Acqua Felice) into Rome, and he completed the dome of St. Peter's, and beautified Rome in many ways, physically and morally. Moreover, we cannot be too thankful to him for having

fixed the number of cardinals at seventy. I admit that they are picturesque, and when docile also useful, but since 1870, when the Pope was made to stand for infallibility in matters of faith and morals instead of Ecumenical Council, I see their usefulness seriously curtailed.

April 24, 1918.

CHAPTER IX

WALKS IN ROME

I FANCY that Augustus J. C. Hare has been so long beyond the realm of envy that he is not disturbed by my pilfer of the title which his labor made so popular. Should he be, however, I stand ready not only to make amends, if he will but intimate to me that I am an unacceptable borrower, but to withdraw the title and call it "Roman Runs," or to adopt other designation which will leave his soul in peace, and at the same time indicate that it is some such designation that I find most propitious around which to write some lame statements concerning the attractions that I encounter every morning in my walk from the Janiculum to the Pincio. As the crow flies, the distance is about two and a half miles. Strangely enough in a city like Rome where the streets are mostly winding and discontinuous, the route I take when I go the shortest way is, I fancy, not more than a mile longer than that which the wise crow would adopt were he making the trip.

As I step from the doorway of my aerial lodging, I can make out in the southeastern horizon the roofline of the building in which I work. It appears as if the Via Garibaldi leading from the Porta S. Pancrazio at our gate leads directly to it. Frequently, after having walked it many times, I find myself absorbed in contemplation of event or occurrence associated with one or other of the historic places that I

pass. I doubt if there is any three-mile walk in Rome which takes you past so many places of beauty or so many places around which romance has entwined itself. As soon as I have left the corner of our garden, I hear the roar and see the plunge of the great volume of water of the Fontana Paulina, brought from Lake Bracciano by Pope Paul V. Perhaps it is not as loud as the roar of Niagara, but in the early hours of these quiet mornings there is a music in its fall which hails me like a free, joyous greeting. At this time of the year the birds have the habit of coming there for their morning bath, and the workers who toil up the hill on their way beyond the gates to labor in the fields or in the gardens often tarry for a few minutes to drink. A few minutes later I encounter it again at the bottom of the hill after it has taken its first great Roman leap, and it seems as tranquil and tireless as ever. A few paces beyond the fountain is S. Pietro in Montorio, a church by no means remarkable for its architecture or for its artistic possessions, but which at the same time has a greater pleasure-giving capacity for me than some of the grand basilicas. There is a symmetry, an elegance, and a subdued richness in its interior, always flooded with light in the morning, that promotes the religious feeling, while the mural decorations of del Piombo, particularly in the first chapel on the right, are both in drawing and in texture most pleasing to my eye. It is said that the paintings in the opposite chapel were done by a barber who didn't find adequate appeasement for his talent in shaving and clipping his fellows, but perhaps barbering was not so popular in those days as now when, so far as I can learn, the Italian gets greater satisfaction in being shaved than

in anything else save eating. Moreover, the tomb in the fourth chapel and one of a sleeping figure near the door which commemorates the alleged virtues and extolable qualities of a certain archbishop, are most graceful and charming. In the courtyard adjacent, that is, between the church and the building now used as the Spanish Academy which was formerly the convent of the church, there stands the perfect jewel of Bramante's art, a little temple whose first glance reminds you of the rotunda of St. Peter's. It was put there to mark the spot where the first human founder of the Christian religion, Peter, the greatest of all Christ's apostles, suffered martyrdom. Historians and the inquiring learned maintain that it is not a fact that this spot was rendered sacred by that event, but despite their contentions you may still get a few grains of the sacred sand in which the cross upon which he was crucified stood if you are even moderately generous.

The steps that lead precipitously toward the Tiber from the church are flanked on either side by ugly and repulsive figures of the stations of the cross, and were it not that they terminate in front of a gate that permits a glimpse of the Bosco Parrasio, the woods in which, in the late eighteenth century, a studied effort was made to revive a quality of that intellectual supremacy which characterized the Renaissance by maintaining here an academy of philosophy, where in the open air, queen and philosopher, prince and poet endeavored to give quality, by their presence and by their contributions, to meetings which dowered posterity not the least, I should avoid these steps as they engender a feeling antipathic to that developed by

the brief tarry which I frequently make on this consecrated ground.

My way takes me across the Tiber by the Ponte Sisto, from the middle of which one gets as seductive a view of the Vatican Hill and of the display of man's handiwork there that goes to make it a finished picture, a jewel of lovely facets in unique setting, as is to be had anywhere in Rome. I have looked at it in the morning light, in the late afternoon, and under the illumination of the full moon, and tried to decide which of the pictures is most beautiful. There is a brilliancy of reflection, a harmony of colors, a wealth and depth of perspective, a blending of nature and art under the morning light that can scarcely be surpassed. It is nothing less than marvellous, the different aspects that the dome of St. Peter's presents under different illumination. Some mornings it is a brilliant, dazzling white; other mornings it is a soft, sensuous, creamy color, with the tiniest dash of pink; and when the skies are heavily laden with clouds that hang low upon the surrounding hills, there is an expression of austerity in its appearance, a coldness, a reserve, a dignity which one gets from high mountains.

After crossing the bridge, I may choose one of two routes which, after a short distance, will bring me to the same place. As a rule, I bear to the left past the Farnese Palace which Paul III had built while he was still gay, that is, openly gay, and which is not the least of Michelangelo's best foundations and pillars of fame. It stands majestically over the bend of the river, looking out frankly and admiringly at the Janiculum, unabashed that it is one of the greatest thieves in all this eternal city, for it stole from the Colosseum,

from the Theatre of Marcellus, from the Tomb of Cecilia Matella, and from various other treasure-houses of pagan grandeur. Just before reaching it I take a little street to the right so I do not always have the opportunity to see the other façade of the palace, its courtyard and its cornices which are of its choicest possessions. This little street leads me to the Piazza di Capo di Ferro in which stands the palace of the Spada family which, with its ornate façade and its statues of Roman emperors, its marvellously wrought iron gratings, and its every evidence of nobility, gives me a sensation of warm admiration. I am told there is still a fine library there, and some day when my mind is calm and prehensile, so that the message of old books can be sympathetically received, I shall go there.

A narrow street, flanked on either side by open-air workshops and filled at this hour with lusty, lovely, though dirty children, leads to the Campo dei Fiori in the centre of which stands the monument to Bruno, the apostate Dominican who, after having found an asylum for many years in foreign countries, returned to Italy and was thrown into the dungeons of Venice and subjected to the tortures of the Inquisition that he might be made to recant his damnable teaching of truth. His was the uncompromising attitude, however, toward truth and reason as it was revealed to him by his Maker. He was the despotic missionary of the Copernican doctrine which, if accepted, seemed to take the very props from beneath the dogma of the church, and though we would wish that he had been more suave, more tactful, more diplomatic, more conciliatory, as was Galileo, for it is unquestionable that the truth for which he stood would have prevailed as well had

he displayed these qualities, we cannot but have the kind of admiration for him that we have for Garibaldi and for Mazzini, whose dominant note was courage and no compromise. I not infrequently stand in a corner of this square, crowded by vendors of fish in every state and condition—dried, pickled, raw, cooked, fresh, stale—and of vegetables of every possible shape, size, and description, and watch the frugal housewife barter with the wily peasant vendor, and listen to the shriek of the modern billingsgate as she extols the virtues of her piscatorial wares or of her *piselli* and *fragioli*, and wonder if any one of this motley crowd has the meagrest idea of who Bruno was or what he accomplished for Italy and for the world in the shape of freedom of speech and of thought. The people that foregather in this market-place every morning accept the teaching of their church as uncritically, unquestioningly, and unhesitatingly as they did three hundred years ago when Bruno forfeited his life for maintaining that which every Pope and cardinal now believes and maintains. They give as little thought to the Dominican brother from Nola who was burned at the stake here as he did to the conduct of his own life. Original thinker, penetrative seer, intrepid prophet that he was, he surely lacked the sense that handles daily life, that keeps us all in order more or less, as Tennyson puts it.

But when I dwell too long upon these contemplations, rooted to this spot which presents such an animated and typical picture, I feel pricks of conscience that I am not plodding on toward the place where I give an earnest of my activities to the countless thousands across the water who have given their dimes and their dollars for the work of mercy of the organization that I

am committed to help administer, so I give over the thought and turn my steps past an interesting church, S. Andrea della Valle, which fronts the Corso Vittorio Emanuele where I cross it in the pursuit of my destination. As I look up at it I say to myself that I dislike the baroque in any form of display. I dislike it most of all in jewelry and in furniture, least of all in architecture. But I always admire the splendid, massive façade of this church. I like to go inside to look at Michelangelo's conception of Rachel and Leah. "Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful and well-favored." I have always had a tenderness for Rachel, and how often have my eyes filled with tears when I thought how much she must have suffered and how desolate she was contemplating her barrenness. My feeling of pity for her is always tempered, however, by the realization that she was rewarded finally, that God "hearkened to her and opened her womb," and particularly am I filled with a feeling of gratitude when I realize that she called the fruit of her womb Joseph. Despite her great love, I could wish that she didn't hate her elder sister quite so much, especially as Leah with her tender eyes didn't catch Jacob, even though Laban outwitted Jacob when he surreptitiously substituted the tender-eyed for the beautiful and well-favored in the first post-nuptial night. So many of these biblical bridegrooms seemed to have been blind, especially during their matrimonial intoxication. Of course, it is quite natural that she should have been envious of Leah as she saw the latter bring forth in rapid succession Rube and Sim and Jude and Jacob and all the other lusty young Hebrews. But to know all is to forgive, and Rachel's great love and constancy

for Jacob enshrine her memory in a little niche in my heart which I keep only for her.

There are some beautiful frescos of Domenichino in this church, and a few minutes' observation of them every now and then refreshes me immensely. Nearly opposite the church is a wonderful fifteenth-century *palazzo*, the Massimi Palace it is called, perhaps the finest product of the mind of Baldassaroni Peruzzi. The façade is built on a curve and in olden days before the Corso Vittorio Emanuele was constructed it must have been wonderfully effective. Now it has fallen into great decay, but the double court is as beautiful as ever and as you stand within it is difficult to realize that you are in a modern city.

My way now is through the heart of the older part of the city, the part that is thronged with elaborate palaces, most of them in a state of commendable preservation and repair, and many of them still inhabited by the descendants of the families after which they were named. Five minutes' walk brings me to the Pantheon, that "great dome of Agrippa, thou art not Christian, strip and replaster and daub and do what they will with thee," and though I haven't yet reached that stage of satiety which one gets from seeing frequently objects of beauty and interest, I can well understand that should one pass the Pantheon every day for a year it might never occur to him to look at it or to inquire when it was built or for what purpose. Indeed, he might not marvel that a pagan temple was standing majestically in the immortal city of the world in which Christianity got its first foothold, and has been for upward of fifteen hundred years used as a Christian church. He might not find himself harking back to

the time when it was constructed, nor to the significance of its origin; he would not make unconscious inquiry of its surroundings or its environment; he would not even give passing thought to the fact that romance and religion have been linked with it for countless generations. But I haven't yet reached the stage when a structure like the Pantheon does not get my eye and start a train of thought every time I pass it.

The early morning walker in Rome is fortunate in many respects, not the least of which is that the churches are all open and that morning light is most favorable in which to view their priceless possessions. Light, however, is never lacking in the Pantheon as it is in a church adjacent, which is a favorite tarry of mine, Santa Maria sopra Minerva. I stop in the latter or in the Pantheon in keeping with my mood. If it is gay, expansive and cheerful, I enter the Pantheon. The tremendous sweep of the interior, the glorious expanse of the rotunda with the opening to the heavens, the spirit of Raphael, that youth endowed with more god-like qualities than perhaps any man that ever lived, namely the qualities to create the beautiful, and of his faithful Fornarina maid, the aroma of the splendors of paganism all radiate through the place and blend with a feeling of liberation from responsibility to give one a spiritual uplift and feeling of satisfaction. I like to think of Hilda's conversation with Kenyon and of the sentiments that were excited by their visit to the Pantheon when they were in the first stages of their friendship and when they were taking their trial steps on their amatory excursion.

When I feel critical or religious or in need of artistic

instruction, I stop at Santa Maria sopra Minerva to get a greater familiarity with its frescos and its statues, its monuments and its pillars, its architectural beauties, and its sacerdotal treasures, but I strive for the feeling-tone that leads me to the Pantheon. Not infrequently I do not stop at either, but I pursue my way which now takes me across Montecitorio, a small elevation which was once sufficiently great to merit the designation mountain when the level of Rome was far below what it is to-day, and upon which now stands the House of Parliament.

I have fewer trains of thought than the one whose burden is, how pleasant it would be to be young and strong and imaginative, fired with the spirit of reform, the love of liberty, and affection for this country, and to live here. What a wondrous opportunity there is for a Mazzini at the present time. How often we hear it said that it is extraordinary that there is no one now in Italy who measures up to Cavour or who has the conception or the driving force, the executive capacity, the understanding of men and their motives of that great statesman. I hear, but I don't believe it. What I really believe is that Italy needs a prophet, an artificer of its potentialities, a visionary who can see its future mantled in the glory to which it is entitled by its traditions and its possessions. Had it not been for Mazzini, United Italy might still be a dream and this beautiful country might still be torn asunder by the dissensions, the squabbles, the jealousies of petty tyrants and predatory rulers. It is to Mazzini, more than to any other man, that Italy owes its union. One of his friends, well-wishers, and admirers said: "Experience is wasted on him. He is still a child and

he will die a child," and others charged him with visionariness and impracticableness, and Heaven knows the record of his life contains many things that justify these allegations and accusations, but it was his dream that came true. Perhaps Italy would fare better if those who were to guide her to her great destiny should combine within themselves the conjoint qualities of prophet, agitator, and politician, but if this cannot be, it is the prophet and the seer who can most convincingly describe her as she shall be when she shall take her place amongst the most favored nations.

I recall that once the Piazza Colonna, which I now cross, and the Column of Marcus Aurelius standing in its centre seemed to me a place most worthy of pilgrimage; I should like to undo the work of Sixtus V who capped that wonderful column with a statue of St. Paul, and replace the effigy of him which it was erected to support. The life of Marcus Aurelius, his meditations and his reflections have solaced me through many a weary hour, and I cannot feel that St. Paul is particularly pleased or comfortable to think he is substituted for the most beloved pagan that Italy produced. Nowadays, however, I do not seem to get any particular sensation from the piazza. When I happen to cross it with some antiquarian and he tells me that the Ionic columns supporting the portico of the palace on the western side are the oldest in Rome and that they have a history that is very interesting, I take his word for it and give them a glance, but so far I haven't been moved to investigate their career.

The remainder of my journey is not very interesting. It may be made so by deviating a little to the left or to the right of the Via Tritone, but if I have tarried

at all on the way the clocks begin to indicate that it is pressing on toward nine and I should be at my destination. Moreover, the rest of the way is more or less of a climb. Were one new to the surroundings, the Barberini Palace, which stands majestically over the piazza of the same name and which is, I suppose, the largest palace in the world and perhaps the best example of Bernini's work, might engage his attention. However, it is not to be taken in at a glance, other than to get an idea of the best baroque in architecture. I do not know whether the picture-gallery is still accessible, and during this stay in Rome I shall make no endeavor to know because even though it were one can't look at pictures now, save a glance to renew familiarity, or to remind of the setting of the masterpiece. Sometimes I tarry for a moment just beyond the Piazza Barberini to push my nose through the door of the Cappuccini Church in which is Guido Reni's famous picture of Michael slaying the dragon. There is an airiness, a lightness, a ballet-dancer sort of effect about Michael that pleases me immensely. Of course, when one recalls that the demon upon whose neck his foot rests has the face of one of the Popes, he can understand his joy and his general expression of "I have swallowed the canary." It is a lovely picture, lovely in texture, color and execution, and I fancy that after another two hundred years have gone by Guido Reni will have a far greater reputation than he has to-day. The last half mile of my journey for health and edification is uninteresting. New Rome is not perhaps ugly, except in spots, but it is not by any means beautiful. One may recall that the gardens of Lucullus and the estates of the Ludovici no longer

exist, but he can't be glad that they are covered with the sort of buildings with which they are now covered.

There are drawbacks to walking in Rome in the summer, but the compensations outweigh them. The people that you encounter in the streets in the early hours of the morning are more interesting than those you meet in the latter part of the afternoon, though the latter make up what are popularly called nice people. In the morning I meet healthy, clean, intelligent, animated children and young people on their way to school; wage-earners on their way to office and shop; minor officials of the government going to their duties; and from them all I get the impression that the Italians are a fine people, a self-respecting people, a respectable people, individually and *en masse* a fine-appearing people.

Italian children make an appeal to me that is irresistible—even their name, *bambini*, is a caress. They are so natural, unaffected, artless, simple, without trace of being spoiled or indulged. Now during the school holidays I encounter so many of them making their way in the early morning to the Janiculum and the hills beyond for a *villeggiatura*, and the more I meet the more I love them. They are what the Italians call *carini*, which is the equivalent of the English expression: "You *are* a dear." I am tempted here to stop and make some reflections on the impotency of the English language in the mouth of an Anglican to express the sentiments that even an unemotional Celt would like to express, but I refrain. This morning I had a very touching experience, touching in the sense that it was thrill-producing. As I came down the long flight of steps that leads from the top of the steep-

est part of the Janiculum to near the Tiber bank, I encountered a little party consisting of a stout, florid, panting, perspiring, smiling mother with her brood, which consisted of two boys, one about twelve and the other ten or thereabouts, and a little girl of seven, with broad-brimmed straw hat and little white frock and a general air of "dressed up in best Sunday clothes." In addition to this, there were two nondescript boys. That is, they had the appearance as if they had been tacked on to this family party, though they may well have been real members of the family for whom there was not appropriate holiday clothing and they were determined to insist upon their family rights anyway. As I approached them they began to display signs of the keenest interest. The eldest boy, forward and self-possessed, drew right about face, saluted in the most finished and military fashion, followed by the younger boy. Then the little girl clicked her heels together, threw her chest out like a pouter pigeon, elevated her right upper extremity to the appropriate angle, the fingers of the extended hand approximating the broad straw hat brim, and with a look of childish delight she gave me the finished signal. I could do nothing less than grab her and kiss her, much to the delight of the nice old brood hen who accompanied them and to the manifest hilarity of all the accompanying *regazzi*.

Nothing ever transpires in any part of Italy, whether it be so trifling as the fall of a handkerchief from your hand to the street or the breaking-down of an automobile that is transporting you, but that there is immediately a crowd of the most keenly interested and profoundly observant spectators that you have ever

seen. One would think that the vision of creation was being unfolded before their eyes. They talk, chatter, suggest, advise, plan, analyze, and in other ways manifest their intention of standing by until the handkerchief has been lifted or the automobile has been repaired. When it has been accomplished, they vanish, animated, I suppose, by the hope that before long something else of an equally absorbing nature will be vouchsafed them. The result of my interview with this little brood this morning was that, from the point where I met them until I had crossed the Ponte Sisto, I was given the military salute, and to the great satisfaction of those who offered it, by all the children in that street.

The Italians are, in reality, a kindly, courteous people. Courtesy seems to be a native possession. The only passport to their favor with which I am familiar is gentleness and consideration. You very rarely hear such exchanges of profane and vulgar sentiment between people in the street as you commonly hear in America. Of course, the cab drivers are not entirely beyond reproach, but I am told that the majority of them are jailbirds. As a rule, however, there is a very commendable civility of persons of the lower class toward their fellows. The thing that I do not forgive them is their curiosity, particularly about me, or possibly it is about my clothes. They look at me with the intentness of a child gazing at a freak in a museum. The children are not the worst offenders in this respect; it is their elders that I often feel like slaying. They will never know what they have been spared by my lack of facility in the use of Italian idioms. It would be quite impossible for me to convey my feelings and

sentiment by means of the Italian that I now command. I suppose it is this civility and kindliness and urbanity of the Italian people that helps to give one a feeling of being more at peace with his fellow men here than anywhere else.

July 10, 1918.

CHAPTER X

MUSINGS ON MANSIONS AND MATRIMONY

I HAVE just returned from a brief visit to Florence, whither I had gone to straighten out some tangles connected with my work and to attend the wedding of a young secretary at the embassy and the foolish virgin whom he had persuaded to renounce her freedom and promise to obey him all the rest of her life. I availed myself of the opportunity to go to the Villa Palmieri, which has been put at our disposal. I had intended to spend two or three days there, particularly as our ambassador and his lady were housed there for the wedding, and as Florence at this time of the year is nearly at its best; but man still proposes and God disposes. However, I saw enough of the Villa Palmieri and of its successful restoration to convince me that everything said of it by Boccaccio when he, and seven lovely ladies and three young men encamped there during the plague of 1348, was true of it to-day. He and his delectable fellow guests told one tale a day and these stories make up the "Decameron" from which a limpid stream of Italian prose flowed through Italy to fertilize the soil in which was being developed the most beautiful of all tongues. So potent was the merit of the "Decameron," and so profound its effect, that it influenced the whole world of letters.

The venerable mansion stands majestically and commandingly on the slope of the hill leading up to Fiesole, the Mother of Florence. In the "Decameron" it is

characterized as "a most beautiful and sumptuous palace. Its beautiful order, its flowers, and its sparkling fountains gave so much pleasure that we began to affirm that if Paradise were on this earth we couldn't imagine what form it could have, but that of this garden; nor could we conjecture what other beauty might be added to it."

The view from the terrace has a charm constituted, in part, by the immediate surroundings: the gardens with their wonderful ilexes, cypresses, limes, magnolias, and palms, the flowers and the fountains, the walks and the walls, which suffuse you with a glow the like of which Wordsworth probably had when he first saw Mary Hutchinson—a phantom of delight, a lovely apparition. Perhaps the view doesn't give the uplift that one gets looking toward Fiesole, from the various vantage places around the Tower of Galileo, or from the spot where stands the copy of Michelangelo's David. Nevertheless, there is a quality in the view obtained from the terrace of the Villa Palmieri, with its perspective of Giotto's Campanile and Brunelleschi's Dome, of the Towers of Signoria, of the massive villas on the slopes of San Miniato, and of the Arno winding toward the sea in a countless array of intermingled hues, that is most alluring. It makes you feel that you could wander hereabouts with an easy mind for many moons without tiring of it.

There are many features about the house, such as the thirteenth-century stairway, the arrangement of the large dining-room, its panelling, wainscoting, furnishing, and decorations, that are as nearly perfect as anything can be imagined. The rooms give you the feeling that you could "build in them a household-fire

and find a home therein." This isn't always the case with Italian villas or palaces.

The only disappointment is the chapel. It was there that Botticelli's great picture, the "Assumption of the Virgin," now one of the treasures of the National Gallery of London, had its setting for nearly two hundred years. All biographers of Botticelli say that he was a frequent visitor at the Villa during the lifetime of its great owner, Matteo Pâlmieri, and that he painted The Assumption *con amore*. I should like to have seen in its natural setting the picture which was accused of heresy and condemned to be destroyed by the Inquisition because the virgin was depicted as being received into the glory of heaven surrounded by a vision of female angels. The rights of women weren't recognized in those days!

The treasures of the villa, a wrought-iron collection, and other objects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are in a detached, adjacent villa, probably the very one occupied by Boccaccio and his friends. Without particular confidence in my eye or in my judgment, I am of the opinion that many of the things in this museum rival in beauty and rarity, and perhaps even exceed, some of those in the Bargello. It would be idle for me to attempt to enumerate or describe any one feature of the collection. The owner has shown great discernment in his purchases, or he has known how to intrust them to discerning agents.

The glory of the place for the casual visitor is unquestionably the garden. It is, I fancy, as charming to-day as it was when its beauties were first extolled in literature, and when kings and princesses, whose visits are now indicated by inscriptions on stone let

into the walls of the house, found surcease from trouble or new pleasures there. None of the things that the present owner has done to adapt it to modern usage seems to have detracted from its every evidence of mediævalism. It is a splendid combination of fifteenth-century architecture and modern comforts.

We dined in the great banquet-room, and after dinner the ambassador told "nigger stories," which were much enjoyed by the guests, made up of the family party in Florence to attend the wedding. But my own mind was cobwebbed with the thought of what had once taken place in this hall, and nigger stories, no matter how well told, are but poor substitutes for those illuminating narratives of the human heart swayed by passion, greed, avarice, cupidity depicted in the "Decameron."

I rarely expose myself to such exquisite depression as I do in going to a marriage ceremony. The more formality and pomp there is about it, the more humiliated and depressed I feel. Marriage ceremonies have the same effect upon me as funerals. I feel outraged that man should take events of nature—the most "natural," the most inevitable occurrences in life—and surround them with a lot of frumpery, pomp, and ceremonialism. It seems to me most unfair and unjust. There is nothing so marvellous, so mysterious, so inexplicable as birth. There is nothing that makes you feel that the more knowledge you acquire, the humbler you should be as does the contemplation of the genesis and advent of human life. If the Christian religion has to celebrate God's wisdom and the revelations of His potency, why do not its promoters and votaries foregather with flowers and cymbals,

with presents and gorgeous raiment, with priest and acolytes to hail the advent of another image of the Great Master; to praise her who is giving every earnest of her travail; to welcome and to wish joy to the soul that is rising with its life star, trailing clouds of glory from God. Instead of doing so, it endeavors to mystify by ceremony and sacrament the most natural events in the mundane existence of this soul—mating and death—and it tries to thrust a bondage upon us of law and convention in the form that robs man of his intellectual stature.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone: I will make a helpmeet for him."

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh."

"So then they are no more twain, but one flesh. . . . What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

These are the words that God and his divine Son are said to have used when speaking of that which is now popularly called marriage. There is no "I pronounce you man and wife" in it; there is no putting two persons through an interrogatory which doesn't elicit truthful responses, in one instance out of ten thousand. "Will you love, honor, and obey this man?" "I will," she says, but she has no more intention of obeying him than she has of thrusting a dagger into the heart of him who is asking the question, and if the man who swears he is about to endow her with all his worldly goods attempted to do so, he knows his family would probably take steps to have him put into a lunatic asylum.

I share Paul's opinion: "It is better to marry than to burn." But it is best to marry the way God said it should be done. Marriage, as a state institution, is quite another matter. The state recognizes that "the wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of her house," and that it must take measures to protect the vine and help preserve the fruit which it bears until such time as the fruit can be utilized to the state's advantage. I am fundamentally opposed to sacramental marriages because they make for tyranny, slavery, and hypocrisy, and because they carry a quality of permanency which stultifies human intellectual growth and expansion, and because they do not husband and succor the fruit of the vine. My interest in marriage from the point of view of the state is twofold: First, in its relationship to the welfare of the individuals who marry, and second, in its bearing on the children that result, or should result.

The civilized world will need children more than anything else in a very short time. Where is it going to get them? Not in Great Britain, certainly, where the expense of children has led those who feel real parental responsibility to limit their progeny. Not in France, more certainly, because her sons' and daughters' interference with procreation has been reduced to a science and exalted to a cult. Not in the Central Empires for it is to be hoped that we shall have succeeded in killing the majority of their procreative males. Not in Russia, we devoutly pray, for we would be spared a race of the kidney which that country has produced up to date. Possibly in the U. S. A., but there, too, I regret to say, motherhood during the past two generations has become more and more distasteful to the educated and cultured, and the birth-rate has been steadily

decreasing in the middle and lower classes—that is, in the classes which constitute the backbone of our people and from which we recruit our supermen and our Class A men. We can look for it confidently only to three sources: First, to countries in which the Catholic religion still influences some phases of the physiological conduct of man and woman, such as Ireland, Italy, and Spain; second, to unchristian countries, China, Japan, Turkey, etc.; third, to the poor, ignorant, drunken, and feeble-minded.

This is a promising outlook. But I maintain it *is* the outlook when one looks at the question frankly from the point of view that permits a survey of the whole situation. The more you cogitate, the more alarming the prospect becomes. If we are to forestall the crash, something must be done to stop the calamitous selectiveness of the birth-rate and to arrest the sterilization of the best parts of the civilized population. In my judgment, this can only be accomplished by the church or the state. To say that the Christian religion has ceased greatly to influence the conduct of human beings in their daily life seems to be stating a truism. To say that rigid acceptation of the Catholic faith is inimical to reasoning and to mental growth and expansion seems to me the naked truth. Therefore, it remains for the State to realize that it is concerned with marriage only as it affects the children that result, and that it must at once make provision for their welfare when they result, and it must put a premium upon their advent into this world from healthy parents. To produce such children is the greatest service to the state and it should constitute the very essence of patriotism and of duty.

How is this to be accomplished? First, by erasing

the word illegitimacy from our vocabulary with its present conventional meaning; second, by ceasing the senseless chatter about matrimony being a sacrament; third, by making state provision for every child brought into the world by healthy parents whose parents cannot properly provide for its maintenance and education; fourth, by propaganda looking to the increase of the selective birth-rate; and fifth, by allowing, sane, moral persons to marry more than once—a hundred times, if they will, and they won't, for once is enough for most people.

But how little ——— and ——— are thinking of these things, or will think of them. They are following their natural instinct to mate, and it never occurred to them to do it other than in the conventional way. Indeed, they know they would be treated as pariahs if they did otherwise. If it isn't convenient for them to have children, if their apartment is too small, or the uncertainty of diplomatic life leads them to believe that they may soon be sent to Stockholm or Shanghai, or if they do not wish to submit to the social restrictions which paternity entails, they will adopt means to prevent it and the Christian religion to which they warmly adhere will take no cognizance of their conduct and, indeed, though it should, it will find itself quite impotent to prevent it, as it did in France.

"What is rarer," said Socrates to Phaedo, "than to find a man or a dog or anything else which is either extremely large or extremely small? What is rarer than to find a man who is extremely swift or slow, or extremely base or honorable, or extremely black or white? The extremes are rare and few, and the average specimens are abundant and many." It is to the

rare and to the few that we must look for a solution of the problems that Christian and present-day state marriages present, if the world would avoid going through a stage of decadence which it has gone through several times within the past two thousand years, as the result of outraging Nature's laws, and if we would avoid seeing the civilized world under the dominion of the pagan, heathen, or the Hun.

Having delivered myself of this homily on modern matrimony, I now turn to matters closer to us and seemingly more pressing, namely the war. The Italian soldiers have given an account of themselves during the past week that puts them side by side with the French, in the ranks of valor and fearlessness. Stripped of all verbiage and rhetoric, the truth is that rarely has an army fought with more bravery and with more determination to win or perish to the last man. They have been successful in the first phase of the great battle, and, unless all signs fail us, they will be equally successful in the last. As I write these lines, the news has come that they have driven the enemy across the Piave, and no one who really knows the Italian soldier will be astonished if the news soon comes that they have driven him from the Veneto. Italy stands more nearly as one man to-day in the firm belief of its rights and its deserts and its determination to get them by might, than it has at any time in the past half century.

As Premier Orlando said in his speech to the senate yesterday: "Oh, children of Italy—our children—for the work you have done, for the work you will still do, your country thanks you, it exalts you, it blesses you." That the prime minister should find himself at the end

of his peroration sobbing, and half the senate weeping and the other half cheering like college boys, is one of the reasons why I love the Italian people.

June 25, 1918.

CHAPTER XI

PREACHING, PROPHESYING, AND PHILANDERING

A FEW months ago it seemed that the war might go on for years. Now it seems as if it could not last more than a few days. Of course it can last, but why should it? The country that really caused the war, Austria, is practically *hors de combat;* the country that prevented all chance of delaying its onset, Russia, has long been out of it, and the country which precipitated the world conflagration that has cost millions of lives and billions of dollars, Serbia, is being reorganized, reconstructed, repopulated. Of the Central Nations united to supplant liberty by autocracy, Germany alone remains as a menace, and she will capitulate within a few weeks, possibly a few days, for no one can prophesy how rapidly the process of dissolution and the procedure of disintegration will go on, in a country long in the bondage of imperialism once the people are aroused by a vision of democracy, prospect of social equality, and promise of freedom. Her war-lords and her Kaiser have become strangely dumb. The generals of her "invincible" army have resigned instead of suiciding as the captains of great ships do who have brought destruction to them and disaster to their crew and passengers. The growls and derisions of her lawmakers, dissatisfied with the war régime, drown the voices of the pro-junkers in the Reichstag, and the ferment of Socialism which has been operating for a long time is beginning to show results.

The internal dissension in Austria which presages the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy and the destruction of every vestige of Imperial government, is not due to any one feature, such as want, privation, or suffering. It is due to a great number of factors, amongst which is the dissemination and acceptance of modern ideas of nationality and of government; in other words, education. It is legitimate to infer that a similar ferment has been working in the minds of the German people. In reality, the franchise concessions recently granted in Germany, and the granting of real governing power to the Reichstag, with consequent diminution of power of the ministry and the Kaiser, in other words, a reform of its constitution, are an expression of the wide-spread dissemination of what may properly be called Mazzinian ideas. It stands to reason that if Germany wants to prolong this war a few months, she has the men and the material to do it, but no one can suggest why she should do it. It is for this reason that the terms of the armistice formulated by Foch, Haig, Diaz, Beatty, Sims, and Pershing will be accepted. The longer she keeps on battling, the more she has to lose. Peace dictated by the Allies in Berlin, is not likely to be more indulgent than peace arranged in Paris, after surrender of her arms. The Germans have everything to lose and nothing to gain by keeping up the struggle. If they can delude themselves into believing that single-handed they can defy the whole world and resist their united arms, then they are under the dominion of a delusion which no exhortation or argumentation will dispel. The truth of the matter is that Germany today has a keener realization of the fact that she is beaten, than any of the Allies, and more than that, she

realized it before the Allies did. What she is doing now is putting up a bluff and not sparring for wind, as frequently alleged. She is trying to make the worse appear the better reason, as Socrates puts it, and make the best terms she can by appealing to the one of her victors who is known to be most pacific or, considering the odium attached to that term, the least militant of the Allies. She realizes that the entrance of the U. S. A. into the war was an unselfish one animated by altruistic motives in pursuit of an ideal which it was determined to make a reality. Germany appeals to her now for what she calls a "just peace and one consistent with the honor of the German people." There is no one so blinded by passion or hatred that he can deny that such overture is a privilege of Germany at this stage of the conflict. If she is able to extricate herself from the horns of the dilemma upon which she is now perched without forfeiting her beloved Hohenzollerns; without eradication of her war-lords; without transformation of an arbitrary and imperialistic government into a constitutional one; without substituting humility for arrogance, then we must concede that she is resourceful, even masterful.

The war-lords of Germany knew in the spring of 1918 that if their offensive "in grand style" in France was not successful, they might sing their swan song, and undoubtedly they rehearsed it—Ludendorff singing the air, Hindenburg wielding the baton—in one of those conferences with the Kaiser in Potsdam during August, when their first overwhelming reverses came. From that day to this they have concentrated every effort successfully to get themselves out of the trap which threatened not only the defeat of their armies

but the destruction of arbitrary power which they were determined to force upon the whole world. There is no doubt that Germany has been convinced of the truth of her oft-repeated statement and claim, viz.: that she is superior, intellectually, emotionally, morally, and physically to every other people. She has comported herself in keeping with this conviction, and she has been determined to impose universal recognition of it. It is idle to contend that this arrogation of superiority was limited to the war party. With the wide dissemination of education throughout the German Empire, a realization of their manufacturing and commercial supremacy, and of the readiness with which the world accepted their scientific dicta, the people of Germany became permeated with megalomania. Their conduct has been conditioned by this belief. They sensed their superiority. They felt their invincibility. They were convinced of the divine righteousness of their mission to force Kultur upon the world. They haven't changed. The potential defeat of their armies, the gradual rolling back of their forces from the territory of the Allies to the Rhine, the unmistakable indications of the increasing victories of the allied arms haven't convinced the German people that they have nurtured a delusion of grandeur during the past generation to such effect that it has deprived them of reason. Their masters, however, the Kaiser and the war-lords, have recognized it, and since the day when they rehearsed their swan song they have been concocting plans which, carried through to a successful finish, will permit them to preserve their identity, their autonomy and, in a measure, their hegemony. They are reckoning without their con-

querors, however. There is none so blind as him who will not see.

It is interesting to have lived in these times and watched history in the making and to see the large part that camouflage plays in it. That expedient which has had such notoriety during the war apparently does not lend itself gracefully to the clumsy Teuton. First they extended the franchise; then they coddled the Socialists and the Ultra-Liberals; then they flattered the Catholics—all this preparatory to change of ministry and the opening of the Reichstag. Then they elected a prince prime minister, to show that one of royal blood may be more democratic than a plebeian. In his proclamation Prince Max was willing to accept the principles of peace President Wilson had laid down, but he talked as if the Allies had been clamoring for peace. He took it for granted that they had been ready for peace at any time during the war, that is, during the time when Germany was practically victorious. It doesn't seem to have occurred to him that during the past three months the rôle of victor which had been played so dramatically for upward of three years by Germany is now being played most successfully by the Allies, and he cannot understand why they are not ready to stop playing it. More serious attention would have been given to his opening speech and more sincerity accorded him were it not for the fact that he had written a letter to Hohenlohe in December, 1917, which showed that his sentiments and his convictions at the time he wrote the letter were entirely unlike those that he was promulgating as prime minister. As a matter of fact, the whole world of the Allies took his measure very promptly:

a pacifistic pretender, a mealy-mouthed prince, a hypocritical politician, and, withal, puerile, shallow-minded, infantile.

A few days before he took official notice of President Wilson's refusal to discuss peace with him unless he withdrew from his peace proposals such asinine requests as to have a mixed committee appointed who would discuss the terms of armistice, he persuaded him who pretends to be a prisoner in the Vatican to disseminate the report through papal diplomatic channels that life and property in Belgium would be respected consistent with the safety of what he was pleased to call the withdrawal of the German troops; that submarine commanders had been instructed to fire only on troop-ships and not on life-boats and passenger-ships, and other similar acts of Christian magnanimity. A few days later when replying to the President's statement which set forth the difficulties of even corresponding with a nation which tolerated, if it didn't order, that cities which their armies were compelled to evacuate be burned and blown up, which countenanced outrages on land and sea the same when they were losers as when they were victors, he expected the public to believe it was a fact that Germany had given such orders just because the Pope had again been willing to be the tool of the Central Powers.

This is not the place to analyze the conduct of Benedict XV during the present war, but if he hasn't succeeded in fastening the mantle of political hypocrisy so firmly upon him that neither he nor his supporters will ever succeed in disrobing him then I miss my guess. How any one can read the pontifical note of August 1, 1917, addressed to the leaders of the nations at war,

in the light of what has transpired since then, and think otherwise transcends my understanding. That note bore the date of the 1st of August, but it wasn't until the 14th of August that it was made known to the world at large through the *Osservatore Romano.* As a matter of fact, its contents were known to financial circles in London as early as the 14th of July; Orlando knew its contents two weeks before its publication, and in America it was known in political and financial circles even earlier. (*Pantaleoni, Politica Criteri ed Eventi,* Bari, 1918.) There isn't any doubt whatsoever that the letter of the Emperor Charles of Austria to his brother-in-law, Prince Sisto di Borbone, which proposed to make separate peace with France, was well known to the Pope, but he ignored this letter and its purport and acted obviously in the interests of Germany and Austria. But Germany didn't deceive any one by this last papal camouflage, nor did the Pope enhance his reputation as the Spiritual Father of the Church whose conduct toward his children should be characterized by impartiality.

There is one real danger now and that is that discord may develop amongst the Allies. This is probably what Germany is banking on more than anything else. Unless the Allies can unite upon a plan of conduct now that they have practically won the war, and unite on one man to present and carry out their plan, we are not yet out of the woods. For nearly four years the Allies floundered and nearly failed, and for one reason—they wouldn't intrust their fortune and their forces to a generalissimo. When they did, victory crowned their efforts. Now that potential victory

has been vouchsafed them, they must do what they did last spring. They must unite on one man who shall be the generalissimo of their deliberations and their wisdom, and who will administer their plan of nation reconstruction.

I see only Italian papers regularly, but many of them have excerpts from the papers of France and some from England. Already a note of distrust, an undercurrent of suspicion, an innuendo of unfairness appears in the editorials of some of the leading papers here. It is pointed out that in France and in England there are many representative men who seem to take a narrow or insular view of why the war is being waged; why Italy went in on the side of the Allies; what its objects were; that the Italian interests are not given the attention they deserve; that the part played by Italy in the victories that have been won is not adequately featured. A month ago these same editorial writers were directing their shafts against Steed and Gauvain, protagonistic publicists of the Czecho-Slovak movement, a movement which seemed to be succored by the Italians but which, in reality, did not have their undivided and enthusiastic support until they were compelled to give it.

At the present time the dissatisfaction of Italians, or perhaps it might better be said, the distrust which they display toward those who are endeavoring to shape the policy of their fellow allies, is largely of the French Nationalist party as represented by such writers as Maurras and Bainville. The latter in a recent number of the *Action Française* published a synthetic exposition of the dominant ideas of the party which he represents. The Italian papers rejoined

that he appeared to think that the problem of Germany is the only one with which France is concerned. They accuse him of claiming that France only wants to break Germany's back so as to restore the conditions existing before the wars of 1866 and 1870, and of not alone neglecting but minimizing the importance of the problems presented by Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary. As one of these papers recently remarked, Maurras writes, "Our war is anti-German more than anti-Austrian," and Bainville admits that something ought to be taken from Austria so as to indemnify Italy, Serbia, and Roumania, yet the Hapsburg monarchy ought to be permitted to exist and even to be enlarged by the absorption of other Slavs. Then, after an internal reorganization on a federative plan, she ought to throw in her lot with the Allies and be granted compensation at the expense of southern German states. Indeed, he thinks that Bavaria, and even Hanover, ought to be induced to sever their connections with Prussia. Such a plan is not at all to the taste of many Italians. In this splitting-up of Germany, they see a loss of balance in Europe which might prove detrimental to their interests and also to England's interests. The Italians agree that Germany should be punished; rendered incapable of ever again trying any such experiment as they tried in 1914; obliged to reform her internal organization; remedy the wrongs, so far as possible, that she has perpetrated in the present war; suffer punishment for her crimes, and so forth, but they hold that Germany must not be crushed, for to crush her would be to create a state of affairs in central Europe from which would flow other wars.

The Italians are not so much concerned with Germany's future as they are with Austria's. In fact, the best Liberal sentiment is fundamentally opposed to the disintegration of Germany. A strong Austria, potential of such evil as she has meted out to Italy in the past hundred years, is not a desirable neighbor, and this is the kind of Austria they think the French Nationalists would have her be. Such an Austria would nullify all their reasons for having gone into this war, and it would mean future danger for them. Italy sees no difference between the present Hapsburg conglomeration and the cherished federalistic compound which Emperor Charles suggested before his flight. Indeed, they see no difference between an Austro-Hungarian supremacy and a Slav supremacy, no more than they do between a feudal Catholic court of Vienna and an economic imperialism of the Democratic Parliament.

Italy fears Austria's diplomacy more than she fears her army, and well she may, for she has suffered from the former quite as much, and possibly more, than from the latter. It is very difficult to convince the Italians that Austria has not got something up her sleeve, even at the present moment when she seems to be in the throes of dissolution. They fear that when she plays her last card, breaking loose from her boss and ally to come before the world clothed in an anti-Teutonic cloak, she will have the potentiality of injury and menace for them that she has always had. They cannot be convinced that Austrian diplomacy has not already taken the upper hand with Germany. The indications of it are that she has brought them to the humiliation of begging the United States to use her offices in bringing about an armistice. They see in

the clamor of the representatives of the oppressed nations in the Austrian Parliament for internal reform, and for peace, an effort to preserve their autonomy at the expense of their ally whom they are willing to sacrifice now that they are convinced that she is going to be beaten. They cannot understand or be made to understand why Austria's army is as aggressive, resistant, potent, and unyielding on their northern front, as ready to give its lives to-day for its country as it was a few months ago when Austria was arrogantly setting forth its claims as victor, if, in reality, her desire for peace and her pretense of democratization of her country are sincerely desired. Many Italians consider themselves the equal of Macchiavelli and have the same capacity to interpret and foresee the actions of kings and politicians as did he, and they see in this anti-German Austria an Austria that will not only continue to menace them but will constantly gravitate toward all the Adriatic outlets which are ethnically Italian. In other words, they fear that Austria, unless she is crushed and deprived of every vestige of her former imperialism, will do what she has done for the past hundred years; namely, consider the countries bordering the Adriatic and their ports her property by right of possession and by divine right.

The Italians are by no means satisfied with our conduct. When Mr. Wilson made known his fourteen paragraphs which have now become famous, in the early part of the present year, there was a distinct growl in Italy, even though it wasn't very loud. They felt that there wasn't adequate reference to what they were entitled on "settlement day" and many an Italian has said to me that he didn't think Mr. Wilson under-

stood the situation in Europe so far as it concerns Italy, and "how can one understand it so far away?" No one comes out openly and assails Mr. Wilson as some of the newspapers assail Bainville and other French journalists. On the other hand, there is profound appreciation of his merit and of his accomplishment. They couple his name with Washington and Lincoln and say the first gave Liberty to the world, the second Unity and Freedom to our country, and that now the last person of the Trinity will give Liberty and Nationality and Freedom to the whole world. But they are not sure that he will stand for their "aspirations."

It is evident to any one who reads the papers in Italy at the present time as the conclusion of the war comes into sight that a feeling of profound uneasiness is developing in the minds of persons who either shape or miror public opinion. It isn't always openly expressed, but it isn't the custom of the Italian to express his opinion frankly, especially when it isn't likely to be shared by others. But every now and then some paper betrays the public feeling of which I speak. It may be that the Italians have never trusted any one fully, and never any one at all since Napoleon III betrayed them, but the time is at hand when the justness of any country's claims and pretensions will be passed upon, sanctioned or denied by the councils of other countries. The abler the advocates who present the merits of their claims, the more likely they are to get what they maintain are their rights.

Nothing is more difficult for me than satisfactorily to interpret some features of the conduct of the Italians

relative to the war, or more particularly relative to the war during the past year. It is now more than a year since disaster came to the Italian arms in the shape of the wholesale defalcation of one of their armies, the Caporetto disaster, and which permitted the Austrians to invade the Veneto. Some day the causes of that calamity will be known, and undoubtedly it will be found that they were complex. For some months following the disaster there was a wide-spread desire on the part of the Italians for peace, not peace at any price, perhaps, but for peace that would concede to them what they had before the war. The government steered the Ship of State skilfully through that crisis. In the latter part of June, 1918, when the Austrians launched an offensive, they were ready for it and successfully opposed it. In reality, they vastly improved their strategic position. It has never been denied that the brilliant success of this accomplishment was due in a measure to the fact that the Czecho-Slovaks were able to inform the Italians, and did inform them, of the enemy's plans, resources, and actions to such extent and with such specificity and accuracy that they met the assault more readily and successfully than they might otherwise have done. This successful action of the Italian troops was followed up by the brilliant series of victories on the western front, and later in the East, which led to the state of affairs which caused the Central Powers to request an armistice after the capitulation of Bulgaria. During these three months, July, August, and September, Italy was most insistent upon having United States troops sent to reinforce her arms. They did not make this request secretively or only through diplomatic

channels. They made it by word of mouth, through the press, and through any avenues that were open to them. There was no American organization in Italy, one might say no influential American, that was not pressed into service by them to gain their end. Practically every American with whom I came in contact expressed himself favorably to their request. My own judgment was that no one was so competent to decide the question as the men who were deciding it: Pershing and Foch. The events of the past few weeks convince me that their decision was founded in wisdom. It is very difficult, however, to convince an Italian, whether individually or collectively, that any one else can possibly know more than he does. I was of the belief that if American troops could be used to greater advantage for bringing the war quickly to an end in Italy than they could in France, General Pershing would send them here. I had the further conviction that there was one man who had successfully utilized the armies of the Allies to initiate the beginnings of victory. If Italy could not see its way clear to place its armies under his command, or at his disposition, it seemed to me that it was only just and proper that Italy should contribute to the success of the war in her own country by fighting with the troops she had.

After an armistice was broached by Germany, and more particularly after the threatened disintegration of Austria with the consequent wide-spread discussion of what shall be the terms of peace and what restitutions and indemnities shall be made to the allied countries that have suffered at the hands of the Central Nations in this war or in previous wars, Italy found her-

self in rather an embarrassing position. The French, English, and Americans, waging an insistent, victorious warfare on the western front, are probably asking themselves why Italy has been so strangely inactive since the successful, brief counter-offensive in its northern territory in June of the present year. I can fancy that they have been cogitating whether they might press their claims for what they consider to be their rights with the same force and with the same likelihood of being heard after this protracted inactivity as they could had they struck a successful blow against that portion of the enemy which they are supposed to be keeping on the alert. Latterly there has been much talk of an offensive on this front—in fact, during the past three or four weeks there has been every indication in the war zone that an offensive would soon begin. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that at the present moment they are trying out an offensive. So far as can be judged from the official communications, the enemy is alert, firmly established, cohesive and with no manifestation of any of the dissatisfaction which is evident in the Austrian civil population. Indeed, the Austrian army gives every indication of a determination to fight with the same valor and resoluteness as it has fought for the past three years. Who can tell that the Austrian Federal Council will not instruct its army to continue to fight? You can't change the tiger by covering him with a skin that was formerly called Emperor, now called Federal Council.

The Italians may be supersensitive to what they fear the Allies may be thinking concerning their inactivity. They were tremendously pleased a few days

ago when the military critic of the London *Morning Post* published a statement in which he said that by keeping the Austrian army engaged Italy was playing one of the greatest rôles in the general plan and that she ought not to change her strategy until she has an advantage in numbers and in cannon. Col. Repington doesn't think that Italy would relish the idea of having the Austrians driven away by non-Italian soldiers, which is to me the statement of a "perfect lady." I suppose he thinks the French didn't relish having France saved for them, and Liberty for the world, by a few thousand American marines at Château-Thierry; but they did. The Italians undoubtedly want to launch an offensive at the psychological moment, that is, the moment when the Austro-Hungarian colossus is falling to pieces. But if Austria-Hungary is merely slipping off the mantle of autocracy for one of the same make that has been submitted to the dye of democracy, and while doing it she hides her emperor in order to throw dust in the eyes of her enemies, and meanwhile strains every energy to keep her army in the fittest condition, physically and morally, to wage war, the Italians may not be able to estimate the favorable hour to launch the offensive. In which case they must prop themselves up with the statement that the Austrians have between twenty and thirty more divisions of soldiers than they have and that it would be nothing less than suicide to make an offensive at this time; that they must be content in holding the Austrians and keeping them from being sent to the western frontier to bolster up the Germans whose reserves are being rapidly exhausted. Whether or not this explanation will satisfy the Allies, and whether it will enhance

Italy's position when the peace terms are stipulated, remains to be seen. General Diaz must know better than any one else whether to make an offensive or not. If he makes it merely in response to public opinion, then I have little respect for him. If he makes it in the belief that he can win, no one will deny that this is the time to do it. All that he has accomplished during the past year has made for the confidence of the people, and I am firmly of the belief that when he does launch an offensive it will be crowned with success, to borrow the phraseology of the *Communiques*.

The whole subject of Italy's conduct in this war is an interesting one to analyze. But the time for such analysis is not now. There are one or two matters in addition to those already mentioned that should be emphasized. One is that the people of Italy are sick of the war. In many cities of Italy they have celebrated peace to such an extent as to cause the government some concern. Another is that you can't keep a great army practically idle for month after month and still keep the men at a fighting pitch. In the third place, there is no spontaneous, wide-spread, cohesive agreement on the part of the rank and file of Italy's people of her ambitions, aspirations, and rights. The Sonninian plan or policy is certainly not acceptable to an ever-increasing number of liberal minds engaged in formulating a plan that will liberate mankind from the slavery of war, and who in this country have a trusted leader in Bissolati. To get back her unredeemed provinces is an inherited and engendered emotional determination on the part of the majority of Italians. To get them back and to get a strategic frontier, and to secure suitable seaports on the Adri-

atic, and to hold the Dodecanese, is the determination of her government. But will the present government be in existence at the finish? If I were compelled to prophesy I should say it would not be.

If the statesmen now at the helm have a comprehensive plan for the expansion and economic development of Italy in keeping with the awaited social and civil betterment, of her population, they conceal it from the average observer.

October 29, 1918.

CHAPTER XII

THE BIRTH OF JUGOSLAVIA AND THE REBIRTH OF ITALY

THE day of reckoning approaches. Not the Day when one shall be judged according to his merit and his accomplishment that happiness and life everlasting may be granted or denied him, but the day when a new order shall be set forth in the world, purged of tyranny, compulsion, and oppression. We have purchased our freedom with our brothers' lives; we have waded through rivers of blood, many times beyond our depth, to reach the shores of Liberty. Now that we are about to set foot upon the banks and explore and take possession of the territory beyond, over which shall float perpetually Freedom's banner, we find ourselves in need of wise and prudent guides: guides redolent of sympathy and love of their fellow men, of large vision, comprehensive understanding, purged of selfishness and predatory purpose, both for themselves and for their countries; who understand the full significance of the words Liberty and Freedom; who believe that all mankind is entitled to health, education, and recreation; who are convinced that they are not their brothers' keepers.

It is perhaps too much to expect that those who have been nurtured by arbitrary might, political or financial; who have been habituated to the pleasures of dominancy and to the gratifications of power; who have luxuriated in possessions inherited or easily ex-

acted from their less capable or fortunate brothers, should suddenly lose their lust for them and become generous, just, and altruistic. That there are countless men in the world who are fundamentally animated by such desires and willing to devote their time and their talents to the realization of them, there can be no doubt. Though they are not in the minority numerically, they certainly have not the vantage positions, nor have they been habituated to rule, that the countless others have who, imposing might upon the world, call it right.

It must be apparent to every one who has watched the developments of the last few years, and whose eyes have been directed toward the various political arenas of the world during the past generation, that the intellectuals of the people have rapidly been gathering strength and dominancy, and it would verily seem that they are about to make themselves felt as well as heard. It is not to be expected that they will not make mistakes. They have not had that practice in ordering the affairs of the world which the proverb says makes perfect, but which experience has shown makes imperfect so far as governments are concerned. We may be sure, however, that they cannot make such failure as did their predecessors, the professional rulers, their ministers, and business men.

The time is at hand when the thinkers of the world who have been dreaming and planning its regeneration shall unfold their plans and expose them to the criticism of their fellow men whose confidence and trust they deserve. Before the peace terms are fully arranged, these plans must be submitted for discussion, acceptation, or rejection. It is for this purpose that

the preliminary conferences in Paris between the representatives of the different governments of the allied nations and of the United States have been arranged. We must possess our souls in such patience as we have at our command until the results of these conferences have been made known to us. We are fortunate in being represented there by a man who has a definite plan and who has a merited reputation for being able to impose his convictions upon others, friend and foe. Without indulging in extravagant words, it may truthfully be said that Woodrow Wilson is the cynosure of the eyes of all the world to-day. That his conduct may justify his alleged wisdom and altruism is the fondest wish of the composite heart of the people of the allied nations and of those aspiring to nationality.

One hears it said on every side it was Germany's war but it must be the people's peace. This statement merits reflection. What do the people, meaning the inhabitants of this world, one after another, men and women who measure up to the average, intellectually, know of what should constitute righteous and proper terms of peace? What thought have they given to the matter? If one should take a thousand men and women of education and intelligence and ask them to enumerate the factors that led up to the outbreak of this World War, does any one believe that a hundred could give an answer that was in any way in keeping with the facts? I am quite sure that not even ten out of the thousand could give such reply. I come in contact with many intelligent persons, and I think I do not exaggerate when I say that not one out of ten has given any sequential or constructive thought to the terms of settlement of the conflict which has

deprived so many millions of men of life and which has added incalculable suffering and misery to the world. Their thoughts are like their expressions—ejaculatory and concerned largely with revenge. Many of them have nebulous concrete thoughts or ideas as to what they hope may flow from the defeat of the Central Powers and the destruction of autocratic government, but such thought or conviction, hazy and indefinite though it may be, has a coloring that expresses the individual's personal welfare, or what he would like to see in order that his happiness or that of those to whom he is attached should be better secured.

Happy is the man who believes that everything is for the best, who can see in plagues, earthquakes, and other devastations a display of energy which eventually shall make for the benefit of mankind! Happy is he who believes that everything is divinely ordered from a centre that radiates love, beneficence, and justice! Equally happy is he who believes that every great social or political upheaval is followed by an aftermath of beneficence to the people who conditioned it! There probably never was a better example of the deliberate planning of a group of men to impose upon the world their will and their conception of how the world should be administered than the small group of individuals, who for convenience's sake may be called the war-lords of Germany with the Kaiser at their head, who brought about the War of 1914. Their thesis was a simple one. They had been selected by the Lord to disseminate "Kultur" throughout the world. They had reached a state of physical, mental, and moral perfection which no other nation approached,

and more than that, the other nations had sunken or were sinking into such decadency that they construed it to be their mission not only to reanimate but to regenerate these nations. To an outsider who viewed their claims and their conduct without prejudice, it seemed that they were founded in selfishness, in predatoriness, in a determination to be masters of the world in order that they might satisfy their monstrous lusts. No one denied the virtues and the capabilities of the German people. The admiration that their neighbors, far and near, gave them was sincerely and honestly founded. But no one forgives another for committing a dreadful crime because the perpetrator of it has one or more virtues, or has to his credit one or many commendable acts. Such virtues do not even tend to mitigate the crime; indeed, they accentuate the enormity of it because the very possession of such virtues should have made the individual less capable of committing it.

The country which apparently forced the World War upon us, Austria, had no such virtues to her credit as did Germany. She had a reputation for arrogance, cruelty, selfishness, domination, and a thirst for possessions which Germany didn't have. Her attitude and conduct toward Italy and toward the Slav nations constituted an unremovable blot on her escutcheon. It is gratifying that her dissolution and her destruction bid fair to be complete as the result of the war. However, her dismemberment has left a problem which is bound to be one of the most difficult ones for the world to solve. Although Russia would seem to be the black spot in Europe to-day, I believe that its transformation into purest white can be accomplished

more easily than the Slav question. The complete dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has confronted the Allies with questions which they never anticipated that they would be called upon to solve.

The clouds on the peace horizon to-day, so far as one can forecast their storm potentialities, viewing them from Rome, have the outline and configuration of the country that hopes to be known as Jugoslavia. It is not many years ago that Italy considered her Mediterranean interests paramount to all others, but when she decided to throw her fate in with the Allies, the glimmer of the Adriatic dazzled, almost hypnotized her, and there are many who say that her price was the promise of eastern Adriatic acquisitions.

There is a country south of the confines of former Austria-Hungary formerly known as Carniola, Croatia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, bounded on the east by southern Hungary and northern Serbia, on the west by the Adriatic, and on the south by Montenegro, which is populated by a unitary ethnological people, Slavs, who maintain that they have the right of nationality. For centuries they have been oppressed by Austria-Hungary and Turkey, and now they are determined, as indeed they have been for a long time, to accomplish their national independence.

On the other hand, the Italians claim that it is not the Adriatic which should be their own eastern boundary but the Julian Alps, the Velibet Mountains, and the Dinaric Alps. They set forth that this is the natural boundary, and that in the days of Roman supremacy it was the actual boundary. They further point out that when Venice was the dominating maritime city of the world this Dalmatian coast from

Trieste to Corfu was studded with thriving cities where Italian culture and customs held sway. When Venice passed under the dominion of Austria, naturally these cities went with it, and after Venice was united to the Kingdom of Italy in 1866 Austria held what were formerly the Venetian possessions of the eastern Adriatic. The thing that is not fully realized by those who give the matter casual attention is that the Dalmatian coast, dotted as it is with over six hundred islands, contains some of the finest natural harbors in the world, such as Cattaro and Sebenico, whereas the western coast, the Italian littoral, contains practically none.

After 1875 when the first great tide of Pan-Slavism rolled across the Balkans as the result of the Russo-Turkish War, the plan of uniting all the Jugoslav elements of southern Europe with the Czechs and the Poles of the north first began to take shape. Indeed, it was this union and the injection of it into the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy that revived that dead mastodon. Had the Dual Monarchy been able to absorb these people and make them *de facto* citizens in the way that the United States has absorbed its millions of diverse nationalities from all parts of Europe, the project would have borne the fruit that was anticipated. But there were two insuperable obstacles: the Serbians and the Italians. They were the rebels, and, like all rebel efforts continued long enough, they won out, first by precipitating this war and, second, by materially contributing to winning it.

During the years of its apparent supremacy Austria did everything possible to incite Jugoslav race prejudices and hatred against the Italians, and it had no difficulty in bringing about a state of enmity which

exists even to this day. They used every means to accomplish this end, not the least potent of which was the Slav clergy, always the willing tool of the Hapsburg dynasty, to foster hatred and distrust. However, it must be granted that in many respects Austria managed some of her Slav population fairly well. If she had been able to manage Serbia as well, it is quite possible that the World War would not have occurred at the time it did. But she was never able to assimilate the people she stole or got by bartering. When she annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, she added very nearly two millions of Slavs to her population and they proved indirectly her undoing. They goaded her into a display of strength which conditioned her dissolution.

Jugoslav ambitions first began to take form after the Pan-Serbian Congress held at Lubiana, the capital of Carniola, in 1909. It was then that Serbia first had the vision of being a great state reaching from Bulgaria to the eastern confines of the Venezia, including Serbia, Montenegro, Croatia, Slavonia, Istria, Dalmatia, Carniola, with a population of nearly twelve million people, kindred in language, race, and tradition. Whether or not they intended to take in Albania, which Italy had practically colonized by establishing schools, newspapers, banks, building roads, and carrying on propaganda to such good effect that Albania almost came to be looked upon as a colony of Italy, one cannot say. This new Jugoslavia would control the great ports of Trieste, Cattaro, Avlona, and Salonika. Probably nothing ever caused Italy more distress than to see this plan developing. Though its realization would have been destructive to Austria,

or at least very prejudicial to its supremacy as a great Power, so far as could be discerned she took no particular steps to put an impeding spoke in Serbia's wheel. Indeed, she seemed to enjoy Italy's discomfiture, revelling in a species of refinement of cruelty when the scheme seemed to have received the support of Germany. Possibly she felt that she could at any time strangle the step-child that in the hour of testing its strength would think itself sufficiently strong to menace its foster-parent. She may have believed herself capable at any time of directing this coalition to her own interests, and that its fulfilment would mean the destruction of Italy's prestige and influence along its eastern littoral.

Serbia was the stumbling-block always to Germany's and Austria's "Drang nach Osten" ambitions. It was necessary, therefore, for Italy to link herself in sentiment, and possibly in unwritten promise, with Serbia and, as Serbia was close to Russia, also with the latter. It is possible that Russia's championship of Italy kept Austria from attacking her in Tripoli, making war against Turkey in 1911. The Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913, although they didn't add anything to Serbia's possessions, nevertheless served to strengthen the determination of the Pan-Serbians to go ahead with their project to unite themselves in one great country.

It is beyond question that Austria had determined to strike a death blow at the root of the Serbian agitation by subjugating Serbia in 1914. Indeed, her ultimatum to Serbia in June of that year, which imposed humiliation inconsistent with the smallest national respect, precipitated the war which has just ended. Italy, an ally of Austria and Germany, was not in-

formed of Austria's plans of sending a punitive expedition against Serbia to overthrow her dynasty and substitute a sovereign who would work in the interest of Germany and Austria. The fact that Italy was kept in the dark was one of her reasons for withdrawing allegiance to the Triple Alliance and throwing her lot in with the Allies. For eight months after the entry into the war of the great nations of Europe, Italy preserved her neutrality. Her defamers say that during those eight months she was industriously engaged in negotiating with the Allies and the Central Powers, and trying to decide whose promises were most alluring; that is, which were more pregnant of possibilities. Finally she accepted those of the Allies, and the writing that accompanied the promise has come to be known as the Treaty of London. It is because of this Pact of London that there is so much anxiety in Italy and amongst the Slav nations to-day. The majority of Italians believe that its terms should be fulfilled, but there are many who believe that the conditions under which it was exacted, or promised, were so different from those that exist now that it would be a great mistake to insist upon its fulfilment, or perhaps, indeed, it might be said to permit its fulfilment. Worst of all would be the wide-spread belief that Italy had bargained before it entered the war, and that now it was a Shylock insisting upon the pound of flesh that had been promised. Italy's aspiration to possess certain parts of the eastern coast of the Adriatic which geographically and ethnically are Slavic, and therefore resented by the Jugoslavs and their new nation, is what is causing the trouble now.

There has been a tremendous agitation, or discussion,

perhaps, it would be better to say, in the English press recently concerning this matter. The Italians perhaps do not realize so keenly as the English or the Americans do that it is public opinion that must finally settle the question. The government of Italy has so long been habituated to carrying out, or attempting to carry out, its aspirations and ambitions without consulting the public that it is very difficult to convince it that the public from now on is to be more potent than the ministers. This disinclination to admit the public to any of its deliberations before they are accomplished facts is perhaps as characteristic of the Italian Government as any one that could be enumerated. No one here, so far as I know, has the smallest idea of what Italy desires or expects shall be the terms of peace save in so far as they meet the obligations of the Pact of London. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatsoever that England is disposed to let her people have a full share in saying what the terms of peace shall be. Indeed, in England it is generally recognized that it is much more necessary to have the support of the people than it is to have the support of the ministry.

The Treaty of London.—Before Italy decided to intrust her fortunes to the Allies in this struggle, she made through her minister of foreign affairs an agreement with Russia, England, and France that in event of the Allies being successful she would get not only what has been called her unredeemed territory in the Tyrol and the Julian Veneto but a very important part of the Adriatic littoral on the east and hold the Dodecanese Islands. This secret treaty was concluded on the 26th of April, 1915. Its terms were not known

until the Bolsheviks, having obtained control in Petrograd, ransacked the archives. The contents of the document were sent to England and the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Europe* published them, much to Italy's discomfiture. The territorial concessions which it secured to Italy in addition to those in the southern Tyrol were most specifically stated. They are included within a line going out from Tarvis north of Gorizia, directly south, following the line of the Julian Alps to near Fiume, which it does not include. It embraces the whole of Istria with the islands of Lussian and Cherso, all of northern Dalmatia including Zara, Sebenico, and their hinterlands, and the southern islands of Lissa, Lessina, Curzola, and Meleda bordering the Dalmatian coast; in fact, all the islands except the Island of Brazza.

This territory contains a population of approximately seven hundred thousand Slovenes and Croats, and practically all the harbors of the country which is to constitute Jugoslavia, save Fiume. The Island of Cherso which Italy gets dominates that. It has never been explained why Serbia, the country most concerned and an ally of the Allied Powers, was not consulted or her wishes in the matter considered when the compact was being made. Indeed, it has often been stated that the Italian Government insisted as a preliminary to the negotiations that the entire transaction should be concealed from the Serbian Government.

The very remarkable and inexplicable fact is that though Austria-Hungary has ceased to exist and the former boundaries of its confines are no longer recognized, Italy has shown no willingness to state that

it would be acceptable to her to have radical alteration made in the requirements of the compact, or in view of the Jugoslav nation which has been constructed from part of the territories of dismembered Austria, to forego the execution of them. No one can deny that she is within her rights in being silent until the Peace Conference, but she might have saved herself and her allies much concern, and not a little trepidation, had Baron Sonnino at any time in the past two months intimated that Italy was neither imperialistic nor selfish.

The Slav Question.—Italy feels very sensitive about the Pact of London, if one may judge from newspaper and individual reaction when the subject is mentioned or discussed freely. But this sensitiveness is as nothing compared with the Jugoslav question. That is a red flag to the Italian bull. Italy feels keenly that her enemies have been disseminating in England false witness and putting the Jugoslav problem in an improper light. The Jugoslav headquarters there have been very active for more than three years, and unquestionably they have gained the sympathy of powerful individuals, the press, Parliament, and a part of the government. The Jugoslav propagandists there have been both Slavs and Italians, for there are many Italians who are not partisans to Italy's imperialistic inclination. The chief advocates of the southern Slavs, however, are Northcliffe and Steed. The latter is associated with the Northcliffe newspapers and is also the editor of *New Europe*. He was for ten years the representative of the London *Times* in Rome, and he knows the Italians and Italian politics as well as any one can know them, which is better than they know

them themselves. When he was here he was considered a sincere and enthusiastic friend of Italy, and no doubt he is now, but when Italy went into the war Steed espoused the Jugoslav cause in opposition to the Italians. The Italians hold him responsible to-day for having caused a feeling of distrust in a large part of the British public against them. He has consistently set forth Italy's paradoxical conduct in giving no sign or indication that she wasn't determined to insist upon the terms of the Treaty of London now that the country from which she was going to take territory, Austria-Hungary, no longer exists, but that she would adhere to the Pact of Rome which expresses its sympathy with the Jugoslavs and their national aspirations.

What is this Slav question that we hear so much about and which is being so widely discussed? How can it be stated so that the average reader who knows little or nothing concretely about it shall envisage it? And who are the Jugoslavs? To get a grasp of these questions one must know something of the history of the Austro-Hungarian Empire during the past century. It is impossible to give even a brief résumé of that in such an essay as this. The southern Slavs (Jugoslavs) are known under three national denominations, Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. They seek union with Serbia and Montenegro in one national state to be known as Jugoslavia. These people ethnologically conform more or less to a single type, and the countries that they inhabit, *i. e.*, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Carniola, Corinthia, Styria, Istria, and the islands of the Dalmatian archipelago, constitute a geographical unity. Austria-Hungary stole these countries and forced their inhabitants to

conform to her wishes and desires. The people of these countries maintain that they have constantly been planning, plotting, and struggling for freedom since the day the Austrian yoke was first forced upon their necks. Though for the past four years they have been killing our sons and brothers under the Austrian flag, their emissaries meanwhile have been engaged in betraying their master, thus facilitating our victory. Their councils and delegates have at the same time been striving to enlist the Allies' sympathy and support to their national aspirations. In the spring of 1918 a meeting of such delegates with representatives of the Italian Government was held in Rome. Jugoslav delegates came from Paris and London, and the Czecho-Slovak committee was made up of Poles, Roumanians, and Slavs. They formulated the agreement now known as the Pact of Rome. Signor Torre represented the Italian senators and deputies and Doctor Trumbic the Jugoslav committee.

The Pact of Rome.—The agreement set forth the sympathy which the Italians had with the aspirations of the Jugoslavs; it accorded to them their right to decide their fate; it approved the steps that they had taken, both within and without the Hapsburg Monarchy, to cleave asunder Austria-Hungary and then destroy it. Though there was no definite agreement as to the boundaries of the state of Jugoslavia, in the third article of the stipulation it was agreed to submit any territorial controversy which might arise when peace should come and to decide it upon the basis of the principles of nationality and in a way that would not invalidate the vital interests of the two nations. The indorsement of the agreement was made

by the prime minister Orlando, and it was not until the agitation conducted by the *Corriere della Sera* in August and September, 1918, that Sonnino, the minister of foreign affairs, was forced to express himself openly in favor of the agreement reached at that time and the policy that this congress of the oppressed Austrian nationalities outlined.

The agreements of this conference received the indorsement of President Wilson who instructed his secretary of state in June, 1918, to make the following communication: "The deliberations of the congress of the oppressed races of Austria-Hungary that took place in Rome in the month of April have been followed with great interest by the United States. The aspirations of the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugoslavs for liberty have the deepest sympathy of this government."

On the 3d of June the presidents of the councils of the three allied countries, France, Great Britain, and Italy, at a meeting in Versailles, made two declarations, one for free and united Poland with free access to the sea, the other for the independence and autonomy of the Czecho-Slovaks. The three governments expressed themselves as having taken note with satisfaction of the declaration of Wilson, and they associated themselves with him in expressing their deepest sympathy with the aspirations of the Jugoslavs.

The Jugoslavs feel that insistence upon fulfilment of the terms of the Treaty of London would deprive them of territory which is essential to them if they are to constitute a nation that can take its place amongst the nations of the world, and which will meet the requirements of the eleventh of Wilson's fourteen points, namely that Serbia must be given free and safe access

to the sea and that the relationship between the various Balkan States will have to be amicably established in keeping with the advice of the Powers, based on lines of nationality historically established.

Indeed, since the termination of the war, and particularly since the Jugoslav revolutionary committees accepted the Austro-Hungarian fleet which was handed over to them when the Dual Monarchy was in its agonal moments, the Italian press has, with the exception of the *Corriere della Sera*, devoted itself to inflaming the Italian people against Jugoslavia. What is this Jugoslavia, they say, which claims to be alive before being born, a state without boundaries, without organization, without constituted powers, without baptismal chrism? What is the position it takes toward Italy and her most legitimate ambitions to vindicate the past and to take possession of her unredeemed territories and to obtain the most elementary and sacred rights of her children on the eastern Adriatic?

The Italians do not admit, even though Mr. Pasic, prime minister of Serbia, and Doctor Trumbic, president of the Jugoslav committee, and Doctor Benes, the foreign secretary of the Czecho-Slovak Government, have agreed upon a plan of government, that Jugoslavia exists. Instead they claim that there exists only a shapeless conglomeration of immature and discordant peoples cemented by boundless and unreasonable ambition to perpetuate the stubborn race hatred against the Latin people which has been in existence for centuries. The Jugoslavs, they say, are doing their best to prove that they are ex-Austrians, body and soul. The so-called National Council of Zagabria stands for lawlessness, personal violence, and plunder which exist in every part of Jugoslavia to which

Italian arms have not carried protection as they have at Spalato and other cities of southern Dalmatia. They further point out that the National Council of Zagabria is in the hands of the clerics and of the military element of Croatia and Slavonia who, at heart, have remained faithful to the Hapsburgs and who hope to rebuild the collapsed empire. This alone makes them enemies of the Italians and opponents of the Serbians and of the Serbian kingdom. The Italians do not admit for a moment that anything but confusion has been engendered amongst the Slovenes, Croats, and the Bosnians on one side, and the Serbians and Montenegrans on the other, by their endeavor to set up a Jugoslavia. Their anti-Hapsburgian assertions are nothing more than a mask and an artifice to permit them to succeed better in enlisting the sympathies of all the other Allies. The sympathy shown to new Jugoslavia by the Austro-German press and by some Magyar and Czech papers is another evidence of this. They maintain further that the Croatian priests and school-teachers are engendering hatred against the Italians in the same way now that they have been doing the past hundred years, and they refer to the flowery speeches of members of the Congress of Rome and the cheap trash issued by the Jugoslav committees of Zagabria, Paris, and London. The first aim of Jugoslavia, they say, has been to step into the place of the deceased Austrian Government and prevent the Italians from getting that which the Allies agreed to give them. The conclusion of a very fiery article in the *Giornale d'Italia* recently is as follows:

"We are not ready to accept the kind of relations our new allies would like to give us. More troops

must be sent there. Garrisons must be strengthened. Our military occupation must be pushed to the limits established by the armistice, and beyond, if necessary, for the sake of public order and for the defense of every Italian. We must avoid every appearance of weakness and uncertainty with people accustomed to brute force, discipline, and the lash; people who misinterpret our kindly attitude and our too conciliatory methods. We must disarm them completely and disassemble the local national councils, at least in those places where they represent only a minority of the population, just as we have done in Trieste. When the Croatians shall see that we are in earnest and that we mean to thrust order upon them, they will again bend their backs as they have been accustomed to do. After they have withdrawn their predatory hand from that which is ours, and which must remain ours, and after they convince us that the Austrian spirit has gone from them, we shall discuss amicably their so-called ambitions and rights."

On the other hand, the Jugoslavs say that no Italian journal has yet had the courage to tell its readers that the Jugoslav and Czecho-Slovak emissaries from the Austro-Hungarian committee which landed in Italy on October 4, bearing definite instructions to communicate with Doctor Benes and Doctor Trumbic, were imprisoned and detained in Italy for three weeks and not allowed during that time to communicate with the authorities. They contend that had they been, the Austrian fleet would have been in their possession three weeks before it was.

The Jugoslavs maintain that Italy has disregarded the terms of the armistice by sending her troops across the line of demarcation which that agreement laid down, and particularly by sending them to Laibach, the cap-

ital of Slovenia, and to Fiume. On November 18 the Jugoslav National Council issued an official note from Zagabria in which they protested emphatically against the acts of violence of the Italians, and particularly against the occupation of the harbor and town of Fiume, the possession by military force of public buildings, offices, and railway-stations, and the interruption of rail, post, and telegraph communications between Fiume and Zagabria. They protested further against the occupation of their territory, the confiscation of their ships, the dismissal of their officers, and they set forth that they had been receiving continual complaints from the population in the occupied districts regarding Italian acts of violence and of persecution. "No sooner free from slavery, the inhabitants of the towns and villages occupied by the Italians are once more plunged into the despair of foreign occupation that separates them from the united Jugoslav state. These inhabitants will under no circumstances consent to remain separated from their liberated home. The Jugoslav National Council repudiates all responsibility for the consequences which may result from these intolerable conditions. It has the honor to draw the full attention of the allied governments and of the government of the United States to these crying events." Two days later matters took on a graver aspect when the Zagabrian government ordered the mobilization of the five classes from 1895 to 1899.

The arrival of the American troops in Fiume and Trieste apparently had a good effect, and during the past ten days they seem to have spread oil upon the troubled waters. Perhaps nothing had more calming effect on the Zagabrian government than the announce-

ment that the Versailles Supreme Council had instructed Admiral Bochet, the allied naval commander at Corfu, not to insist upon handing over the former Austro-Hungarian fleet to the Italians.

Italy's Privilege.—It is not in England alone but in Italy as well that many feel the time has come when Italy should remember that she is a great liberal Power and that any attempt to substitute herself for Austria in dealing with the Balkan races can only bring her into conflict with the other liberal Powers of the world. Italy realizes that in order to gain England's approval she will have to be conciliatory. The London correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia* writes: "We should advise the Italians to be moderate and reasonable until we shall have secured for ourselves a serious and just hearing; then we shall be able to make the world understand that there is no Italian disposed, either by fear or threat, to forfeit even a small part of those rewards to which our sacrifices and victories have given us full rights.

Likewise Signor Torre in a recent interview takes a similar attitude, though his words lack specificity and have a tone of patronage: "All Jugoslavs who wish to conquer and to maintain solid independence and liberty should know how to value the rights of Italy and its civilization. A friendly and allied Italy will be for them an aid and a powerful ally. Italy, which wishes to safeguard its rights, will know what its duties are and the world knows that well. I wish that the Italian press which has the consciousness of this great new situation of our country, and of our mission of civilization and of justice, should consider without bitterness, and without giving currency to

errors, the way a nation which carries with it such sublime history and power should conduct itself in this new international life."

The discussions in the newspapers concerning the Treaty of London and the Pact of Rome get daily more violent. I find, however, that things can be said in Italy without engendering "bad blood" that could not be said in any other country with which I am familiar. Therefore, Italian polemics do not have the same effect upon me they once had, and I realize that their effects are quickly forgotten. However, I am convinced that Italy is going to find it difficult to play in the open. Secrecy is the breath of her nostrils, and she prides herself in keeping the deliberations of her councils from her people.

Italy must devote her strength to liberating mankind from the pauperization of militarism and the slavery of war. She should not forget that she spurned the *parechio* (considerable) of her national aspirations which Giolitti assured her she might get by remaining allied to the Central Powers. She preferred to give lavishly of her blood and brawn for the safety and development of civilization, for ideals of justice and peace, and for the realization of national democracy. She must succor the nation whose birth she assisted and whose principles she has courageously advocated since the Risorgimento. She must be just to Greece. Not only will such conduct make for the safety of the world (which will insist upon it!) but it will contribute enormously to her material welfare, for it is to these two countries that she must look for the deepest extension of her commerce.

The Government of Jugoslavia.—Meanwhile the new Jugoslav Government, which is often referred to as

the National Council, has become a reality. It has its seat in Zagabria, now commonly known as Agram, a city about a hundred miles east of Trieste and sixty to seventy-five miles northeast of Fiume. The president of the National Council is a Slovene priest, Anton Korsec. In Sarajevo, the former capital of Carniola, there are provisional governments working under the control of the Agram or Zagabrian Council, while Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia are working under another council.

The first thing that the Jugoslav Government or National Council did after taking over the Austro-Hungarian troops quartered in the Croatian capital and other garrison towns and accepting their allegiance, was to go to Switzerland and meet the heads of the new Czecho-Slovak National Government and the Serbian prime minister, Mr. Pasic. As a result of that meeting, they issued a declaration which supersedes or completes the declaration of Corfu which was concluded between Mr. Pasic and Doctor Trumbic in July, 1917. In this declaration they set forth that the united effort of the Allies, the United States of America, and the strength of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes have removed the barriers which prevented the union of their people. This union having been accomplished, they proclaimed solemnly and unanimously the union of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes into one state. This new state appears and stands from the day in which the proclamation was issued as an indivisible state unit and as a member of the Society of Free Nations. The former frontiers no longer exist. The public has been notified of the formation of the government. The government of the kingdom of Serbia and the National Council of Zagabria will continue to direct

such administration as exists until the great National Assembly of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes shall be elected by all citizens by means of direct and secret universal suffrage and until the constitution shall have definitely settled the state organization. The life of the state shall be based upon this constitution, which shall be the source and refuge of power and rights and which shall have a democratic spirit in all the functions of state life. It further sets forth that the frontiers between the new state and the neighboring state will be traced according to the principles of nationality, but that the right of free determination of each people shall be respected. They extend the hand of brotherly love to the people of Montenegro and add that the latter will certainly not hesitate to welcome this act which realizes their highest ideals. This document is signed by Korsec, the president of the National Council at Zagabria, by Pasic, the prime minister of Serbia, and Trumbic, the president of the Jugoslav committee in London.

The newly united Jugoslav Cabinet is to consist of twelve members or, if Montenegro should decide to come in, of fourteen. At the present time six of them have been appointed. They are to remain in Paris during the period of the peace preliminaries and conferences. So far the Cabinet is composed in equal proportions of Serbs from the kingdom and of Jugoslavs from the former Hapsburg Monarchy. It is interesting to see that all of them are intellectuals: Davivovic was formerly minister of education; Pavlovic is a professor, and Gavrilovic was formerly minister to the Vatican from Serbia and is known as the framer of the Serbian Concordat. The Jugoslavs are Cingrija,

a Dalmatian politician, Vasiljevic, a Bosnian, and Brejc, a lawyer of Slovenia. Neither the president of the Zagabrian Council of the Jugoslav committee or the leader of the Serbian opposition are to take office.

The interesting thing awaited now is the recognition by the Allies of this Zagabrian National Government and of the joint ministry of the new Jugoslav state. The Jugoslav sympathizers believe that this will follow soon after the arrival of Mr. Wilson in Europe.

Most unprejudiced observers will agree that the Italians are justified in being suspicious of the Slav people. They were their ferocious and determined enemy until yesterday. Moreover, the Italians have no assurance, save that given by the various Jugoslav committees in Paris, London, and New York, that their claims represent the determined will of the majority of the Slav people. A nation, like an individual, seeking a character, must expect to have its entire past reviewed. The history of the Slavs does not show that they have had an ideal of nationality to which they have directed their individual and united effort. On the contrary, it shows that they have had less unanimity and less capacity to formulate a plan of action and adhere to it than perhaps any other people who have sought liberation from tyranny. They have been notoriously the disturbers of the peace of their own countries, and of the peace of the world. Their rejoinder to this is that in seeking freedom they have earned this reputation. It is for others to judge whether or not the reputation is deserved.

Every one admits that the Jugoslavs should have the privilege of nationality. Every fair-minded man

sympathizes with their aspirations, but the impartial onlooker, even though he be animated by the most sympathetic feeling for them, must admit that their conduct during the past few weeks has not been of such a quality as to prejudice him entirely in their favor. After the statements that have been made by our own President regarding nationality and the League of Nations, after the expressions that have emanated from the mouthpieces of the allied governments, and more particularly after the treatment that the Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles have had at the hands of the Allies, it would have been wise, prudent, and helpful had the Jugoslavs not rushed things quite so much. Actions speak louder than words, whether the actions are of a nation or of an individual. Their actions during the past month can only be interpreted as the expression of the belief that they do not believe the promises of the Allies. I cannot help but feel that their chances of getting their deserts, of getting a justice that would be satisfying to even the most radical of the advocates of their rights, would have been far better had they submitted their aspirations and their desires to the forthcoming congress of Paris and let the members of that congress, men prejudiced in their favor and familiar with their problems, concede to them that which should satisfy their national aspirations.

At the same time Italy has not improved her reputation as a generous friend or a forgiving foe by the silence of her secretary of foreign affairs or the logorrhea of her journalists and polemicists to whom the columns of her newspapers and magazines are open. Apparently it is difficult for her to realize

that the time has come when not only she *should* be generous, but that she *must* be generous, and that she must show a readiness to display moderation and generosity toward others as a sacred offering on the altar of durable peace.

October 10, 1918.

CHAPTER XIII

TRAILING A CONQUERING ARMY

To-Day it is called an armistice but once it was called unconditional surrender. A month ago the Italians were telling themselves and their allies that the Austrians outnumbered them on the northern front by twenty or thirty divisions, and that they had reason to believe that not only was the morale of the enemy excellent but that they were determined to fight to the last ditch. They were insistent that they needed a liberal supply of fighting troops and reserves from the Americans—at least two hundred thousand. A fortnight ago the offensive began and for a week we heard of the staunch resistance made by the Austrian troops, of the murderous fire which they rained on the advancing Allies and, despite the fact that the Austrian Government had crumbled, that its army was cohesive and working together as a unit, determined to conquer.

I have just returned from a week's flight in the trail of the conquering army, and I have learned first-hand many things. I have learned that not only did the Italians and their allies conquer the Austrians, but that many Austrians wanted to be conquered. I am satisfied that at any time since June, when the Italians made successful resistance at the Piave, the results obtained last week could have been obtained and without greater struggle or sacrifice. I am further convinced that Italy and her allies could have ac-

complished the glorious result which they have accomplished had their forces been less than they were. I do not base this judgment upon intuition. I base it upon what was told me by men who had been prisoners in Udine for upward of a year and by officers of the Italian and English armies that were engaged, and also upon what I heard from Italians in several cities north of the Piave and in Trent.

The Italian victory came at the psychological moment. If it had come in July, however, it might have spared the lives of many thousands of brave Americans, French, and British on the western front. It may well be that Germany will be forced to accept with more readiness the terms of the armistice this moment under consideration because of the complete rout of the Austrian army, and that as the result world peace will come more quickly now than it would have come had victory of the allied arms in Italy preceded rather than followed victory on the western front. Be that as it may, victory is complete. Italy is in possession of her unredeemed territory, and more than that, she has been given, by the terms of the armistice, control of Istria and such sections of the Dalmatian coast as were promised to her by the Treaty of London.

I have no intention of attempting to describe the manifestations of joy and the evidences of satisfaction which the people have displayed. The quiet way they took it was remarkable. I have seen infinitely more excitement in New York on the night of a presidential election, and far greater animation and much more noise on New Year's Eve than I did in Rome on the evening and night of November 3. The populace

were profoundly grateful that the war was over; they felt as a mother feels when the physician tells her that her child's life will be spared; they felt like dropping on their knees and thanking God that their agonal days had passed. Their feeling of gratitude and their thankfulness for delivery were too profound and too sacred to find expression in shouts of joy or shrieks of exultation. No mere utterance could give relief to the feeling that was within them and with which they had sustained themselves these forty weary months. The newspapers also have been commendably free from expressions of exultation at the conquest of their hereditary and acquired enemy who inflicted indescribable cruelty and savage torture upon them for more than half the years of the past century. They have expressed their gratitude, their joy, and their satisfaction God-fearingly, temperately, and dignifiedly. In nothing has their conduct been so commendable as in victory.

Two days after the enemy had been driven beyond the Tagliamento, the most northern river of the Italian country that had been held by the Austrians, I started from Padua in a motor-car to inspect the small cities of the Veneto beyond the Piave that I might learn the medical needs of the civilian population. Treviso was the first city of the itinerary. Though it had been bombarded scores of times by enemy planes, there was comparatively small evidence of extensive destruction. To be sure, there were many buildings which showed the effect of target practice and a few were in ruins. The life of the city was most active. The militarized workers of the civilian population had remained, and now they are making it the most important concen-

tration and distribution place for supplies of all sorts for the Veneto. We crossed the Piave near Candelu by means of a pontoon-bridge that had been hurriedly thrown across that extraordinary stream which one day is a raging torrent and another a laggard proceeding slowly to the sea in several parallel divisions. Then indications of destruction of property became more evident. When we reached the town of S. Paulo di Piave there was scarcely anything that remained of the houses of which it was once constituted. Enormous excavations indicated the places where shells had dropped; row after row of houses had been razed to the ground; others still maintained an outline of their former state. Going north through Mareno one saw toward the west, beyond Montello, the small mountain in the bend of the Piave northwest of Treviso, virginal white towns on the foothills of the mountains with their churches and conspicuous campaniles which at this distance looked quite intact, but when we reached them the state of destruction was indescribable. Santa Lucia di Piave, like a jewel crowning a hill, glistening in the sunshine of this perfect autumn day, from a distance looked as if it were not only habitable but alluring. When we drew near it there was scarcely a house, church, or public building that was not in ruins. It is difficult to picture anything so completely destroyed as these towns were. Earthquakes could not have done the job more thoroughly.

My itinerary took me to Conegliano, Vittorio, Cordignano, Sacile, Pordenone. In all of them there were many houses that were still habitable, but in every one of them there were streets in which every house and palace was battered and razed. The streets were

crowded with Italian soldiers, their faded, gray-green uniforms lit up with a sprinkling of English khaki and French blue, and packed with countless camions, automobiles, vehicles of every description, the majority bearing implements of war and a few carrying sustenance to the inhabitants who had sustained misery and privation almost to the point of starvation.

An American warehouse and dispensing centre had been established in Vittorio for forty-eight hours when I arrived there, and the populace were availing themselves of it. One of the three priests left in the city, who accompanied me to the mayor's office that I might get a list of the needy sick and discuss with him plans for their succor, told me that two of his colleagues had been killed by shells. The accounts that he gave of the uncomplaining suffering which many of his fellow townsmen and their families had sustained were heartrending.

All through this district to Spilimbergo, where we crossed the Tagliamento River, we met hundreds of *contadini* and their families making their way either to the towns for provisions or for news. The hardships that they had endured did not reveal themselves conspicuously in their features or forms. I saw hundreds of children and no more evidence of want or deprivation than I see any day that I go to the hill towns to the east and south of Rome or that any one can see at any time in travelling through the south of Italy. If the young women in these communities had been subject to outrage by Austrian soldiers, such as have been described, their faces did not betray their experiences, nor were evidences to be seen in their torsos, or in their arms. The young women

peasantry of this community are noted for their attractiveness, and many of them have great facial beauty. It is more than probable that the savage Austrians considered them their legitimate prey, but had there been wide-spread or general violation of them evidence of it would have been obvious to the trained eye. There was no conspicuous manifestation of excitement or of joy for liberation from the restrictions and delivery from the cruelties to which they had been subject for a year. One saw men and women working in the fields as if nothing out of the ordinary had recently transpired; large numbers of dead horses and mules along the roadside; here and there the cadaver of an Austrian whom they had not yet had time to inter, and such evidences of a hasty retreat as gun-carts, ammunition-wagons, automobiles, camions overturned, smashed, or bearing indication of efforts to destroy them, but nothing like that which I saw two days later when I went up the valley of the Adige to Trent.

After leaving Sacile we began to encounter crowds of Austrian prisoners who were being brought back from the northeastern confines of the province where they had been overtaken in their attempt to escape. They were all young, many of them scarcely more than lads, and betrayed no particular emotion. They simply marched wearily on as if unconcerned with their fate. Here and there one of them would drop out of the ranks from sheer exhaustion, lie on the roadside for a while, and then get up and trudge on again. In an island in the river Livensa beyond Pordenone, twenty thousand of them were huddled together awaiting guards to conduct them to the west

and south, where they were to be temporarily interned. Oftentimes in passing through villages where the streets are so narrow that scarcely two vehicles can pass, we tarried until the line had passed. The Italian soldiers rarely greeted them with expressions of scorn or contempt. Now and then one heard a taunt, a vile epithet, or some indication of hatred, but they were not subject to any humiliation. The majority of them, so far as I could judge from their appearance, were Hungarians or Slavs. Very few had the appearance of Germans or Austrians. The officers looked intelligent and comported themselves becomingly. There was no hauteur, no disdain, no contempt, no resentment. Like their men, they accepted their fate. The loot which they got from the ravaged towns they threw into the gutters, and the majority of them had no other impediments than a blanket, many of them not even that. Here and there one saw a thrifty soul carrying a pot, a basket, or a roll containing something which he thought might contribute to his comfort, but the further south one encountered them the less they had.

At Pordenone I went to the civil hospital, and a piteous sight it was—no doctor, no nurses, no one to minister to the unfortunates, most of whom were clamoring to be taken home. The retreat of the Austrians from here on had been so rapid that they had not had time to do particular damage to property, and the Italian heavy guns had not been trained upon them as they were in the small cities twenty to thirty miles southward.

We hoped to cross the Tagliamento at Casarsa, where the main road and the railway cross it in normal times, but all bridges over the streams in this part of

the Veneto had been destroyed by the enemy in their retreat. Some of them, indeed, had been destroyed by the Italians when they came through a year ago after the Caporetto rout. We were obliged to go north about forty kilometres to reach a part of the stream that was fordable, and a remarkable sight it was to see an English regiment coming across in the profound darkness of the autumn evening, their unknown path being illuminated only by an occasional rocket sent up from either bank, the dim lanterns of the wagons, and the occasional headlight of an automobile or a camion. Whatever one may think about the self-sufficiency and bumptiousness of the Anglican, he cannot help but be impressed with the businesslike way in which he goes at any task that he may have in hand. Wherever you see them at work, they are at work in real earnest. They are not trying to kill time and apparently are not looking around diligently for food. Their horses are better groomed, their paraphernalia more shipshape, their general conduct more snappy and businesslike than that of their allies. They have given a good account of themselves in Italy, and the Italian soldiers give them a far higher rating than they did six months ago. Their officers are not particularly addicted to ceremony, which some call courtesy, and if they do not feel the self-satisfaction which their manner and bearing indicate, injustice is often done them.

The journey from here to Udine, a distance of perhaps forty kilometres, was accomplished by sense of orientation, but we made it readily and arrived in the capital of the province after nine in the evening. Then the question was whether we should sleep in

the automobile or try to find a bed. The Austrians had been gone only a few hours, and aside from the Italian army the place was desolate. The quaint and interesting piazza was jammed. A polite captain whom I interrogated as to the possibility of finding a place to sleep took us to a hospital, and we were welcomed by the medical colonel and by a large number of young Italian officers, amongst whom were many physicians, all of whom had been prisoners for a year, but having been allowed to serve in the hospital they were not subject to the most drastic rigors of imprisonment. From them I learned many interesting facts. The Austrians had put a distinctive Teutonic stamp upon the city, and when they began to evacuate it they took everything from its houses, its churches, its museums, its public buildings that could be transported—furniture, utensils, clothing, decorations, door-knobs, window-panes, contents of shops—everything. We went into house after house that was literally stripped. One of my colleagues who had been a prisoner for a year, and who, because of his knowledge of German and fluency in speaking it, had been given more privileges than many of the prisoners, told me that the most unconscionable thieves were the Austrian surgeons. He told me also that during the three or four months previous to their sudden defeat the Austrians had no hope whatsoever of victory. All the officers with whom he had come in contact were cognizant of the rapid dissolution of the internal resistance, political and social, in Austria, and many of them had expressed themselves to say that even a miracle could not save them. There was more joy and ebullition of spirits in this gathering of young

officers, perhaps fifty or more, than I had encountered elsewhere in my day's journey.

I slept at the hospital, which was neither clean nor inviting. The horses of the cavalry were bivouacked in the court, many soldiers were quartered in the rooms above me, and apparently they spent a good part of the night tramping around the room, perhaps to see how a floor felt beneath their feet, and the bugle sounded at six o'clock, so altogether the tarry was not very reposeful.

The next morning I called upon the general commanding the troops of occupation, and then went to find the prefect and the mayor. The latter had the appearance of a terrible villain in a burlesque opera—great black beard, large mouth, thick lips, bulbous nose and *main succulente*. When I walked the streets with him and saw him greet a fellow citizen with an embrace and a smack on each cheek, I was content that I had not been a playmate of his youth. We walked across the historic piazza lying at the base of a small hill which tradition says was constructed for Attila that he might view the burning of Aquileia, in those days an important naval station and the chief fortress of the Romans in their campaigns against Illyria. It is now surmounted by a mediæval castle and makes a picturesque background to the attractive square. The Goddess of Peace, which Napoleon ordered erected here, wore this morning a most radiant smile and her general expression was of serenity and contentment. Hercules, in marble in front of the clock-tower, however, leaned a little as if fatigued from his last labor—that of cleansing the Friulian capital of the Austrian pest. The piazza was

thronged with soldiers and with *contadini* from the neighboring country, the latter having gathered even at this early hour on the news of the King's visit that day.

The Palazzo of the Municipio, in the style of the Doges Palace of Venice, which was our destination, is most impressive. It is difficult to imagine anything more desolate than its interior. The only things that the Austrians did not take were the seats and the desks of the Council Chamber. Fortunately they did not destroy the frescoes nor the old portraits of the former governors of Udine, but most of the fine works in amber which were formerly there they carried away or destroyed. The mayor put us in touch with one of the assessors of the city, an intelligent and co-operative individual, and soon we were in possession of one of the large shops in the piazza. Happily, one of our laden camions, which had followed in our wake from Padua, drove up at this moment, having travelled all night. This made a deep and favorable impression on the Friulians who construed it to be very American-like. We soon had the contents—lard, sugar, beans, condensed milk, flour, soup, and medicines which the civil population needed badly—on the shelves and ready to distribute as soon as the list of the most needy could be obtained and as soon as our personnel arrived to make the distribution.

We then called on the prefect. He was the antithesis of the mayor, a dapper, polite, ceremonious, alert, and yet withal sincere and most intelligent gentleman. He discoursed on the tragicalness of the situation, cut off as he was from every means of communication—post, telegraph, telephone, trains, automobile,

or help, not even a pencil or ink with which to write a letter. He had found a few drops of ink in a bottle, but insufficient for the pen to take up. He poured the draining from the bottle on the cover of a match-box, dipped his pen in the drop and thus effected his signature.

In the Province of Udine there remained after the Austrians took possession in 1917 about twenty thousand inhabitants. The city itself formerly had about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Most of the *borghese* got away before the Austrians captured it; the *contadini* remained. They were suffering from lack of fats, oil, butter, milk, lard. The peasants, the prefect assured us, were not suffering very much. The Austrians were very foxy, he said, in finding out what the peasants had and then looting them, but the peasants were foxier than the Austrians. They had not only enough to keep themselves from starving, but when they brought forth their stores, now that the Austrians had gone, they were quite sufficient to last until the government could extend aid.

We then set out for Treviso via Coderipo, San Vito, Oderzo, crossing the Tagliamento by a pontoon-bridge about sixty kilometres below where we had crossed it the evening before. We were now in the territory where the fighting had been very fierce: the Lower Piave. It is marvellous, the destruction the big shells caused—trees, fences, vines, shrubs, houses, all destroyed. One gets accustomed quickly, however, to material destruction, and after seeing a hundred or more villages completely razed, and acre after acre of ground ripped, torn, and excavated, he ceases to marvel at it. One even gets hardened to the sight of cadavers

along the roadside and in the fields, but to the dead horses and mules never. I marvel that some one hasn't apostrophized the mule. He played a part in the war the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Indeed, one of the most distressing features of the trip was these unfortunate, patient beasts of burden who had yielded their lives for their country.

It was impossible to take in that only a few hours before a terrible slaughter had taken place in these acres. All this section of the country is lowland, very fertile, and in peace days highly cultivated, given over principally to hemp, flax, grain, and vines. It is abundantly irrigated by several rivers that take their origin in the mountains less than a hundred miles away and by various little streams that run from the uplands. These rivers and brooks made travelling there extremely difficult, for every bridge had been destroyed. It was no uncommon thing to have to wait two hours for a long train of every conceivable kind of vehicle engaged in war work to pass before your turn came. The roads themselves were indescribably bad. Formerly they were of the best roads in Italy. It is easy to understand how they got into their present condition. None of the Austrian vehicles, except a few of the automobiles used by the officers, was provided with rubber tires. Great, enormous iron bands were used as wheel tires and these, supporting heavy loads, ground into the roads, that were apparently wear-proof, as if they were putty. The journey from Udine to Padua in normal times would have been made readily in four hours, but we had consumed upward of nine hours.

The next day, November 6, I set out for Trent, which

was as Italian in its appearance and constitution the day it was captured, November 3, as when it was stolen by the Austrians more than a century ago. Trent and Trieste were the names that caused the Italian to glow with pride and gratification when he heard that the Italian flag floated over their citadels. They were the hearts of the unredeemed territories that had yearned for their parent, and now that the union was accomplished the Italian was eager to see them, to caress and to praise them. The road from Padua to Verona, which has become nearly as familiar to me as Fifth Avenue, presented a different appearance from that which it had a fortnight ago. Then it was covered with an endless chain of camions and automobiles, all making their way to the region of activity further north, all concerned with the advent of the offensive. Now there was scarcely a vehicle; the barriers were down; the wire entanglements so elaborately constructed were pushed aside, and there was a free, perfect road for a hundred kilometres, and we covered it in an hour and three-quarters. We took a hasty lunch in Verona, walked through the Piazza delle Erbe, the most picturesque square in Italy, and then following the course of the Adige set out for Ala. The first thing that informed us that we were in redeemed territory was an overturned boundary stone that had marked the Austrian frontier.

The rocky defile through which the road passes here, known as the Key of Verona, has been one of the most important places of the war, and we were soon to see how thoroughly every evidence of construction had been swept away. Ala was completely in ruins. Mori, a little town five miles beyond, was

reduced to a state of non-existence. It is incredible that it was ever inhabited. Rovereto, a city formerly of ten thousand inhabitants, presented an appearance which beggars description. Here we began to meet great throngs of Austrian prisoners who had been driven down from the mountains, the famous Asiago Plateau being to the east of this road and Monte Baldo which separates the valley of the Adige from Lake Garda to the west. The narrow road, jammed with war vehicles of every kind and description, the endless columns of Italian troops going and coming, the countless prisoners bereft of every appanage of war save their blankets and the few clothes that the more prudent or more lucky of them retained, their hopeless expressions, the evident resignation to their fate, all in the framework of this beautiful, romantic, serene, narrow valley, lined on either side by picturesque chains of mountains here beginning to assume the characteristic outline of the Dolomites, surmounted by castles of mediæval aspect, many of which are forever linked in the annals of romance and history, presented a spectacle which it is as difficult to describe as it will be to forget.

Beyond Rovereto we came upon large encampments of Austrian prisoners. They were hudded into enclosures along the roadside, some lying on the wet ground, others gathered around little fires which they prepared from the débris of the vines and trees and shrubs that they had destroyed with their shell-fire, others leaning against the enclosure gazing at the never-ending stream that wound its way slowly through the streets, all apparently awaiting their fate with nonchalance and imperturbability. The drab appearance

of the enclosure was lighted up here and there with azure, fur-trimmed capes on the shoulders of Austrian or Hungarian officers, who wandered about like lost souls. Frequently the Austrian prisoners would salute as cars containing officers of the Allies passed, but the gayly bedecked and once-swaggering and arrogant Austrian officer, never. It was only occasionally that one saw in the long lines of these prisoners an expression of defiance, of hauteur, and of disdain which I habitually saw in Salzburg, Pilsen, Ischl, and other important Austrian centres where soldiers and officers were segregated when they were mobilizing for what has been their death-blow. What bitterness must have been in their hearts and how they must have clinched their teeth to stifle the expressions of disgust that rushed to their foul lips! In many of these towns that we passed on our way to Trent, it was necessary to halt for a long time until the soldiers could remove the débris that had fallen into the road from the battered, crumbling, tottering walls of the former houses, or until some monster cannon was dragged from the road. It is difficult to picture the confusion or sense of it that one got when the vehicles and men lined up for such a halt.

At Serravalle we passed many sinister-looking dug-outs, where young men habituated to the luxuries of Ritz hotels lived week after week, and enormous gun emplacements upon which gigantic cannons had had secure positions to administer appropriate medicine to the Austrians.

The valley of the Adige from Rovereto to Trent is called the Val Lagarina. It was in peace days a paradisical spot devoted to the growth of grapes,

mulberries, and maize. It has been the scene of some of the most terrific struggles on Italian soil in this war. Fortunately for us and for our recollection of its former appearance, the shades of night fell, and during the remainder of the trip to Trent we were unable to make out the desolation which had been accomplished by the enemy in this valley. Just before dark we passed one of the first-line Italian trenches, an uninviting place it seemed even for one night.

Arriving in Trent, we made our way to the Piazza Dante, where stands the Hotel Trento, from which place I had begun my journey to Switzerland and so out of the enemy country something more than four years ago. I recalled with great vividness the scenes that I had witnessed on the memorable Sunday when I went by train from Venice to Trent to take possession of the automobile which had been left there a few days before, totally incapable of believing that a world war was being initiated. The rush of the Austrians to get back from northern Italy to respond to the orders for mobilization; the indescribable jam of the trains; the crowds at the station bidding farewell to their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts; the sense of desolation that one had in Trent; the first experience of not being able to get service in the hotel; the early start and flight for Switzerland—recollections of all these experiences came back with startling vividness. I had no hope that the Hotel Trento would be open or, indeed, that there would be any hostelry wherein one could be provided with a bed. Nevertheless I went to the hotel. It was filled with soldiers.

We then went to the Presidio and we were told that we would be quartered somewhere, but in walking

along the street I espied an American uniform in one of the cafés, and the wearer of it was one of my friends from New York who had been operating a rolling canteen which had been tooled in the wake of the army which took possession of Trent the day before. He led me to a place where I spent a fairly comfortable night. After having eaten some bully beef and crackers and chocolate, I went out to walk about the town, but there was nothing to see and nothing to do. Shops where refreshment and fruits were to be had were open, all the cafés were ablaze with light, and beer and wines of some kind were to be had, but the soldiers were all quiet and well-behaved. One was cognizant only of a universal feeling of suppressed joy or satisfaction that the miracle had been accomplished.

The next morning I called upon the commanding general, who received me most cordially and presented me to the Sindaco. We made satisfactory arrangements, and then started for Padua, leaving Trent shortly after nine o'clock. Our road now led to the valley of the Brenta. In leaving the town we passed the imposing castle of the Buon Consiglio. Its courtyard is sacred soil for the Italian of the future, for it is associated with the martyrdom of its most beloved recent patriot, Cesare Battisti. For a long time it had been used as a barrack and was now jammed to overflowing with Austrian prisoners. We now began to see the real evidences of the rout of the Austrian army. In the gutters along the roadside were thousands of muskets and rifles, trench-caps, daggers, bludgeons, gas-masks, machine-guns, cannon; over the precipices were overturned smashed camions, automobiles, carts; the road and the gutters were carpeted

with clothing, blankets, jackets, shoes, indescribable débris of human belongings; countless dead horses and mules, from the rumps of which some hungry soldier had scooped a piece of meat, and here and there a ghastly cadaver still awaiting burial. No one had yet had orders to begin cleaning up, as it were. Apparently endless streams of prisoners were being brought down from the mountains by Italian or English soldiers, and there was no time for booty or for reckoning. I fancy that I could have picked up enough trophies of the war from the side of the road the first two miles on my trip out of Trent to stock a shop in New York, the sale of which would have made my everlasting fortune.

The first city that we passed was Pergine, the market town of this part of the valley, which in peace-times had about five thousand inhabitants. I doubt that there were a hundred there to-day. It was deserted to a degree scarcely imaginable. But the beautiful castle on the slight elevation above the town seemed to be intact and the houses of the city did not appear to have suffered much damage. From here to Levico the scenery is as beautiful as can readily be imagined, and particularly along the Lake of Caldonazzo. Levico, where I tarried before the war, a rather fashionable watering-place for the Austrians because of its arsenic springs, was abandoned, deserted, dead. I scarcely saw a dozen people in the whole place which had formerly contained some eight thousand people. The Austrians had used it as an important centre and depot, but the Italian airmen had burned the station, destroyed the railroad-track and generally played havoc with it by shell and fire. From here to Borgo the road

was through the lovely, fertile, beautiful Val Sugana. Ordinarily one would make the twenty miles readily in three-quarters of an hour, but the road was in such a condition that it took us two hours to do it.

Everywhere along this beautiful valley there were the same evidences of rout and of destruction which we noted on our way up to Trent. The only thing that remained was the beauty of the surrounding country, and as we drew into Bordo di Val Sugana and entered the narrow gorge, the ruined castles standing on the apices of the hills high above it, and the indications on the precipitous mountains rising up from the river bed of the wonderful engineering skill of the Italians, the thing that was most impressive was that an enemy can destroy man's handiwork but can scarcely scratch Nature's beauty. The entrance to the rocky gorge known as the Canale di Brenta, with the mediæval stronghold of Covolo, the improvised bridge across the swiftly flowing Brenta, the long, winding columns of Italian infantry and cavalry, the ruins of the Austrian stores, the railway bridge smashed by a Herculean blow and thrown into the river, the blocked-up sections of the railway tunnel which had been used as habitations for the troops guarding the passes, the bastions on which had been mounted the cannon of large caliber, the hiding-places of the nests of machine-guns, all were in clashing contrast with the serenity and quiet and grandeur of this wonderful mountain scenery.

After traversing the gorge we spread our blankets on the little hillside above the bank of the Brenta just before reaching Valstagna, a little town which had been inhabited almost entirely by makers of the broad-

brimmed straw hats which one sees so much in summer in northern Italy, and contemplated what had been the scene of the most terrible struggles of the war. From where we sat we looked up to the Asiago Plateau which successfully guarded the plains of the Veneto. We saw the sympathetic, inviting valley gradually expanding as we looked toward Bassano, and the rushing waters of the Brenta, each drop hurrying with news of the victory to the sea. Into my mind came a verse of Wordsworth long separated from the context by freak of memory:

> "Where now the haughty empire that was spread
> With such fond hope? Her very speech is dead;
> Yet glorious art the power of Time defies."

The rulers by Divine Right had been swept from the face of the earth; mankind was about to succeed to his birthright, and the mission on earth of Him Who died that man might live in liberty and in freedom was about to be fulfilled.

After a short tarry we hurried on into the broad plain with its large olive plantations toward the picturesque town of Bassano which had been bombed by the Austrian airmen so many times that it was considered uninhabitable. But it is remarkable what small evidences of destruction there seemed to be in these towns that have been bombed by aeroplanes. Perhaps it is that you contrast them with the towns in ruins, that have been razed by the guns of the heavy artillery, or perhaps in a city of the size of Bassano or Treviso a hundred houses with roofs smashed in and walls partially down do not make much impression, so many houses remaining untouched. Bassano

itself is a most attractive place and charmingly situated, surrounded by ivy-clad walls, and its environs contain many beautiful villas and parks, but one gives no attention to such things these days, and we hastened on through Cittadella and back to Padua to start the machinery which was to help the poor and the sick of this newly acquired territory. And The Wanderer said:

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only: an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power:
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

November 9, 1918

CHAPTER XIV

A MOTOR-FLIGHT IN THE ABRUZZI

WITHIN two hours one may get from Rome into the heart of the Abruzzi Mountains, where the scenery rivals that of Switzerland. The mountains are not so high, nor are the valleys so deep, but the former have a grandeur and a charm that is quite indescribable, equal indeed to the Haute Savoie. In some respects they exceed it in beauty, in diversity of scenery, and attractiveness. I have recently had forty-eight hours' respite, and I utilized the time to make a hasty trip through the Roman Apennines, a part of Italy which is not familiar to the average tourist.

I left Rome in an automobile early in the morning *en route* to Aquila. I was fairly familiar with the country as far as Arsoli, which is on the Anio River a few miles beyond Tivoli. There one begins to encounter the high mountains of the Sabine range. The castle of this ancient town, which was once occupied by the founder of the Oratorians, S. Filippo Neri, was as gloriously picturesque in the early morning of this July day as it was in the days when its owners ruled the town and the valley. It stands majestically guarding the town and the valley, a smaller castle high above it on the right, looking for all the world as if it were an advance post for the watchful eyes that would protect it from marauders coming from the other side of the mountain. The sloping valleys leading up to it, covered with fields of grain now ripening into bright

golden-yellow, alternating with groves of olive-trees and cultivated patches, made a picture that was like the perfect blending of colors on an artist's palette. I fancy that it has a distinctive architecture, but from the distance at which I viewed it, it had merely massiveness, symmetry, and harmony. The broad base with turreted-like substructure and the graceful *piano nobile*, surmounted by a great bastion, gave it an appearance at this distance, with its little irregular windows and the shadows on the sides, of the castles that one sees in theatre scenes.

It was a steady climb until we reached Carsoli. I don't know that this place has any particular feature which should cause one to remember it, but it will be a long time before I forget it, for there was initiated a train of reflection that finally gave a tinge of sadness to my thought. The town was full of people. Whether it was market-day or whether the people had heard that a species of individual new to them, namely an American officer in uniform, was going to pass through, I don't know. Whatever it was, the population had turned out *en masse*. The main street, scarcely wide enough to permit an automobile to pass, winding and paved with huge blocks of stone that had probably been there for centuries, serves the double purpose of general sewer and arena of social intercourse. It was jammed with men, women, and children, like a mountain road with sheep. The boys clung to the automobile, meanwhile delivering themselves of ejaculations which we construed to be appreciation of us, though possibly they may have been disparagement; the children bumped against it and laughed or screamed, depending upon their temperament and the

state of their digestion; while parents and other adult members of the populace looked on with that lowing expression which you see in the white oxen of this country.

We made a snail's progress through the town, but eventually reached its end, and, stopping a few hundred yards beyond its eastern confines a moment to take a snap-shot of it, a thought began to be borne in upon me which, before the day was finished, quite possessed me, and it is, What compensation has life for these people, so unacquainted with ordinary creature comforts, so unfamiliar with the indulgences and contacts that make life worth living for most of us? What is it that is vouchsafed them, save labor and the rudest appeasement of their physical appetites, to sweeten life's draft? When we enumerate the things from which we favored mortals get pleasure, those that bulk large are music, books, pictures, travel, narrative, baths, social intercourse, alcohol, food, and so on through a long, gradually dwindling list. But the inhabitants of these countless hill towns, not only here in the Roman Apennines but throughout all southern Italy, are as ignorant of such things as I am of the political life in Mars. Undoubtedly there is amongst them some romantic youth who owns a guitar or a banjo, some youthful siren who feels song welling up within her, and from both of which they occasionally get stirring cadences, but there is no music in these mountain towns, no more than there are books or pictures. But aside entirely from these æsthetic pleasures, these blessed influences that condition our emotions and shape our thoughts, the people are denied the simple comforts of life which in our country are con-

sidered essentials for decent living. What do we mean by civilization anyway if it is not the adoption of the fundamental principles of hygiene, which, when we avail ourselves of them, make for decency and comfort, and the utilization to our advantage and welfare of the progress and discoveries of science? For education is no longer looked upon as an academic possession, but as a stepping-stone to culture, the word that has come to signify the absorption of science's offering and its utilization for the welfare of mankind. But what are the evidences of education and civilization in towns such as these? I regret to say that my experience, which is not that of the casual observer passing through them, but of one who has gone thither and looked with care into the subject, convinces me that these splendid mountain people, strong yet gentle, fierce yet honest, militant yet yielding, are denied the health-giving and happiness-giving factors that modern hygiene might give them.

It is readily appreciated where this train of reflection leads. I understand because it has led me there often, and it is to a realization of the fact that man, mere man, is not getting a square deal from the powers that be, no more than he was during the Renaissance or before the French Revolution. It can be very well answered that no such social conditions exist now as existed then. No one makes such contention. The simple truth, however, is that justification for all that which is subsumed under the terms Socialism and Social Reconstruction exists as much in the hill towns of Italy as it does in the manufacturing towns of Manchester and Glasgow, or in the towns enshrouded in social and political darkness of Galicia and Russia.

My mind was, temporarily at least, purged of this train of thought by the increasing grandeur of the scenery from here to Tagliacozzo. The road was through valleys and over mountains, here of such height that they are no longer covered with verdure but which have a picturesqueness that is all their own. The town itself is at a comparatively low elevation, and we came into it by long zigzags of an extraordinarily well-made road. It has been more modernized than most of these mountain towns and, in fact, of all the cities through which I passed on this brief trip it presented more appearances of habitability than any of its fellows. Many of these mountain towns which have such extraordinary beauty when seen from afar and which are, in reality, the last word in picturesqueness, are uninviting to the last degree when you get so close to them that you can sense their discomforts and their filth. Indeed, were it not for the fact that their situation makes it almost impossible for anything to be kept there unless it is cemented or tied, and therefore filth rolls off or is washed off, I doubt whether even the natives could live there. How cheerless these places must be in winter, for then, instead of the purifying and sterilizing sun, they have snow and cold!

The approach to Tagliacozzo itself is so bizarre that it is almost artificial. The monastery which stands at the entrance of the profound gorge, like so many of the religious houses that dominate these mountain towns, is the brood hen of the town, as it was formerly the parasite which sucked the substance from the valleys and drained the little savings of the peasants. The lords of the place offered the monastery in the days of their ascendancy to the Lord of Creation for His indulgence of their rapacity.

Soon after we left this town on our way to Avezzano, we began to pass hill towns that were in ruins, and it seemed strange that I had forgotten that this region suffered a tremendous earthquake a little more than three years ago. In the Avezzano district alone something like ten thousand persons perished. The mountain town of Scurcula, which is at the junction of the Santo and the Imele Rivers, was practically wiped out, and even the castle that had been its stronghold was in ruins. It must have been a wonderfully picturesque town before the earthquake destroyed it, for it is difficult to conceive of a place more repellant and harsh in its mountain environment. Not a tree or a shrub or a plant was to be seen anywhere, and yet looking down from the piazza in which the castle stood you discover a narrow little valley which looks as if you could almost span it with your hands. It is so intensely fertile that it provides the livelihood of practically all the people that lived and even yet live in this town, crowded in barracks that were hurriedly erected to meet the urgent immediate need.

We lunched at Avezzano which, until three years ago, was a city of ten or fifteen thousand people and a centre for excursions which tourists took in these mountains. The dining-room was a barrack-like structure, very much resembling the wooden shacks that one often sees in our Far-Western towns, and especially those that have had a "boom." The food was quite good and plentiful. I shouldn't have had particular occasion to recall any feature connected with the hotel had it not been for the waiter. He persisted in talking German to me, which first made me uncomfortable, then angry. I didn't mind talking German with General —— when I found that we could get along better

in that tongue than in any other, but I seriously objected to talking German with an Italian waiter, for I could put no other interpretation upon it save that he looked upon me as a Hun. It was when that dawned upon me that I got what we Americans call "mad." Still, my anger didn't have any effect upon the dago, because when we left he gave us the parting shock of "guten Tag."

The town is now truly a mushroom place. The castle of Avezzano, whose picture is to be seen in every guide-book, is in ruins, and nothing remains but a part of its turrets and some of the side walls. The Church of St. Peter, backed by Monte Velino, which has had some claim to fame, seems to have been one of the few buildings in the neighborhood that was not destroyed. It is extraordinary the effect that these earthquake cities make upon one. They give an impression of ghastliness, and at the same time of the futility of man's contending against the elements, that nothing else gives. The appearance of ghastliness and desolateness is added to by the barracks. Strangely enough, those who live in them have made no effort, so far as can be seen, either to make them more presentable or more habitable. It is one of the remarkable, and to me inexplicable, features of the Italian character that he seems to have very little interest in the æsthetic features of his habitation. If Nature insists upon making it lovely with tree and shrub and flower and plant of almost every description, or if the elements succeed in giving it a beautiful color tone, perhaps through the mediation of bleaching and softening the color that man puts upon it to protect it, Nature's efforts are accepted, but very rarely is any

attempt made to copy them when she withholds her bounty, or to modify or improve them at any time.

It is about forty miles from Avezzano to Aquila. The road is over mountains and it reminds one constantly of a trip over one of the great Alpine passes. Every few miles you come to a town or a city perched upon a great rock or on the projection of a mountain so that it is protected by a sheer precipice on all sides save one, up which leads a narrow road, and standing guard over the town invariably is the tower of a ruined castle. It is a silent commentary on the fate of one type of lord of creation. Once he owned the tower and the castle and the village and the plain, the people, and the priest. Now he is gone, his habitation is in ruins, his rapacity forgotten, his sins forgiven. Only the people and the priest, the latter steadily being deprived of his power, remain.

One never ceases to wonder how the inhabitants of these towns gain a livelihood, but when you look about you see between the mountains a little narrow strip of valley with a brook running through it, or you suddenly come upon an amphitheatre, sometimes of very great size, which is the remains of a former volcanic lake. In some instances, more or less water still remains, but usually it has been drained, and very often a rude system of irrigation has been put in operation which fertilizes the soil to such a degree that it bears copiously. For instance, not far from Avezzano there is an enormous tract of land which was formerly the bed of Lake Fucino which reminds one of the Imperial Valley in its fertility. There is no other feature here, however, that recalls that marvellous desert. One is astonished to find, high up in the mountains, consider-

able tracts of cultivated land, and although this region of the country is very cold in winter, still, unlike other barren, rugged, severe mountain countries, the summer is a long one and the heat intense, so that the soil bears with readiness two or three crops.

When one approaches Aquila from the south, he gets a very different impression of the city and of its position than he does when approaching it from the west. In the first place, he gets a really marvellous view of the Abruzzi Mountains that are called the Gran Sasso of Italy as he comes upon it face to face, as it were. The highest peak, Mount Corno, is about nine thousand feet, and the thousand feet or more that it towers above the other peaks make it conspicuous for a long time before you get anywhere near it. You don't get within twenty miles or so of it at Aquila, and still it seems within hand-shaking distance. Although Aquila itself has a very considerable elevation, approaching it as we did there is a sheer drop of about three thousand feet within a distance of five miles. The road through the entire Abruzzi Mountains is a wonderful piece of construction, but in no place does this impress you so much as it does in the descent into Frederick's Folly. In the first place, you are at such an elevation that the roadway, with its zigzags of varying lengths and then the long, straight piece leading directly into the city, is spread out before you like a tilted picture, and in the second place, the three roads leading like a tripod from the south and the three from the north and the west all seem like the legs or arms or other antennæ of a great white spider, Aquila being the body and these white roads the prehensile, predatory projections. The city from

this distance, seen in the glittering, blistering, blinding sunlight of a mid-July day, is attractive and picturesque. The castle is massive and dominating; many of the churches stand out significantly, augurers of salvation and assurers of life everlasting, while the sharp contrast between the white of the buildings, the green of the plains which slope up from the foundations of the city, and the great, barren, desolate, repellant sides of the Gran Sasso, constitute a very striking picture. It isn't particularly lovely; it is picturesque and contemplation of it leads you easily to the story of its foundation.

Aquila is a city that Frederick II, who reigned in the beginning of the thirteenth century, determined to make not only the capital of Italy but one of the greatest and most princely cities of the world. He would not only have it rival Rome, but he would outdo Rome, so he started to construct those features which were then considered to be the essence of cities, namely palaces and churches. His palace is now a wretched ruin, the only feature of any merit whatsoever being its size, unless one could consider meritorious the thickness of its walls. It is occupied as barracks at the present time, and there is nothing that compares with it in desolateness, save, perhaps, a country poorhouse in a remote part of Canada. There are no remains of gardens or parks; no statues or wondrous fountains; no broad streets or monuments; no marvellous constructions of chisel and trowel, or of brush and pen. Churches there are in plenty, and in various stages of preservation and decay, but any one who tells me that St. Bernard's is beautiful or attractive or gives the smallest ecclesiastic

feeling, does so at the risk of his life. It has an enormous façade and I am not maintaining that the façade is ugly. I content myself with the more defensible statement that it isn't attractive. If one uses the terms beauty and bigness synonymously, then St. Bernard's is beautiful, but otherwise not. Its interior is bare and the ornaments and decorations that it contains are barbaric. If I remember it at all, I shall recall it as a place that was attractively cool, which contrasted most agreeably with the torrid heat without.

I doubt whether I shall remember anything about Aquila, aside from its general situation and environment and the story of its foundation and development, save the conduct of the people. That will remain with me so long as memory is a part of my endowment. I have often been looked upon as the country man looks upon a freak; I have not infrequently been gazed upon as children gaze upon animals of the jungle, and, though I say it who shouldn't, many times the loving eye has rested upon me. Indeed, now in a moment of intoxication brought about by the enumeration of all the interest that has been meted out to me by my fellow man, I have to admit that I have even been followed in the street. But never before have I had such concentration of attention at short range, sheer curiosity being the motive. I am accustomed to being received by constantly increasing crowds of street gamins and by idlers who seem, as it were, to drop from the sky whenever the automobile halts, but it was a new experience for me to lead a nondescript procession and to have every one in the café, where we stopped to get a glass of lemonade, turn, let their

gaze rest upon us and leave it there. Inadvertently my friend Captain W. and myself sat at a table in the window, and then the ferment began to work. The only species that didn't stop in front of the window were the dogs. They displayed no particular curiosity. But man, woman, and child let their eyes rest upon us as if we were a feast.

I often ask educated Italians whether or not staring is considered bad form in their country, and they invariably reply that it is, that only the lower classes do it. But my experience is such that I cannot agree. It is probably an infirmity associated with self-consciousness to be annoyed by it, but to a person who is so prejudiced against other people participating in his affairs as I am, and who resents it, it is one of the most painful things I know. I had made up my mind to spend the night in Aquila, and had it not been for the unwarranted interest its inhabitants manifested in me, I should have done so. But I had enough of it in two hours to last me a lifetime and so, despite the fact that my travelling companion was exhausted by the combined effect of the heat, the glare, and the lunch, I insisted upon pushing on to Terni, sixty miles distant.

I shall not attempt to give even a brief description of the really marvellous beauty which the country presents going from the heart of the Abruzzi over and through the mountains and along the valley of the Velino and its tributaries, save to say that you pass through a variety of scenery which I believed did not exist, even in this wondrous country. Antrodoco, Cittaducale, Rieti, each one of them has a charm and a loveliness that is really unique. I should like noth-

ing better than to have the opportunity to take a tramping trip from Aquila to Terni. The little city of Piediluco, which is on the enchanting little lake of the same name, has all the appearances of a place where one could spend a week or a month, bathing his soul in beauty, providing he could meanwhile get the necessary bodily comforts. One gains the belief that the latter would be difficult to find, for, unlike many similar Swiss villages with which I am familiar, there are few evidences of solicitude for tired, hungry man. We passed through there as evening was falling and the view of Piediluco and the lake as we wound along the banks of the Velino was enchanting as the reflected light of the descending sun fell upon the mountainsides, which are here entirely covered with verdure. For a few minutes I gave myself up to the dream of living in its ruined castle, properly called Rocca, which stands nearly two thousand feet above the lake, and there came over me a spirit of resignation which convinced me that there the feeling of contentment, which I fortunately often have in Italy, might last forever. I shall always remember Piediluco. It was like a glass of old Chartreuse after a good dinner, of which you had partaken to repletion. It changed the current of my thoughts which had been tinged with sadness, always engendered when I encounter simultaneously human misery and Nature's beauty.

It was eight o'clock and more when we stopped on the highroad above Terni to get a view of the celebrated Falls of the Velino which constitute the Cascate delle Marmore. Years ago I saw these wonderful falls from the lower road, and I recall looking up

to the picturesque precipitation of the water falling almost perpendicularly. One who has seen Niagara is not thrilled by a small volume of water dashing over a precipice, even though it dashes furiously, but there is a gracefulness and a delicacy and a variety in the leaps that the water of the Velino takes at this point which, in conjunction with the really marvellous setting of the falls, makes them almost unique. Unfortunately, the sun had sunk behind the mountains so we were not treated to the rainbow-like effects which I recall were so striking when seen from below. But there was a variety of shadow and a general tone of sombreness in the surroundings that made up for it.

Although the cascade of the Velino is so much larger and so much more impressive generally, I don't get the pleasure or joy from looking at it that I do from those at Tivoli. There is something about the plunge of the water of the Anio, which I see quite often, as Tivoli is one of the places that I go to for Sabbatical refreshment now that the heat has become quite torrid, that makes great appeal to me. There the water rushes over a platform, as it were, and in the beginning of its first fall it gives you the impression that it is having a joy-ride. I recall that as I stood there watching it recently I imagined each drop of it animated by the same desire to leap that the Grecian youths had to go over a Marathon hurdle, each one having a pleasure in trying to outdo all the fellow drops. The higher they got in the air, the more conspicuously was displayed their iridescence (or, perhaps better said, their spectrum) which seen *en masse* constitutes a rainbow. After their first great leap, they fraternize and agglomerate in a spiral-

like curve. But they soon tire of the intimacy and plunge again noisily, as if frenzied by their first venture, into the placid pool below where they have time to reflect upon their advantage and to pretend a satiety and satisfaction which displays itself in a perfect emerald color. It is a marvellous message that one gets from waterfalls, not only the idea of power and of eternity, but there is something conveyed to one in that lowest register or tone which the human ear is capable of receiving and interpreting that no other force of Nature conveys. I don't recall ever having read of waterfall messages, but some day I shall prepare them at Tivoli when there shall be given to me the hovering spirit that liberates thought and imagery.

The Umbrian Apennines which are spread out before us from the vantage point of view that we had now reached, and the enormous valleys which revealed themselves in Pisgah-like sights, are quite different from the Roman Apennines and they give a feeling of warmth or of comfort which is pleasing, especially at nightfall, when you are fatigued from a long day's journey.

We found a comfortable inn in Terni, which is a large and vigorous manufacturing city given over at the present time principally to the manufacture of munitions, and spent a comfortable night there. The inn is, of course, in the piazza, and at ten o'clock the square was thronged with men who were obviously getting great pleasure standing around in groups, each one busily engaged in conversation. It is a remarkable thing that the Italians seem to get pleasure from simple social intercourse consisting of

conversation that the Anglo-Saxon does not sense or understand. The men gathered in this square had probably been engaged all day in most laborious work, and one would think that their only thought would be to seek the refreshment of their beds, but instead of that they respond to some appeal which drives them to the sterile entertainment of the village square. What do they talk about? What is the source of the pleasure of their *chiacchiere?* Do they get the kind of delight from it that some men do from narrative of examples of their irresistibility and some women from enumeration of the shortcomings of their sisters? The answer to this question must be left to a time when I have opportunity to study closely and at first-hand.

At seven o'clock the next morning I made a dash for Rome. I have rarely seen anything that presented such an alluring scene as the City of Narni enshrouded in the morning mist. It is most picturesquely situated on a lofty rock which towers far above the Nera, and the ravine through which it passes seems so narrow that you could span it with outstretched arms. The cathedral and the castle, I am told, are both well worth a visit, but I was taken possession of by one of those feelings that I know so well from long experience, which is that I must be in a certain place at a certain hour, and so I dashed to Civita Castellana and through the wondrous Campagna Romana to the Eternal City.

July 16, 1918.

CHAPTER XV

THE WONDROUS VALLEY OF THE ANIENE AND ST. BENEDICT'S HOLY CAVE

SUBIACO is forty miles due east of Rome in the heart of the Sabine Mountains. A quaint and romantic place it is, placed like a jewel in the valley of the Aniene, which seems to have widened out here to give the old papal city adequate room for appropriate setting. Aside from its picturesque situation and its mediæval aspect, there are many reasons why during these long days of summer one's face often turns longingly toward the east while he yearns for the week-end that he may wander through this valley of wondrous fertility which gushes forth in verdure and flower, to picture life here as it was two thousand years ago, when Nero built his palatial villa and caused great artificial lakes to be constructed in which he fished with a golden hook when he could spare time from chariot-driving, lyre-twanging, city-burning, and mother-murdering. Although Subiaco is not identified to-day with Nero and his times, as it is with the popes of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, there are many remains of Nero's construction, and the outline of the lakes is as distinct as if they had been emptied but a century ago. In my reading of Nero and his time, I have not found that in his brief tenure of life, for he died in his thirtieth year, Subiaco is associated in any way with the sins

or crimes that have immortalized him. Indeed, it does not seem probable that he spent much time there.

But it is not Subiaco itself that is the loadstone for the curious or the humanist. It is the monument to monasticism that stands on a shelf of the mountains beyond, slumbering in sanctified memories, unharassed by fresh prospects, content with its accomplishments. It was here that the institution which first nurtured and then strangled education and enlightenment, which may have been necessary for the development of Christianity, was first cradled by Benedict after he had been weaned from the gay life of the dying fifth century by the fascinations of Oriental anchoretism. He was born in a little town in the Umbrian Mountains near Spoleto and when he was fifteen he went to Rome to study, but riotous student life was not only distasteful but shocking, and to avoid it he fled into the solitude of the Apennines. Even there he found the attention of the natives, incited by his saintly life, and the solicitous care of his foster-mother who followed him thither, were more publicity than he could tolerate, so he shifted to Subiaco and hid himself in a cave or cleft in the rock, isolated himself from his fellow beings, gave himself over to studious contempt of the knowable, and to studious contemplation of the unknowable. From this isolation and contemplation flowed the first great monastic order of western Christianity which, under the names of Camaldulians, Valambrosians, Carthusians, Cistercians, for the next five or six hundred years had much to do with shaping the form that Christianity took.

Moreover, the road that one must travel to get to Subiaco from Rome leads the pilgrim through fields

and groves whose beauty and charm have been sung by poets and certified by essayists innumerable. Horace's Sabine farm in the valley of the little river Digentia, whose charm and seductiveness are no less now than they were in the days when Rome's most illustrious lyric poet found consolation, health, and inspiration there, is somewhat difficult to identify, but the country has the same rough wildness of scenery and the same stimulating air that it had two thousand years ago.

I have been to Subiaco many times, but my notes are of a pilgrimage that I made in early September, 1918. The day was the end of a hot week, and, encouraging myself that I had earned a brief holiday by unremitting toil, I set off shortly after lunch in company with a congenial friend. Whether it was the reaction of fatigue or a latent remnant of unsophistication, I accepted the chauffeur's assurance that he knew the way to Tivoli, through which one must pass to get to Subiaco. Before the trip was far advanced I had registered anew a vow not to heed the assurance of knowledge or orientation from any chauffeur, for it has been borne in upon me that the better the driver the worse the pathfinder. Monte Gennaro exercised its fascination upon him, as it does on every one who goes out of Rome in that direction, and we were soon in the village of Mentana, from which he was convinced a road led to Tivoli. Alas, it led only to the travertine quarries which furnished the building material for ancient and modern Rome, for the Colosseum and for St. Peter's.

We reached Tivoli finally, but in a very circuitous way. From there our road followed the Anio, and soon

the hill town of Castel Madama loomed up on the right, the new portion white, square, and ugly, the old dark, rounded, and picturesque. The view of it, looking back, is by far the best, for then the olive-clad slope leads up abruptly to the circular hill upon which it is perched, fifteen hundred feet above the river. Many remains of villas and of tombs of the time of Caligula are seen along the roadside, and here and there is a tablet whose inscription sets forth the virtues of the worthy, long-since departed. Vicovaro is the first town we come to and the road doesn't go through it, but when we halt to let a train of donkeys laden with baskets heaped with luscious green figs pass we get a peep at the little octangular chapel known as the Tempietto, with its sculptured portals of the fifteenth century, and an alluring view of the town and of the valley. We did not stop to see the miracle picture which is placed over the high altar in the much-visited church, or to read in the book kept in the sacristy the record of the wondrous things the picture has wrought, but many times I have gazed into the Virgin's eyes and I can swear that they have seemed to move. I am sure that were I seeking confirmation or denial of a plan that would lift a burden from my soul, I could readily get it from those eyes. Vicovaro now has no indication of being able to supply the solace or gayety it furnished Horace when he was weary of bucolic life. It is a gray, drab town on the shoulder of a hill thrown up in a volcanic flurry countless ages ago. It was from here that Benedict, after he had been persuaded to become abbot of the monastery in Vicovaro, fled in order to successfully resist the fascinations of the fair sex who, instigated by his

enemies, displayed their charms before him in a well-nigh irresistible way. Like so many of these cities whose fame depended upon the partiality of cardinals, bishops, and abbots, the glamour and glory went with their impotence and departure.

Two miles beyond there is a convent on the edge of a gorge with a row of cypresses leading up to it standing like sentinels straight and silent and withal adding to the sheer beauty of its replete picturesqueness. It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful place to give one's self over to contemplation of God's creations than from a window of it looking eastward. We were not to be diverted by recollection of Horace's praise of the valley to the west, the place that gave him

> ". . . sweet retirement, nay, 'tis more than sweet,
> Ensures my health even in September heat,"

but pushed on through the valley of the Aniene with its girdling mountains, many of whose peaks are capped with gray, fortress-like towns, the allure of which often disappears as you approach them. Soon the valley expands, and slopes clad with fruit and olive trees, fields of golden grain and green vegetables temper the frowns of the mountains whose heights are verdureless and gaunt. But it contracts again after passing the two little towns, Marino and Agosto, on either bank of the river, hiding like wilful children who have stolen from their mother towns atop the mountains and have come down easy paths that lead to avenues of freedom and of adventure. A few miles farther, and quite abruptly, we come upon a view of Subiaco, the mediæval city of ten thousand souls, that

was first built upon the hillside a century after Nero's artificial lakes had their confines broken by an earthquake in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and whose castle, La Rocca, was long the summer residence of the popes. Tiny shrubs and giant trees, the remains of antiquity and the handiwork of man, the relics of violent outbursts of Nature—volcano and earthquake—all have joined to give it a rare charm and a gracious beauty.

The Albergo of the Aniene, an uninviting place at best, cannot give us shelter. One wonders why in these strenuous days of war there should be so many travellers or sojourners in Subiaco. There must be few, like ourselves, seeking diversion, and sightseers have disappeared. We have no desire to go back to Rome; for it is the Sacred Cave that we have come to visit, and though we might get shelter in the Scolastica, the large building of the group of monasteries that still remain, we decide that lodgings in the town which the landlord thinks he can secure are preferable. With his small son I start in quest of them, and soon a room is found in a house part way up the steep street toward the Rocca. Though it had small indication of being habitable, the padrone assured me that he could provide it with the comforts of home before we had finished dining and smoking and talking and were ready for sleep. The assurances of albergists are less acceptable than those of chauffeurs. Some hours later the room had, indeed, a livable appearance, for a bed and a lounge and a wash-stand had been moved in, but like the mosquitoes that are carried in the ears of Indian corn from the Pontine Marshes to the hill towns above them and which infect the inhabitants

with malaria, so here the hidden enemy gained possession of this room through these apparently innocuous pieces of furniture. The night was one of combat and of carnage. There may be wide diversity of opinion as to the most pestiferous insect of Italy, but up to date I put my money on the flea. I fail to get the significance of that phrase, intended to express contempt and disdain: "It made no more impression upon me than a fleabite." A flea is never content with one bite, nor, indeed, with many bites; nor yet even is he content with his bites alone. He must needs have his whole family engaged with him that the feast may spell happiness.

In the later afternoon I wandered through or up the streets of the old town, streets that consist of a flight of stone steps with edges worn by countless goings and comings, and flanked on either side by houses in various stages of decrepitude, to the Rocca, the "fortress" on the pinnacle, to get a view of the town as a whole and of the surrounding country. The aged inhabitants sit outside their doors and weave or knit or mend. Others tend their infants or prepare the evening meal. Strong-legged little mules walk nimbly up and down, and children of all ages are everywhere in droves. A note of picturesqueness is added by the great gold pendants which many of the women wear in their ears and by their universal custom of carrying burdens, such as water-jars and baskets, on their heads. They go up and down these steep streets with the agility of antelopes.

The castle is surrounded by a great wall which, with its massive gate, looks forbidding and unyielding, but it yields readily after a bell has been made to tingle,

and we were soon in a great avenue circling upward, paved with cobblestones through which grass grows luxuriantly. For many years this castle from which grandeur has fled has been deserted, it being considered unsafe for habitation. The tower which the infamous Alexander VI built while he was still Cardinal Borgia shows great cracks, the result of the earthquake which four years ago devastated Avezzano and so many other towns twenty-five miles beyond. We peeped in and saw scaffoldings of rude poles supporting the cracked ceilings and twisted walls covered with faded scarlet hangings and frescoes from which time had taken the color. Destruction, decay, desolation overtopping the everlasting valley replete with Nature's wealth of fruit and flower and verdure. The view from the garden in every direction is most alluring, but particularly toward the north and west toward the convents of the Cappuccini and the Scolastica, and all along the Holy Valley, as the district of Subiaco is popularly called. The day was rapidly drawing to a close, and there was no time left to visit the convent of the Cappuccini which is so beautifully situated on the side of the hill north of the Rocca. I regretted it, for I should like to have looked again upon that fascinating picture of Sodoma's, "Betrothal of the Virgin," that face which is at once full of serenity and determination, so expressive of sex potentialities, which as yet contains no record of experience save yearnings, and which if illuminated with a smile would be dangerously seductive. The exact prototype of Sodoma's Virgin is to be seen scores of times each day amongst the peasants of the valley. Its most striking feature which robs it of pulchritude is the massive nose. In

real life the olive tint of the skin makes it much less conspicuous, causing it to blend, as it were, more harmoniously with the other facial features.

There were other reasons for our being about at dawn than the desire to be on our way, so we were clamoring for coffee before the family of the innkeeper was astir. Italians will sit up as late as any one will talk or listen to them, but it requires much persuasion to get them up early. The little pergola in the garden of the hotel thrusts itself out over the river. It would have been the ideal spot for breakfast this glorious summer morning if the table had been spread with a fresh cloth and a few wild flowers, but a bare table swarming with flies, upon which was placed a small jug of black coffee and a great flat mass of brown bread by a ragged urchin of twelve who looked as if he had slept in his clothes, drove poetry and romance from the arbor. Moreover, our insistence on milk with the coffee caused a delay of half an hour while search was being made for it and while it was being reboiled. It is the custom of the Italians to boil milk as soon as it is delivered. Not infrequently it is reboiled so many times that it becomes quite blue; so does the unfortunate *forestiere* who consumes it.

A mile or more beyond the city of Subiaco, and just before the highroad crosses the deep gorge by a fine bridge called the Ponte Rapone, begins the mountain path that leads to the monasteries that Benedictus, the blessed, founded after it had been borne in upon him by the miracle of the stone sieve (whose fragments were restored after he had prayed over them) that he had been selected for a divine mission. A walk of ten minutes brings you to the first building, a huge, low

structure of no particular beauty, built in the early eighth century. This group of buildings is called Scolastica after the sister of Benedict. She had been seduced by solitariness while Benedict was still battling with the flesh-pots of Rome. She it was who called him from these mountains where he had found approximation to spiritual appeasement. The place is now inhabited by a few monks who conduct a school for boys who aspire to be priests. On one of my previous visits I had made the acquaintance of an old monk who had been there forty years and more, a wonderfully gentle, intelligent, kindly man who had invited me to come and share the monastic life with him for a few days. He now seemed disappointed that I had not come to fulfil the half-made promise. He showed us the room in this first building in which some of the precious manuscripts and incunabula, for which the monastery was once famous, are kept. There was a copy of Donatus and of Augustine, the first books printed in Italy, before the discovery of America, by the German printers who had set up a press there under the protection of the monks. Wonderful specimens of the printer's art and of the illuminator's skill they are. But the place is forlorn and there seemed to me to be disharmony between the mean room and the precious books.

The second monastery, said to be of the eleventh century, has greater pretensions to architectural beauty. Its arcades are decorated with frescoes that set forth the features and deeds of royal and papal benefactors, and our old cicerone translated some of the inscriptions and told us their history. An ancient sarcophagus with bacchic ornamentation seemed a bit out of place,

but no one gives such things a thought. The most attractive feature of this building is the interior court with its mediæval pointed arches of the thirteenth century, the first foreshadowing of the Gothic.

The third cloister has a graceful colonnade, the columns being in pairs, and some sarcophagi. The vestibule of the church contains a lovely fresco of St. Benedict and St. Anatolia. The former is depicted as an old man with a gray beard, with wonderfully chiselled features. There is no sign of senility in his facial expression or in his attitude. He looks neither to the right nor to the left, and although St. Anatolia has a dagger thrust through her right bosom even as far as the hilt, which should excite his compassion, there is no hint that he is aware of her plight. She bears a palm of martyrdom in her uplifted right hand, while with the left she clasps at the same time both her folded robes and the sacred book. St. Benedict is enwrapped in the hereafter, and St. Anatola has a look of sweet, serene contentment. It is marvellous that in those days physical agony was not inconsistent with facial serenity and the general appearance of perfect resignation.

The church and the three monasteries viewed from the west, as you start on the steep path that leads to the Sacred Cavern, the only monastery now of artistic interest and which is a mile farther up the mountainside, have a rugged, gracious picturesqueness which was enhanced this early Sunday morning by the strain of the Gregorian chant which came through the open windows. I wondered while gazing at it how many of the fifty or more generations whom it had harbored and sheltered to their graves had had the smallest

thought of whether it was beautiful or picturesque. It had been built to shield men from evil contamination, that they might punish and humble their bodies in the belief that thus they would find favor in the eyes of God. It was here that the enemies of Benedict, clerics jealous of his success, sent facile Eves to corrupt the morals of his monks and to disturb his earthly paradise. Historians prejudiced in his favor say that he stood it for a long time and then decided to flee. In an excess of disgust he abandoned his stronghold and fled to Monte Cassino, but he left many of his monks to resist temptation or to succumb to it.

A walk of half an hour on a very stiff grade brings us to the gate which leads into a splendid grove of old ilex-trees, which tradition says have never known the axe or pruning-knife. There is something enigmatic about the live-oak. It has no use save to be beautiful, but to-day it was useful. It was a great relief to get into the dense shade after the walk in the broiling sun and watch the peasants toiling up the hill to go to mass in the Church of the Sacred Cavern, while the mind was being made receptive for the treasures that were about to be seen, and the spirit attuned to the atmosphere of these sacred precincts.

You don't see the convent on your way up until, having traversed the grove of ilex-trees, you ascend a flight of steps, when you find yourself at the entrance-door. It is a long, thin, two-story building without the slightest pretense to architecture save that which is given to it by the rounded and semipointed arches of the retaining wall with its porticos and recesses. It is built on a narrow shelf of rock which, forming its rear wall, rises quite perpendicularly behind it to a

mountainous height. The irregular line of the windows of the lower stories breaks up somewhat what otherwise would be a painful stretch of plain surface. The corridor leading to the upper church is covered with frescoes of popes, of abbots, of the Virgin and Child surrounded by the Evangelists, but they are so faded and damaged that no beauty is revealed to me in them save a certain softness, a non-aggressiveness which age brings to most inanimate things.

There are two distinct churches in the Sacred Cavern, an upper and a lower. It depends largely upon the time of day you enter the former the impression that you first get. In the afternoon sufficient sunlight filters in to suffuse its thirteenth-century frescoes, the Birth of Christ and the history of His crucifixion, and to light them up with a warmth that renders their stilted figures and their archaic drawing, judged by the standards of the fifteenth century, graceful and glowing. The little church has the appearance of a graceful Gothic cathedral. Not an inch of the interior is without decoration. One of the most striking frescoes depicts the scourging of Christ. Punishment has reduced Him to a state of emaciation that is pitiful, but the facial expression is one of profound serenity and equanimity. The scourgers have faces of semi-imbeciles, which the artist not unlikely copied from the local populace. Pilate, who is leaning from a parapet above (though it may be Caiaphas, the high priest to whom He had been sent bound), as if he were taunting Him, "Art Thou a King? Art Thou the King of the Jews?" and who seems to be directing and urging the scourgers, has a Semitic appearance, but he might well be an Italian.

In front of the high altar a staircase leads to the lower church. The passage is lined with frescoes. In fact, there is scarcely a square foot in all the churches and chapels that is not covered. The most frequented chapel is one that contains a remarkable portrait of St. Francis without the halo or the stigma, the only one in existence. It is an extraordinary picture of a slender, gaunt youth with shallow chest and thin, graceful neck, surmounted by a tonsured head bearing a huge, cone-shaped cowl. The face is sparsely bearded and the mustache droops like that of a Chinaman. The only feature that is ascetic is the mouth. The eyes have an expression of wistfulness, of resignation, of sadness. The ears are strangely lobulated. They do not seem to be an integral part of the head but look as if they had been stuck on with sealing-wax. No one knows who painted the picture, and art critics profess to see great merit and charm in it, but my eyes perceive neither, nor can I read in the face those really wondrous qualities of gentleness, love, admiration, and intimacy for all animate things which the saint of Assisi had. Least of all can I see the *facies hilarus*.

The second landing leads to a grotto or cave where Benedict is said to have passed three years in darkness, busy in the presence of his Creator bewailing the spiritual miseries of his soul and his past sins, watching over the emotions of his heart, and in constant contemplation of divine revelations. It was here that he made himself believe that God required absolute renunciation of our own will and that all our thoughts should be submitted to a spiritual director; that we should esteem ourselves more unworthy and base than even the greatest sinner. I reflected how little

I had in common with Benedict on earth! Silence, solitude, seclusion have their charm and their beneficence, but the complete exclusion of social, parental, and political virtues put Benedict in the category of the fanatic or the psychopath. It was in this cave that a basket was let down to him with his food by one of his monks or by shepherds. A statue by Raggi, which now stands in the chapel, depicts him seated on the rock, his arms folded, his head tilted slightly backward, his eyes gazing dreamily in space, an expression of yearning and of ecstasy. It is marvellous how these legends of dungeon or cave life neglect entirely the physical basis of existence and physiological function! The basket is depicted in which food was let down to him and the bell which announced its arrival is shown; but human nature utilizes food and discards the by-product, and it is as essential that the by-products be removed as it is that food be taken.

Continuing to descend the steps we encounter peasant women, old and young, ascending them on their knees, for these stairs were sanctified by the tread of Benedict's feet. For these simple souls, freighted with faith and steeped in superstition, the frescoes that are such an education to art students and an inspiration to connoisseurs have no message or significance. They know only that they are in hallowed precincts, and with bated breath they bow their heads. They do not look at the treasures, and even though they did they would not understand the meaning of many of the most powerful of them, such as death mowing down the young and sparing the old, the massacre of the innocents, etc.

It is extraordinary how these monks were able to make the rock and their handiwork blend into a whole that gives a spiritual atmosphere to the grotto chapels. I felt when in the one called the Grotto of S. Colombano that some mysterious power had suddenly haled me back to the surroundings and realities of forty years ago, and that I was again in the playhouse constructed laboriously of stones that childish hands could gather and the growing back could lift, piled one upon another until it took on the semblance of a cave-house, with a great rock for the back wall. A discarded bit of rug served for door and boughs for roof, while gloriously colored autumn leaves were at once decoration and furniture. Within was an atmosphere of dream and romance, and here the infantile mind pondered on the great world then so far away, pictured what its successful acquaintance and intimacy would show it to be, and feared that it might never be realized. There was no altar and no cross in my grotto, but the chirping of the birds in the trees and the hum of insects were transmuted into auditory symbols which indicated something even then not unlike religious feeling, and when the silence of night was broken by the rhythmic medley of the katydids or the occasional whistle of a locomotive miles away, a message was borne in by these sounds that suggested a way out into the wonderful world of laughter and love, of accomplishment and applause, of success and satiety. There was no confusion and fear, no renunciation of will, no patience under suffering and injury, no latent capacity for rejoicing under humiliation, no thought of pleasure in mean clothes or mean employment. Indeed, recalling the content of con-

sciousness of those days, there were few indications of any of those things which Benedict strove to obtain, save solitude and seclusion.

It was in one of these caves that the devil hovered over Benedict as a little dark bird, whose chirps were transmuted into messages urging him to give way to the clamors of the body fanned by the subconscious memories of a Roman beauty, which more than likely some phrase-maker created, and then Benedict would rush up to the brier and thistle garden and throw himself naked upon the thorns until these desires were overcome by agony and pain, his mind purged of prurient thought, his body punished, Nature's demands subdued and their accompaniments subjugated.

Tradition has it that when St. Francis visited the monastery five or six hundred years after Benedict had undergone these tortures of the spirit and of the flesh, he prayed before the thorns and planted two rose-trees. From that effort flowed a miracle—the thorns disappeared and the roses flourished. Certain it is that the latter exist now, and though the monks care for them and replenish them when their life span is ended, still the miracle is no less existent in reality to-day.

It was while meditating on these things in one of the chapels that I became aware I was not alone. A peasant boy of fourteen years or thereabouts, rugged, healthy, clad in Sunday clothes, had come into the chapel, put down his bundle and umbrella and prostrated himself before the cross to say his prayers. When he had finished he arose, laboriously searched his trouser's pocket, found a coin, deposited it in the alms-box, blessed himself, made a genuflection, gathered

up his belongings, and went on to another chapel or to traverse the Santa Scala on his knees. It is from material such as this that the church in Italy is recruited and in them it has its bulwark. They do not question its dogma, its practices, or its teachings. They accept its impositions and its requirements.

Burdened with these thoughts and filled with hope that with the influx of social and political liberty that will come to the world as the result of this terrible war there will come likewise an enlightenment which will demand religious freedom, a freedom that will permit man to praise God according to the dictates of his own mind and not according to those of an arbitrary mind which professes to have divine right or inspiration, I made my way up again to the light and to the air.

Hovering over the eaves of the garden several ravens were to be seen. The monk who accompanied me said that they were the lineal descendants of that inspired bird who, when a poisoned loaf was presented to Benedict by a wicked priest obsessed to remove him, came at the call of the blessed man and bore the loaf away to a place where no one could be injured by it. How wonderful it is to be thus credulous, but it is quite as easy for one who is endowed with faith to a degree that contravenes understanding to believe that God can manifest his desires as well through a raven as through a rose-bush.

The view from the window over the deep ravine below and of the precipitous mountain in front is one of great charm and restfulness. The silence and mystery of the chapels, the churches, and the grottos, the sweet messages of the fading frescoes, do not fill

one with the pure and calm spirit, do not engender the belief in the majesty and omnipotency of God, or convey the intimations of immortality that Nature does, here revealed so gloriously, so fascinatingly.

November 26, 1918.

CHAPTER XVI

A RIVEDERCI ITALIA!

A YEAR ago to-day we arrived in Rome. I am convinced that we haven't outstayed our welcome, but in some of those strange periods of mental activity which in youth we speak of as day-dreaming and in maturity as abstraction, the Statue of Liberty seems to appear in my apperceptive visual areas and to beckon me thither, while in her face is to be detected an expression of admonition which warns me not to delay. The war has become history, the work that we came here to do is nearly done, and last night the first of our original little company to finish his work succumbed to the lure of the West and set out for a British port of embarkation.

There is a special kind of sadness connected with the breaking-up of a small group of men who, having achieved a measure of success in fields widely separate, joined themselves to administer in a foreign land a work of mercy, and who, having lived together in terms of closest intimacy, planning, discussing, and executing, revealing their infirmities and displaying their virtues, forming intimacies based upon mutual respect which fortunately for them will last as long as life lasts, are forced at last to part. They have become habituated to exalting each other's virtues and minimizing their faults and deficiencies much as they do in their own families, and on parting they experience a sense of substantial loss, not only of companionship

but of support. Indeed, they sense an enervating change in the whole atmosphere of their contentment, their successes, their satisfactions, and they feel that the prop that has supported them even in their failures has been seriously weakened.

Parting is always an effigy of death, and to make the grief more poignant it is devoid of the hope that it is the beginning of a fuller and more satisfactory existence. To be sure, there is always the latent hope that the intimacy may be renewed, but experience has shown countless thousands of times that it rarely is and that only memory is enriched.

When we came to Italy she was in her hours of greatest trial. She had survived the moral earthquake which history will record as the Caporetto disaster and which had violently rent asunder her solid army and destroyed large sections of it. The fragments had been gathered up, soldered, amalgamated, and resolutely planted on the Piave, but no one was wholly confident that it would resist. There was a weariness of the war on the part of the people that could not be, or was not, concealed; there was a wide-spread belief that the very necessities of life were becoming more and more difficult to obtain; there was an undercurrent of conviction that the country had in some way been betrayed. It was easily to be detected that the Italians had not thoroughly purged themselves of German propagandists whose influence was in some mysterious way sapping the general resistance of the people. None of these things was openly admitted or easily to be seen. The atmosphere of this deplorable state existed, however, and one was not in it very long before he became deeply conscious of it. The

government stood like an impregnable rock, and it is to Italy's everlasting honor that she converted what seemed to be defeat and dissolution into glorious victory and national solidarity which has never been excelled and which will be for all time a monument to her glory.

It is not for us to say that we had any part in facilitating or bringing about this wonderful result. But it is unquestionable that we were the tangible evidence to the Italian people that they had the sympathy and support of the American nation. Our presence and our participation in their reconstructive and constructive work convinced them that the United States of America was determined to walk side by side with them over the road that led to liberation from the tyranny that had oppressed them for a century and that was seeking now to annihilate them. The readiness with which we were able to put material aid at their disposal, not only for their armies, but for the families of those who were deprived of the support of the men who were offering their lives for their country in the war zone, made a profound impression upon them and convinced them of the mightiness of their big brother's arm. The presence of men in the uniform of the American army in every city of Italy and in many towns, whose efforts were being concentrated upon the relief of their pressing needs, convinced them that they were not alone in their determination to make their arms victorious. The longer we stayed the more they became convinced that they would be spared at least some of the disasters that had been threatening them, and when our soldiers arrived, even though there were but a few thousands of them, they needed no

further assurance of the loyal support of the potential republic across the Atlantic which had entered the world struggle with no other end in view than to safeguard liberty for the whole world and to permit mankind to enjoy its beneficences.

The Italian people have not permitted us to make estimate of the importance of our work. From every side there have come to us, without solicitation, the most extravagant expressions of its value, of its timeliness, of its unselfishness, and of its successfulness. It has been our good fortune to have been able to do it impersonally and in behalf of the American people, and that we were permitted to see Italy day by day grow more potent until finally she gave her enemy the knock-out blow.

We have likewise formed many pleasant friendships, some of which give earnest of permanency. We have seen at short range some of the men who are making history for Italy, and the cordiality with which they have received us and the frankness with which they have discussed many of the problems that are confronting Italy have been and will continue to be our greatest satisfactions. A few days ago General Zuppelli, the minister of war, favored us after lunch with a plain, straightforward, sincere presentation of Italy's frontier necessities, and gave convincing reasons why they should be established. He discussed the Jugoslav question and the aspirations and ambitions of those people without apparent prejudice, and if his statements reflect the opinon of the Italian Government, they are sure to get their rights from this country. It was refreshing to hear his statements and to contrast them with the splenetic polemics of a portion of the Italian press.

It is pleasant to leave behind grateful memories and to be able to go away with the realization that we have accomplished, in a measure at least, that which we came here to accomplish. I fancy there are few of us who will not experience a distinct wrench in leaving Italy. She has been kind, gracious, hospitable, appreciative, and, despite the throes of war, altogether charming. Intimacy with her people has made us not only more appreciative of their good qualities, of their potentialities, of their capacity to carry themselves again into a commanding position in the world, but has made us more charitable toward their infirmities and less critical of their handicaps.

My year in Italy has made me more interested in her history, more appreciative of the marvellous rôle that she played in cradling and perpetuating civilization, more anxious to understand her legitimate aspirations and ambitions, more sympathetic with the efforts that she is making to fulfil her destiny, and more intolerant of her apathy and indifference toward the health and happiness of her people. Merely to live in Rome is a joy. It has an ideal climate from the beginning of the year to the end. It is sometimes very hot; it is occasionally very cold; it sometimes rains very hard, and now and then the wind blows violently, but all in all it has a climate that few places excel.

It is a wonderful city to look at, standing on Monte Pinciani, the Janiculum or Monte Mario. Not only the half-score little hills in close juxtaposition upon which it is built, arising as they do from out the broad prairie called the Campagna, give distinction to it, but the environment of the Alban Mountains and the hills called the Castelli Romani on the east, Soracte

and the Volscian Mountains on the north, the ocean on the west, and the wondrously beautiful Pontine Marshes to the south, all combine to give it a unique setting. Then the remains of pagan grandeur that are to be encountered on every side as you walk through the city are marvellous and inspiring. Temples, monuments, mausoleums, baths, circuses, stadia, palaces, villas, and gardens are so splendid and so unlike anything else that exists in the world that they alone suffice to give it a unique attraction. One doesn't have to be cultured or versed in history to enjoy them; one doesn't have even to be a student in order to get a fair perspective of historical events of two thousand years ago. These monuments of the intellectual and emotional supremacy of those remote days speak more eloquently and convincingly of the rulers and the peoples of those times than any written record. Any one who has eyes to see and a willingness to inquire can get a message from these mute witnesses of pagan supremacy that will inform him of the glories of those days. When I think of the opportunity that I have had day after day to feast my eyes upon them in my daily walks to and fro from the Janiculum, and in reality what an integral part of my life they have become, I feel that a real hiatus is about to come into my hedonistic consciousness. I shall miss the gracious, seductive charm of the circular, colonnaded marble Temple of Vesta, the remains of the theatre of Marcellus, the Pantheon, and the column of Marcus Aurelius rising up majestically in the handsome, symmetrical Piazza Colonna. All these I have passed on my daily walk. By varying it a little I can get a most inspiring view of the Forum, the Arch of

Septimus Severus, and Phoca's Column standing on its huge masses of travertine immediately beneath me, and with the Sacred Street stretching down to the Colosseum and the Arch of Titus, the imperishable monuments of pagan grandeur. One develops a strange affection for these indestructible evidences of man's artistic handiwork, and I anticipate a genuine nostalgia for them when they no longer enter into my daily life.

If the casual tarrier in Rome has any real interest in its history, he readily finds in museums like the Vatican, the Capitoline, the Terme, and in others, particularly antiquarian museums, countless effigies of the individuals who caused these monuments to be constructed and priceless evidence of the creative capacity of many of the great men of those times. Should his interest in the world that existed before Christendom be aroused by these casual or studied encounters, it can readily be heightened to a great degree by a visit to one of various cities within a radious of fifty miles from Rome where the treasures of Etruscan art have been unearthed, and particularly in such necropolises as those of Corneto and Veii.

If, however, the trend of his mind is toward more modern accomplishments, he will find in countless places in Rome indications of the intellectual and artistic supremacy of Italy during the wonderful fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries to which the name of the Renaissance has been given. There are many cities of Italy in which the work of some immortal artist of that period is to be seen more advantageously than in Rome, but there is a sample of the best work of all the great sculptors, artists, architects, and

authors in Rome, and in many instances the sample is his masterpiece. The Renaissance palaces of Rome, like the Farnese and the Doria and scores of others, are a perpetual joy to the humblest pedestrian. The art treasures of its churches, such as the Raphael Sibyls in Santa Maria della Pace, the del Piombos in S. Pietro in Montorio, the mosaics of Della Pace in Santa Maria del Popolo, the Pinturicchios in S. Onofrio, the Guido Reni in the Church of the Cappuccini, are to be enjoyed by any one who will take the trouble to step inside the doors. And the pictorial treasures of the Vatican are known wherever culture is known. During these twelve months, when the museums and picture-galleries have been closed and their treasures hidden behind sand-bags or stored in cellars to safeguard them from aerial marauders, these priceless collections have been viewable at all times, and many pleasant hours I have spent with Pinturicchio frescoes in the Borgia apartment and with Raphaels in the rooms of Julius II and Leo X, and in the picture-gallery of the Vatican. Whenever I have been really sick of the world and convinced of its irredemption, I have gone to the Vatican and spent an hour gazing into the faces of Sassoferrato's babies which are called angels. It has always acted like a bath of purification in the waters of Jordan.

The fountains of Rome are more varied, more beautiful, and more numerous than those of any city of the world. They have recently been embodied in music, and one of the pleasant memories I have of the Augusteo is of the interpretation of the theme by that excellent orchestra. It is impossible to walk a quarter of a mile in any street of older Rome without encounter-

ing quaint or beautiful objects of art or architecture that excite the pleasantest emotions and which make you feel a sympathy with those who built them and who obviously enjoyed them. Many of the piazzas such as the Piazza Navona, are as crowded with beauty as a full jewel-box—not only beauty, but they are associated with historic events which in some instances are really epochal, although at the time when the event occurred, such as the burning of Bruno in the Piazza dei Fiori, there was no awareness on the part of the people of the importance which history would attach to the occurrence.

There are places which are hallowed ground, like S. Pietro in Montorio, where tradition had it that Christ's steward suffered martyrdom, and the spot on the old Appian Way where the Master met the servant who was fleeing from the iniquities and persecutions, and inquired: "Quo vadis?" To reach the little church now commonly known by that designation, you pass through the gate of S. Sebastiana which has more the appearance of an early mediæval bastion than any gateway in Rome, and it gives you the feeling that in olden times these gates really offered a security which others more beautiful, such as the Porta Maggiore, did not give. There are romantic corners in the Borghese Gardens, inspiring vistas from the Palatine Hill, appeasing views from the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, and alluring walks along the Tiber toward Livia's house, all of which I have enjoyed but never to satiety.

The Campagna has an allure that is indescribable. In hot weather or in cold, in wet or in dry, there is something about it that seduces you. There is no more

delightful spot in all the world for the golfer than the Acqua Santa links with its hills and vales, its brooks and ancient gun emplacements, skirted by the ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct thrown into picturesque relief by the great pines and cedars and flocks of grazing sheep. If you look to the west you see Rome with massive St. John Lateran topped with its apostles blocking the vista and the dome of St. Peter's in the distance as if suspended from the firmament. If you look toward the east there are Frascati and Castel Gandolfo and other hill towns, set like glistening jewels on the sides or atop the verdant hills. All is beauty, charm, and serenity.

There is something about Rome that facilitates a spiritual freedom or sense of liberation from responsibility that few other places give, save the desert. Although it cradled the Christian religion and since then has, with one interruption, been the seat of its hierarchy, and though there is more ornate display of its ritual here than any place in the world, there is no place where the non-conformist is less affronted by religion than Rome. The extraordinary thing is that those who are concerned with it display what seems to the casual onlooker an apathy toward the participation of others. They do it as if it not only was their duty but their great satisfaction, but you never detect the smallest indication, at least I never have, that they are solicitous that any one else should participate in the ceremonies except those whose vocation it is.

It is impossible, it seems to me, for any one to remain long in Rome without contemplating the history of the Roman Catholic Church, without reading the records of its past, and without concerning himself, in

some measure at least, with its future. One cannot have constantly before his eyes the largest, the most dignified, the most impressive, the most harmonious, and the most exquisite in its setting of all the cathedrals of the world, linked with palaces in which are the richest treasure-houses of art in existence, the prison-residence of a man who claims to be the vicar of Christ on earth, and who has his claims allowed by millions of intelligent men and women who look upon him as their spiritual father who is infallible and impeccable, without asking himself whether or not that institution will survive the New Awakening that is coming into this world as the result of the war. I have no intention of attempting to prophesy the future of the church. In the first place, I feel no competency to do it, and in the second place, I have no interest. However, I am neither blind to its conduct during the past four years nor biassed in my judgment concerning that conduct. Many deny that the Pope and the papal hierarchy were pro-Austrian and pro-German. But then there are many intelligent men and women who deny the reality of disease. We call the former Christian Catholics; we call the latter Christian Scientists. The collapse of imperial dynasties in Europe and the disappearance of four empires must burden the minds of the papal organization who, though they are free from territorial preoccupation, yet realize that they have serious moral, religious, and political interests to protect and to transmit, in as intact condition as possible, to their successors. The dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire puts the Holy See face to face with new and serious problems and likewise, though perhaps to a lesser extent, the

dissolution of the German Empire. However, the population of Baden, Würtemburg, and Saxony are predominantly of the Catholic faith and their future must be a matter of great importance to the church for many reasons. In the first place, even an institution like the papacy has to have money for its operation, and Austria and Bavaria contributed about one-half of the total revenue known as Peter's Pence. What will make up for this cessation of the source of revenue, now that France and Belgium have for various reasons run practically dry, must likewise be a matter of serious concern.

The only satisfaction for the church in the outcome of the war is probably the collapse of the Russian Empire. It has often been said that one of the reasons which induced the church to sympathize with the Central Empires at the beginning of the World War was the presence of Russia on the side of the Allies. The dissolution of the Russian Empire gives them hope of a reunion between the Roman and the Russian Churches, of the restoration of the Roman Church in Poland, and of the dominancy of the Church in Armenia. The latter is likely to be a great gratification. The danger of Armenia being absorbed by Russia was always a nightmare to the Vatican. It probably, however, still is much concerned about Palestine and the aspirations of the Jews to possess it. The present Pope, Benedict XV, recently said, "Nations do not die out"; and the truth of his statement is substantiated by the fact that the Jewish nation, which has dragged her heavy burden after her the last few hundred years of her five-thousand-year-old existence, is now rapidly forging to the front. At present the

Jews do not seem more determined to get Palestine than to get Russia. The truth is they will probably get both.

The great asset of the church is her past. She has weathered everything—schism, dissoluteness, simony, reformation, modernism. Can she weather universal education? Every country where she had her stronghold has slipped from her grasp as soon as her children became educated and enlightened. Now she has a grasp only on Spain, Mexico, southern Italy, and southern Ireland, and they will soon escape from her dominion. I cannot but feel that the church has lost the most wonderful opportunity that has ever come, or will ever come to her, to declare herself concerned only with the spiritual welfare of her children and to outline a policy the execution of which would make for their salvation.

No one can have lived in Italy for a year without having become aware of flaws in her character. In reality, the experience has been very much like that of matrimony. The partners in that convention when they start out together are convinced of each other's perfection. After a longer or a shorter time, usually shorter than longer, it dawns upon one or both that neither has any virtues, and then gradually they see that, in reality, each has virtues and faults, possessions and deficiencies, and to play the game each must bear and forbear. As soon as they get this perspective things usually go on all right. And it is the same about Italy. You forgive her faults because of her virtues. One would gladly have her very different in some respects, but one would not be willing that she should be unlike what she is. Many times I have said what

I believed to be the fundamental fault of the Italian, and on taking my congé of him it is not polite that I should repeat it. Therefore, I shall content myself with saying that he must learn to do team-work, he must deliver his government from bureaucracy and decentralize it, and he must shelve his old men long before the Lord calls them. If he would effect these small reforms, and then if he would devote his time, his energies, and his talents to improving the lot of the people, forcing health and education upon them in the years of their formation, Italy is bound to take her place amongst the Powers of the world that must be reckoned with and to give a splendid account of herself. But until she does this, or something similar, I am firmly convinced that she will not come into the possession of her rightful estate. When I speak of these things with my fellow countrymen who have been here continuously for a quarter of a century or more, they say: "Quite true, but you do not appreciate how much progress has been made in these directions during the past generation." I do appreciate it, and because of my appreciation of it I am all the more profoundly and fundamentally dissatisfied with what seems to be their present-day apathy and indifference. Not only should they have made the progress in these directions that they have made, but they should have made ten times as much. There is no excuse whatsoever why education and health have not been thrust upon the rising population of Italy. Nor is there any reason why the uninhabitable territories of Italy have not been made habitable. Once young Italy is educated and energized, they will take care of their government, of the church which

has fastened itself upon the country whether wittingly or unwittingly, and they will take care of other organizations, such as the Freemasons, which some believe to be agencies of evil and others instruments of good. Any one who can deny that mankind, individually or *en masse*, adds to his stature, his potency, and his competency by education writes himself a fool. Any one who convinces himself that the epoch-making events of the world have not dated from the life activities of common man deludes himself, or does not read history. Buddha, Plato, and Christ were not of the aristocracy; Cromwell, Napoleon, and Lincoln were of the people; Columbus, Raphael, and Michelangelo were not far removed in their origin from the soil. Page after page could be covered with the names of men who have made the wheels of time go around so constructively and so speedily that in immortalizing themselves they have established epochs. With this constantly before the minds of the Italians, how they can, as it were, studiously neglect the potential forces which make for this desirable progress, no one can understand.

Love of our own country has deepened while admiration of Italy has increased. It has been a perpetual satisfaction to hear their grateful appreciation and unstinted praise of the conduct and the constructive policy of our country and government. They realize that the spirit and doctrines of their great political apostle and seer have had a marvellous quickening in the great republic across the Atlantic, and they hope to share in the fulfilment of our hopes for the political and social betterment of the world.

A Rivederci, fair land of sunshine, of beauty, and of

romance. May you speedily inherit the world's hopes for you. May the Spirit of Progress and Liberalism quicken the surface and substance of your spirit. May the care and welfare of your people be paramount to all other claims, and may the institutions of liberty and freedom that you cradled and nurtured be finally your proudest possessions.

December 18, 1918.

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